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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN Mark Twain wrote that most interesting volume, "Following the Equator," he introduced his travel tale with the dictionary definition of a carbuncle, I will emulate Mark and introduce one Henshaw Maddock, Alberta's "oily" gentleman with the dictionary definition of a fakir and a swindler.

Webster's does not say much about a fakir but a good deal about a fake. Here is the definition; "To swindle, to steal, to rob; to manipulate fraudulently, so as to make an object appear better or other than it really is."

Webster, in dealing with "swindler" does it in the following terms: "One who swindles or defrauds grossly; one who makes a practice of defrauding others by imposition or deliberate artifice; a cheat."

So far as I am able to observe both these dictionary definitions come alarmingly close to the facts as regards Maddock and his "oily" flotation, the California-Alberta Oil Company. If Maddock is not a swindler and a fakir then he is about the best imitation that has come under my eye for many a day.

As intimated in the last issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, Henshaw Maddock of the California-Alberta Oil Company has sued TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT for libel and he also asks for an order in the nature of an injunction restraining SATURDAY NIGHT from further warning the public against putting their money into his "oily" proposition. The suit is for $5,000 damages, and it is scarcely necessary to repeat here that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will be more than pleased to pursue the controversy in the Courts.

Maddock has also honored Mr. W. A. Fraser to the extent of entering an action against that gentleman for $5,000 damages for alleged defamation and libel. As a matter of fact Mr. Fraser's statements are fully substantiated by a report from the Canadian Geological Department to be found on page five of this issue.

It might be mentioned in passing, that Henshaw Maddock was brought into the Toronto Police Court on Friday, Feb. 4th, where Magistrate Kingsford fined him two hundred dollars or thirty days in jail (the limit) for violating the Companies' Act. Maddock was also condemned to pay the cost of the action, which was taken through Mr. W. H. Price, acting for the Provincial Secretary's Department.

As Maddock cannot satisfy the Provincial Secretary's Department as to the legality of his business he is restrained, or more properly is presumed to be restrained, from selling further stock in his "oil" company. As a matter of fact, Maddock has attempted to evade the law in his endeavors to rope in additional "easy" money. For he has, and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is prepared to prove the statement, attempted to sell more of his stock here in Toronto. So far as I am aware, however, he has not met with any success, since his flotation had daylight let through it.

It may be of interest to state that at his first appearance before Magistrate Kingsford, Maddock gave his assurance (through his attorney) that he would not sell any more California-Alberta Oil stock until such time as he could satisfy the Court that the flotation was legal and within the Companies' Act. That he has not been able to satisfy the Government the records of the Provincial Secretary's Department clearly indicate.

However, a man who has the bare-faced impudence to misquote Government reports in his "oily" prospectus, to the extent of attributing the words of one man to another; to place in his prospectus statements, attributed to Government reports and which do not appear there; to state to his unfortunate customers that the machinery was shipped to Alberta when, as a matter of fact, it had not been made, and in a dozen other ways attempt to deceive and misrepresent facts, would not be too particular in dodging around the law if he found the way.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the thriving Province of Alberta is to be condoled with for having men such as Henshaw Maddock hanging to her skirts with illegitimate flotations. That Province, with its vast resources, is capable of making its own way in a fair, square, upright manner without the flotation of questionable enterprises such as the one fathered by Henshaw Maddock. If there is oil in paying quantities in Alberta (which has yet to be proven) then that Province should content itself with having its petroleum fields exploited by men of worth and business reputation.

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THE merry war against the high prices at which foods, and particularly meats, are held, is proceeding. The boycott instituted in the United States has had some effect, for to-day prices are appreciably lower than they were two weeks ago.

Just where to place the blame for the present condition of affairs is as interesting as it is intricate. Such authorities as J. W. Flavelle state that the butchers of Ontario are not to blame; but that, on the other hand, the onus of the situation lies at the doors of the farmers, who have failed to keep up with the demands of the consumer. The farmer, speaking in his own behalf, states that he is not getting the benefit of the enhanced prices, and in turn blames the middle man.

The middle man as represented by the butchers of Toronto comes forward with the information that there is now nothing in the butcher business; that owing to the high prices they are compelled to charge, the consumption of meats has fallen off. They are, so they state, making a bare living, and if they are to be believed, it is a pretty bare one at that.

While unquestionably the meat trust, in other words, the great western packers, are largely to blame for the situation in the United States, as is the milk trust, the ice trust, and dozen and one other trusts now operating in the various centres of the Republic, the same condition does not generally apply in this country. As a matter of fact, we appear here in Canada to have the desire to eat more than we produce. In other words, the production of grains, meats and vegetables has not kept up with the demand. The farmer has not, to all appearance, been as busy as he should. He can sell more if he will only raise it, and apparently sell it at prices which, while not up to the present high standard, will still continue to give him good returns.

As a specific instance, the question of eggs might be mentioned. The Canadian hen is no doubt a busy person, but at the same time she finds it impossible to keep up with the demand. Last year Canada, according to available statistics, imported no less than 600,000 dozen eggs, while this year the number will, it is expected, be still greater. Importers have come to look upon it as an established condition of trade that Canada barely produces sufficient eggs to supply the domestic market, not to speak of what may be exported.

That the exportation of eggs is no trivial matter is shown by Government statistics. In 1902 Canada exported 11,635,000 dozen, while in 1909 the exportation amounted to 500,000 dozen, an amount not quite equal to our imports in the same period of time.

What is the matter with the Canadian hen? Has she refused to work? Probably not. The amount of it appears to be that there are not hens enough.

Again it is up to the farmer.

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A CORRESPONDENT, whose letter will be found in another column, calls out for a change in the Joint Stock Companies' Act. This correspondent points to the fact that the present Act is an actual menace to the public and is, as a matter of fact, doing more harm than good.

Instead of being a protection for the investor this Act is frequently used as a trap by the dishonest to catch the careful but unsuspecting public. The general assumption is that the Joint Stock Companies Act compels those doing business under it to be honest or suffer the consequences, but the investor finds all too late that the Act is more of a cover for rascality, and there is no redress in the Courts, for they must, of course, administer the law as they find it.

As a matter of fact we are, as I have already pointed out in these columns, loaded down with doubtful promotions. They are to-day being organized right under our noses, and the law is powerless to interfere. It is now possible to float in this Province, either with a Provincial or an Ottawa charter almost any sort of a doubtful corporation; organized with the idea of quietly urging the public in and with no idea of giving an adequate return for the money taken—it can scarcely be called invested.

Mining companies that are crooked from top to bottom are now in the actual process of formation here in Toronto, corporations at whose head are men who are not worth a shoe string financially, and whose morals are on a par with their financial standing.

The pity of it all lies in the fact that an astonishingly large proportion of Toronto's male population appear to be utterly lacking in any sense of moral decency, not to speak of moral responsibility, as regards these propositions. They profess to believe, and are not above arguing on the point, that the public is here for the express purpose of being bled, and if the dear public does not get into one worthless corporation they will another.

So, under the circumstances, they say, why not get into ours.

The owners of Porcupine claims with showings are to-day complaining that their ore is being stolen by others, not by the pound, but actually by the ton, and for what purpose?

The men who steal it, or have stolen, have staked out every water-lot and bit of muskeg in the Porcupine. Many of them have, as a matter of fact, no more ore on their staked properties than is to be found on the corner of King and Yonge streets, but unless the public is wiser than it has been and the Ontario Government more wide awake than formerly, these same properties will sooner or later be unloaded on the public at so much per share.

SATURDAY NIGHT has no intention of disparaging either the Porcupine country or Cobalt, nor is there any intention whatsoever of decrying honest business methods. It has, however, an earnest desire that the crooked manipulator be put where he belongs. This should be done, not only in the interests of the public, but for the good name of Ontario's mining and other industries and for the good of the country at large.

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IN the death of Sir George A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., Canada has not only lost one of its foremost business men, but a gentleman of the old school. It is often said of Canadians as it is of Americans, that they do not come up to the standard of gentility set by our respected, though forgotten, forefathers in the Old Land. This may have applied, and may still apply to some of our Knightly gentlemen, but never to Sir George Drummond. Firstly, he was a man of culture. Drummond knew a work of art when he saw it, as he did a fine bit of writing.

Sir George Drummond was never the man to follow a fad. He never bought paintings because they were the "style," though the collection of art objects left by him is one of the finest in Canada. He loved a good book, but I very much doubt if his library contains a novel of the "popular" variety. In educational matters Sir George took a keen interest, though he was seldom on the platform. He preferred to sit in the body of the hall, well up front, for he was in his latter years, a trifle deaf.

Of his business career it is hardly necessary to speak. He was a living example of the old saw which says that honesty is the best policy. His word was ever as good as his bond, and his bond was worth much, considering the fact that he left a good many millions of dollars. No questionable transaction ever got beyond Sir George Drummond, for he was the very soul of honor.

Drummond was always a courageous man and a stubborn man, but conscientious to the marrow. He was conservative to a degree in his business affairs. He detested ostentation, and took pains to walk into the shadow rather than into the limelight.

When he died there were no flowers brought to his home or to the church from which he was buried. This was at his special request; and when all was over he was cremated. This was his wish.

A man, every inch of him, and a gentleman because nature had so willed it.

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AT the general meeting of the shareholders of Berna Motors and Taxicabs, Ltd., held on Saturday last for the purpose of taking steps toward the reorganization of that corporation, it was resolved, according to the information given out, to reduce the capital by $150,000. The stock outstanding is said to amount to $390,000. Upon this basis the capitalization would be $240,000, or three parts water to one part cash. Rather a thin financial soup that. It reminds one of what we got at Sunday school suppers years ago. It is also proposed to borrow, if possible, $25,000 cash, giving as security the only available asset, the taxicabs now in use. With the taxicabs in pawn the amiable stockholders have not one red cent's worth of assets to fall back on.

Under the circumstances it must occur to the stockholders that the situation is about as bad as it could be. Their stock, as a matter of fact, is not worth a cent on the dollar. Has it occurred to the stockholders to demand an investigation with the idea of finding out just where their precious dollars went to? If some disinterested accountant would take the matter in hand on behalf of the stockholders some interesting facts might develop. Who can tell!

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FOLLOWING closely upon the receipt of the invitation to be official "opener" of the Toronto Exhibition this year, the Duke of Connaught hied himself away to the wilds of Central Africa for a four months' hunting trip. If His Royal Highness intends to accept, as we all hope he will, he is going the right way about fitting himself for the Canadian visit. There is no doubt but that Lord Roberts informed him fully of his experience in Canada during the Quebec Tercentenary fetes when he collapsed in Montreal on the day of the big reception in his honor.

The undaunted hero of Kandahar and Khyber Pass succumbed ignominiously to the hospitality of Canadians. The Prince of Wales and the Duke's own son, Prince Arthur of Connaught, could also tell His Royal Highness something about the strenuous side of Canadian tours. With these warnings in his memory, he is not to be caught napping. Four months of chasing rhinoceroses and hippopotami through the African marshes should give his digestion a thorough overhauling. It should put his appetite on edge for many a severe gastronomic ordeal, here or elsewhere.

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AS is generally the case when big corporations are concerned, the jurymen investigating the recent train disaster near Webbwood, Ont., where about half a hundred passengers lost their lives and many others were injured, were unable to determine the cause, or find anyone responsible. They merely looked wise and contented themselves with offering a few academic suggestions to the Railway Commission. No one will be placed on trial, and in a few weeks the matter will be forgotten, for the public's memory is proverbially short lived. It has been asserted frequently of late that more wrecks occur in this district than on any other piece of roadbed of similar length in North America. It was also alleged in the press that the full details of the catastrophe at Webbwood were not divulged and much criticism has been expressed against the company on the ground that they withheld information from the public as long as possible. For instance, the first official statement, which was not issued until twenty-one hours after the disaster, gave eight as the number of dead. A second statement issued forty-eight hours after placed the number at 23, although previous to this newspapers publishers a list of forty names. Later, after newspaper correspondents on the spot had concluded their inquiries, it was definitely admitted that the number of victims reached 43, and people living in the neighborhood doubt if even this is complete. It has been also charged that there are not enough section men in this district to keep the roadbed in perfect repair.

These things should have come naturally within the province of the jury to investigate, but nothing was done. The inquest failed to bring out one single new fact of any value, and the public can thank the press, not the company, nor the coroner and jury, for practically all they learned about the disaster.

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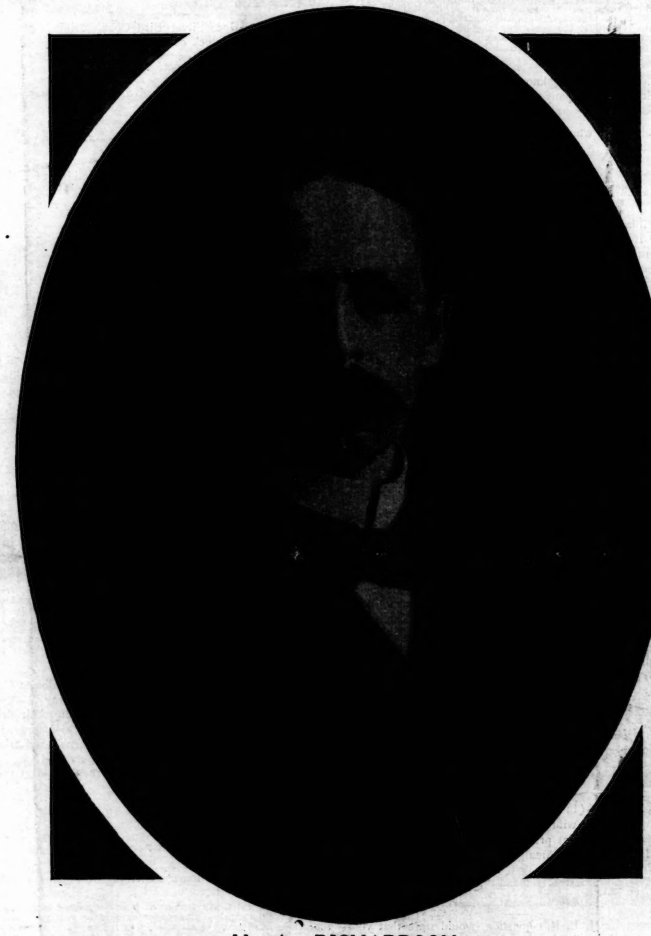
A DESPATCH from Pittsburg one day last week announces that the Rev. Wright Gibson, pastor of a Presbyterian church in that city, has issued a sort of proclamation to the effect that hereafter he will not perform the marriage ceremony for any man of his parish who cannot prove that his income is at least two thousand dollars a year. Mr. Gibson declares that with the prices of commodities as high as they are, an income no smaller than this is necessary to maintain a home and family. "Poverty," he says, "leads to divorce, and I do not purpose to assist the divorce cause."

This brings up an old but ever-interesting problem which not even The Ladies' Home Journal has been able to satisfactorily solve. What is the smallest income on which a man can marry without disaster? The question came up again for public discussion only the other day in Toronto, when the Rev. Dr. A. B. Chambers, Governor



H. A. RICHARDSON,
The Newly-appointed General Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

of the Toronto Jail, gave it as his opinion that as soon as a young man is earning seven hundred dollars a year he ought to make haste and marry for his own and his country's good. Now there is quite a difference between seven hundred dollars a year and two thousand dollars a year; yet there are plenty of small families who simply cannot live on the latter amount yearly, and plenty of larger families who get along on fourteen dollars a week, even in cities like Pittsburg and Toronto. It all depends on what you have been used to and what you consider the necessities of life to be. Dr. Chambers is cutting it pretty fine when he names seven hundred dollars as a necessary income for a family, but the Pittsburg clergyman's stand on the question is suggestive of insanity.

To advise any man to marry on seven hundred a year is to assume a serious responsibility, for even a scavenger and his wife must have their troubles making ends meet on such an income. And to prevent some men from marrying on two thousand a year would be wisdom and kindness. But you can't make rules on the subject. A working newspaperman's salary would be despised by a George Munroe, but perhaps newspapermen and their families as a class are about as contented as anybody. If a man and his wife have enough honestly-earned money in the family treasury to purchase the necessities and an occasional luxury, as they individually, through temperament, training, and circumstances, have learned to judge of necessities and luxuries, they will be comfortable enough, unless they are given to sighing for the moon—as most of us are. The wise old Quaker who has often been quoted, said, as you will remember: "It is not what thee eats that makes thee fat, but what thee digests; it is not what thee earns, but what thee saves, that makes thee rich." And some people can save more out of an income of two thousand dollars than others can from five times that amount. There are indeed people who, if they had an income as large as they might ask for, would have "nothing to show for it" at the end of the year.

The Colonel

COMMENT ON COBALTS

THE Otisse annual meeting has been held. Mr. Loring, the engineer, says:—"As to when or with what expenditure the mine will develop into a steady and profitable producer, it is impossible for anyone, no matter how experienced, to say. The great number of veins would warrant an additional outlay of many thousand dollars with still, thereafter, sufficient reason for continuing, but no one can predict what expenditure is necessary to reach the profit-yielding period."

Frank Loring says this, yet the directorate congratulates the shareholders that they have been able to market 100,000 shares at as high a price as 50 cents. That it is possible to take so much money from the public in exchange for so little value is a great argument that the whole game of stock mining should be enquired into. There is nothing in Mr. Loring's report to show the Otisse mine worth $10,000 so it may be presumed it lacks that value.

The startling announcement has been made public that Sir Henry Pellatt, president of the Cobalt Lake Mining Company, intends to ask the shareholders for authority to purchase 1,500,000 shares of Cobalt Lake stock with a view of lessening the capital. As the Cobalt Lake mine has spent about $150,000 more than it has earned in the last three years the question arises, where is the money going to come from?

The possibilities of Cobalt Lake as a mining proposition seems to have appealed more strongly to the people of Ottawa than to others and when outsiders saw the price paid made the proposition hopeless they sought a market in Ottawa. Civil servants and government grafters, and even those who wished they had a graft, raided savings accounts, they mortgaged home and life insurance to buy stock in the most impossible wild-cat born of Cobalt. As a mining proposition it was hardly second to Frank Law's Silver Bird in impossibility. Law never left several hundred thousand dollars in Silver Bird treasury.

It would seem that if the Cobalt Lake shareholders desired only to lessen the capitalization they would do so with a new issue. As the capitalization is $5,000,000 they might cut it in half by giving one new share for every two held, or they might give 2 for 3, or even 1 for 5. The Taxicab Company the other day decided to give two for five.

When the writer speaks with such assurance on the impossibility of Cobalt Lake he basis his judgment on the limitations the deposits at Cobalt seem to have as regards depth and the presence of the lake above its mining area. About half way down the east shore of Cobalt lake a large nicolite vein was found entering the lake. The Lake Company cut it from the No. 4 shaft and developed some very rich ore in the largest vein of senalite ever found in Cobalt. But the vein struck green stones and petered out at 150 feet and work had to be stopped for fear of the lake. Cobalt Lake is crosscut at the north end and no ore found in the middle with no result further than mentioned above and at the south end. Here, up against the McKinley Darragh at the end of about six hundred feet of tunnelling some ore was found. Very little work brought down such a flow of water this ore had to be forsaken. Then the engineer, the late Fraelick, of honored memory, went back in the drift and sank to the two hundred foot level and went after the ore from there. The ore has been developed in somewhat larger quantities.

A shareholder, name not given, writes of the statement made recently in SATURDAY NIGHT regarding Great Northern. The letter claims more assets for this proposition than the Cleveland Cobalt and states that they have the lighting franchise (exclusive) for six years.

There is no tendency on the part of the SATURDAY NIGHT to do anyone an injustice. Notwithstanding the shareholder's letter, I cannot see a value of $150,000 in Great Northern. With the writer, the generality of mining property is not considered an asset until it produces. When any of Great Northern properties are producing I shall be glad to advertise the fact.

The writer of this column does not profess to know all about every mine in Cobalt, but he tries to keep posted in what he can. He is always ready to retract a statement made in error.

Cobalt

GOLD & DROSS

Those who wish their enquiries answered through the Gold and Dross columns must give their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Make your questions as brief and concise as possible. The editor of Gold and Dross cannot undertake to recommend the purchase of any individual security. He would, if the occasion required, warn against a purchase, and again he might name a dozen stocks out of which an investment might be made, but the choice must necessarily remain with the correspondent and not with the editor.

Candy, Peterboro, says that John MacIntosh's 7 per cent. cumulative preference bonds appeal to him as an investment.

Capitalizing a "sugar stick" here in Ontario does not look promising at the moment. In the first place, there is no certainty that John MacIntosh's Toffee, Limited, has the right to use this name. Athol George Robertson, transfer agent and trustee, failed to comply with the legal requirements and was brought into court the other day and fined. It is only fair to state, however, that this was probably through ignorance of the laws pertaining to stock companies. Better keep your $125 in the bank until you know more about the Toffee Company.

C. J. R. wants to know something about The Swansea Smelting Company for the reduction of silver ore.

Don't know the concern. Who does?

Subscriber wants an opinion on Marconi Wireless of Canada.

No, my friend, the stock is not a buy at $5 per share, because you can get all you want of it for far less money, a dollar a share or perhaps a trifle more. Small hope of its being an investment. The stock is traded in to some extent in Montreal. There is, however, a very limited market for it.

William S. purchased Universal Signal and wants to know if it is any good? He put up $100 and has seen no return.

Well, William, there are others, if that is any consolation. A reorganization of the proposition has been discussed. Signal looks like a good thing gone wrong. Put your script away and don't worry about it. You can do nothing at the present writing that will get your money back.

Constant Reader says he has bought Nova Scotia Cobalt at 80 and wants to know whether he should buy more to lower average, hold or sell?

This is a mining stock, not an investment security, and the holder is as good a guesser as anyone else.

J. S. asks:—(1) Do you think that Dominion Steel common bought at 66½, good to hold for a rise or as an investment? (2) Are not Detroit United Railway's common, at their present price, 66¼, a good buy? (3) Are the recently offered 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds of the Sterling Coal Co. a good speculation, or investment, shall I say, for the small investor?

1. Cannot be considered an investment; is a pure speculation at that level.
2. Probably, if you want to buy into a doubtful franchise, but there are half a dozen safer traction securities.
3. Of its class, and on the basis offered, the investor takes a very good chance.

W. A. M. and C. J. L. want advice as to the merits of "Victoria Park," Fort William; they want to know whether they should buy. The former adds: "One would hardly feel any hesitation considering the fact that nearly every one of our statesmen has loaned his photograph and encouragement to the scheme."

This is a purely non-productive real estate speculation for the present and is good only in so far as one is prepared to gamble on the future of Fort William.

P. F. M. says he has paid some instalments on ten shares of the Motor Bus Company and enquires whether he should pay the balance?

This is a non-operating company, and it is impossible to judge of its future, so much depends upon its patronage, management, etc.

R. P. asks:—(1) Do you consider the Canada Cement Co. capitalization wild and do you consider the preferred shares a good buy at present quotations; (2) would like same information on Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation preferred.

1. The capitalization is inflated and the stock as yet is highly speculative.
2. As a high yield investment it has merit.

Answering J. L. R.'s question, would state that your investment is probably good enough. The difficulty is that with the class of security you hold the market is narrow and it is extremely difficult to get it down to a basis of value.

J. R., Peterboro, Ont., asks whether the statements made in the prospectus of the Florida Everglades Land Company, re climate, soil, crops and drainage in that section are substantially correct?

It would be impossible to go into this question fully in the small space at our disposal. We therefore give the facts, obtained from a competent authority, and "J. R." may judge for himself.

The climate is satisfactory in winter, but often unpleasant in the summer.

The crops depend, as elsewhere, on conditions—weather, fertilization, etc. There are failures in Florida the same as in other sections.

The land requires drainage, as most of it, in the natural state, is low and wet. In some parts canal drainage has been a success, but in others it has not helped much.

"The most favorable thing about Florida," says our informant, "is its winter climate."

Land is cheap in Florida, it must be remembered, and our advice is, don't invest your money until you or some trusted friend has personally investigated.

J. P., Toronto, writes regarding the Sterling Coal Company. We have submitted his letter to an uninterested expert and attach the reply:

The correspondent is perhaps under the impression that the Sterling Coal Company securities were offered for sale to the public direct by the company, in which case it is incumbent to furnish such particulars as he mentions. They were, however, offered by the four firms, presumably on account of themselves and other large interests.

Generally, before a large concern, like the Sterling Coal Company, is launched there is a great deal of preliminary work, and large liabilities are incurred by the parties undertaking the transaction. There are two classes of promotion. In one, a few light-weight promoters, attaching to themselves a showy name or two, form a company, and the company offers its "securities" direct to the public, on a basis which admits of their having little chance of profit, because there is no insurance that the company will be supplied with sufficient funds to carry on its enterprise, even if it is a sound one. The securities may or may not be fully taken up, and if fully taken up the funds of the company are depleted by heavy advertising and by large cash commissions. In the other class of promotion, responsible people investigate a proposed transaction by every means in their power, and having satisfied themselves of its substantial character, undertake, with their associates, to whom the evidence is submitted, the large liabilities necessary to insure the carrying out of the undertaking. This is the course through which the Sterling Coal Company enterprise has gone. We are informed the securities were all underwritten by responsible people and institutions, and that the enterprise would go on whether the public had subscribed at all or not. It would appear, therefore, that the interest a proposed subscriber has in the matter is as to whether the basis on which the securities are offered is likely to secure him a remunerative investment. If the bonds are good for a yield of 6 per cent. interest and the subscriber, without further risk than his own investment, gets a 50 per cent. stock bonus, he perhaps need not inquire too closely as to stock profits going to others whose shares cannot be made valuable without his own becoming valuable also.

A. W. L.—Does Silver Bird Cobalt Mining Co. still exist and is their stock of any value?

Frank Law, who now resides at Kingston, launched Silver Bird, so you may judge for yourself.

The question is again asked as to the substantiality of the rise in Little Nipissing.

Street gossip has it that the pool operating in the stock has bought hundreds of thousands of shares at long date. What will happen when these commitments come due is hard to say. The history of bull pools in New York has been—well, so, so.

G. S. M., Ottawa, wants to know something of Union Pacific Cobalt.

At the annual meeting in Ottawa the other day the management of Union Pacific Cobalt refused to give its shareholders a financial statement that told anything. A. J. Estes of Montreal gave the management a fight for it, but entrenched as the directors are behind an enormous block of promotion stock, the stockholders who paid their good money were helpless. Mr. Estes, representing the stockholders who gave up their good money, carried to the meeting proxies representing 659,700 shares, but he was outvoted by the management, who re-elected themselves to office. The only thing Mr. Estes was able to accomplish was restricting the borrowing powers of the directorate to $10,000. It would be well for G. S. M. to remember that the paying stockholders, the fellows who put in their money, have little or no opportunity to check up the management of any of these corporations, and Union Pacific Cobalt is a beautiful example.

T. W. H., Swift Current, Sask., asks whether United Wireless Telegraph stock is likely to be a safe and paying proposition?

Wireless telegraphy is only in its initial stages, and no one can predicate with any degree of assurance the position which it will occupy in the future. Nor would one, in the circumstances, be justified in affirming the ultimate security of an investment along this line.

D. R. G., of Toronto, asks what is to be thought of the value of shares in the British and Colonial Press Service, Limited, (head office Montreal), as a permanent investment and whether the stock has been fully subscribed and if the company is as yet actually furnishing press service?

This company was formed to do for Canada what the Associated Press has done for the United States. It aims to supply British news to Canada, and Canadian news to Britain, free from any foreign taint. The capital stock is $100,000, and of this amount $85,000 has been subscribed. No one is to be allowed to take more than $1,000 in stock, a limit being set to prevent any corporate interest securing control. About 150 of the leading business men in Canada have already taken stock in the company, not as an investment, however, but rather as a boost to help along the Empire.

Many people who have bought California-Alberta Oil stock from one Henshaw Maddock are writing SATURDAY NIGHT as to what they will do regarding their deferred payments. Our advice is don't pay. However, it would be just as well to consult your attorney and take his advice. The promotion is a fraud, pure and simple, and this we are prepared to prove in the Courts at the first opportunity.

Investor asks regarding a bank stock.

The stock is a fair investment at the selling price. Figure it out and you will see that it pays around 5¼ per cent., which is little enough, considering that you can get first-class mortgages which pay 5½.

A. W. L. wants to know something of Pincher Creek oil.

It does not exist, my friend, at least in paying quantities. If you want to gamble, play poker or faro or red and black. You will at least have the satisfaction of losing your own money.

B. T. R. wants to know what we think of the Collins Wireless Telephone Company.

We don't think anything of it; not worth thinking about.

Give me an opinion on stock in The Harris-Maxwell mine, Larder Lake. Am a shareholder having purchased a year ago last July, shares at 60c. and 75c. As yet it seems to me the owners and directors are all who have received any return from said mine. ANXIOUS.

You seem to have sized up the situation correctly. The promoters have no doubt found it profitable. If the stock were mine I would sell it for what it would bring.

Kindly publish opinions of Nipissing and Beaver stocks at present prices. LAKEFIELD.

Nipissing has more justification for selling at $10 than it ever had before. To be intrinsically worth $10 per share the mine would have to keep up its present production for over ten years. Personally I do not think it can do so. On the other hand, with good general conditions it may touch $13 or even $15 in the next year or two. Beaver is only where it is because of manipulation.

What do you think of Aguanico Mines Development Co. as an investment at 80c. and also your opinion of the Ontario Consolidated Mining Co? N. J. N.

Don't know either of them.

Speculator says that he has a friend who has a lot of Silver Leaf and who is a large shareholder in Crown Reserve and the said friend advises the holding of Silver Leaf; do we still adhere to our advice to sell Silver Leaf?

Yes, unquestionably. I do not think you could get anyone to give you $100,000 for the whole Silver Leaf property mining rights. Its capital of $5,000,000 is practically quadrupled by the terms of Crown Reserve lease. We don't advise speculation in Dominion Steel common, or in any other stock for that matter.

Please advise regarding Beaver and Rochester Cobalt mines. B. W. D.

There is nothing known as to the real value of Beaver. Its present price is the result of manipulation. Rochester is evidently not striking the ore at depth it found on surface, and I think the stock should not be purchased.

Kindly inform me if you think Nipissing Mines Co. stock at $1.00 a share too high a price? If so, what do you consider the real value? Q.

The real value and market value are two different things. Can't say.

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BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street

What would you advise me to do with Nipissing stock—hold or sell at present price? NIPPED.

Nipissing is probably not worth the money, but under present market conditions I would not advise selling. Wait for the return of the bull market.

Is there any market for any of the following stocks or are they all N. G.: (1) Amalgamated Cobalt, (2) Cobalt Merger, (3) Montreal Cobalt, (4) Silbert Consolidated, (5) Silver Leaf? ST. MARY'S

(1) About 8 cents. (2) None. (3) About 10 cents. (4) None. (5) None.

Speculator writes re Otisse and Tournenie.

For Otisse, see Cobalt's Comments. The latter is not known to us.

Advise me as to the standing of the Cobalt Portage Mine, Limited, incorporated under the Ontario Mining Companies Incorporation Act. E. D. W., Detroit.

The Portage mine was a wild-cat promotion launched from Chicago. The stock appears to be without a market.

H. R. McE. wants information regarding Swastika Gold Mining Co.

Swastika Gold Mining Co. was dealt with last Saturday. Would say wait a bit. The company is not paying a dividend and Saturday Night won't recommend it.

State your opinion on Temagami Gold Reefe & Co., Ltd. Is the mine worth investment? Have they shipped any ore yet? J. M. W.

We don't know this proposition, but would not suppose it to be safe. If there was a mine producing gold in Temagami we should know it.

The Canadian Oil Co. stock is a conundrum to me. I have been urged to take a block in liquidation of a certain claim. What would you advise me to do? ANXIOUS.

It might depend on the nature of claim. Would ask for something better.

Constant Reader asks: I have Foster at $1.10. Should I buy to lower the average, hold or sell?

The stock will probably some day advance above present quotations, but I would not be over-confident.

(1) The Big Six. Is this a good investment?
(2) The O'Kelly Mines, Gow Ganda. V. D.

1. Big Six is not an investment.
2. Don't know of the proposition.

A. G. F. L. wants to know something of Kerr Lake Majestic.

Kerr Lake Majestic is a speculative proposition recently taken over, I believe, by Kerr Lake. Work on the property is reported to have been shut down. There is no information pointing to ore having been found on the property, so far as the writer knows.

(1) What do you consider the proper value of Temiskaming stock? (2) What are the prospects of Temiskaming stock returning to $1 value? EMBRUM.

1. As the directorate have never issued a statement as to ore reserves except "better than ever," it is impossible to judge. Perhaps, after the approaching annual meeting we may gain some information.
2. Can't say.

Victim, Guelph, asks about Canadian Marconi stock.

See answer in these columns.

W. J. M., Penetanguishene, desires some information on Nancy Helen.

It looks as if you had a very small chance of getting back your purchase price, $1 per share. I would not consider it a good buy at any price. It may advance and again it may not. The amount of it seems to be that the property does not possess high silver values, and then again the Government takes as its share too large a chunk. So far as I know, the management is all right and the property appears to have been worked on the "level."

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FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, February 10, 1910.

"The king is dead—long live the king."

EVEN upon those who never saw Sir George A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., or heard him speak, was forced the recollection of the above quotation when his death was announced on the morning of the 2nd instant.

Although to be president of the Bank of Montreal is an honor more coveted by Canada's greatest financiers than is a lordship by those of the United States, it added little, if at all, to the luster of Sir George Drummond when he succeeded to the presidency of the bank upon the resignation of Lord Strathcona, in 1905.

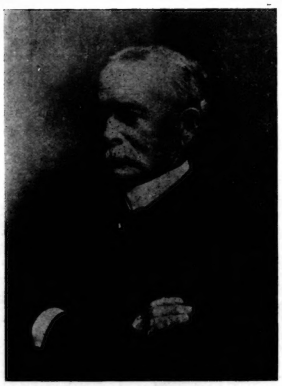
So far as Montreal was concerned, the bank could not elevate him—rather, he elevated the bank. It is true that so far as the outside world is concerned, and so far as financiers the world over are concerned, he would have been held in higher esteem for being president of the Bank of Montreal. The bank was known—he was not. But in Montreal, and perhaps throughout Canada, his name had long been familiar and the man had been honored as far back as fairly old men recalled. These marked a score in favor of the bank when they heard Sir George was its president. With the populace, the man elevated the position and not the position the man.

Of how many men in Canada could this be said? How long will it be until another man comes whose value the hall mark of the bank does not effect?

***

A King in His Own Right.

Sir George seems to have been a king in his own right. What constituted his kingship, or what constitutes the kingship of any man whom the people seem to accept as a king, is a baffling problem. If one had to answer the question in one word, that word would probably have to be "honesty," or "genuineness." Perhaps that sounds a little old-fashioned. All truths are old-fashioned, but not all old-fashioned things are true. The laws of the universe, for instance, are very old-fashioned, so much so that they have gray hairs wherever they are not bald. The kind of honesty of genuineness referred to, however, must not be confused with the dearly beloved, Sunday school book kind. "Did you eat the sugar, Johnny?" "No, Mother, the little mouse ate it." "Wicked, wicked Johnny will go to the bad place for telling lies," says his Sapphira of a mother. The honesty and genuineness that are referred to do not concern matters of that nature any more than the direction of the individual zig-zags of a snake fence concern the general direction of the fence. Essentially, honesty and genuineness have to do with general direction and purpose. To be honest and genuine is to be ones self and to try to know the truth about the things that matter. Sir George was himself. He was no time server, he had a large outlook on life, his interests were not of the money grubbing kind and when he spoke he spoke not so much to the galleries as to give voice to that which was within him—were it right or wrong. Had it been otherwise, he could not so long have continued to hold his unsolicited position at the head of those whom Montreal did not grudge the honor. Surely had he been but plated ware, the public could not so long have thought him genuine solid silver. The public granted him his hall mark years before it was officially stamped on him after he had been worn thin.



The late Sir George Drummond, who passed away last week.

***

Sir George and the Dragon.

Looking back over the past few years. the occasion upon which Sir George appeared most prominently before the public was that of the fight which occurred over the proposal of the Mexican Tramways crowd to take over the Mexican Power Company. The Bank of Montreal was an interested party—interested, perhaps, to the extent of over two million dollars. Because of this interest, Sir George Drummond became president, also, of the Power Co. It came about, eventually, that the bank more or less agreed to act with the interests which were securing the Power Co. for the Tramway Co. It was then found out that the conditions were different to what they were supposed to be, that the Power Co. was making excellent headway and was able to do its own financing. Under the circumstances, Sir George looked upon the whole transaction as one which was entirely unfair. The Tramway Co. interests, on the belief that matters were working smoothly in their favor, had in the meantime, committed themselves and things began to look as though a mammoth egg beater had broken loose in a suffragette meeting. The first intimation the public had of dissension was the announcement of the resignation of Sir George as president of the Power Co. This was shortly followed by the explanation that he had resigned as a sign of his disapproval of the whole proposition, believing it to be little short of a steal. Presently we find him, though frail in body and in poor health, heading an aggressive movement with Cahan and Plummer aiding him. The fight was carried on and the Tramway crowd was defeated all along the route till the annual meeting, when a clear majority of votes put Sir George and his friends finally out of power. It showed, however, that Sir George would not stand for a deal which he considered flagrantly crooked, even though it looked as though the bank might be safer were it put through.

No "Increased Cordiality" For Him.

In June, 1900, Sir George, who was then Mr. Drummond, was appointed by the Montreal Board of Trade to attend the Fourth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, which was held in London that year. Mr. George Hadrill, secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade, who was his co-delegate, tells of the impression Mr. Drummond made upon the opening meeting of that Congress, when he took strong exception to the wording of a resolution advocating the formation of a Consultative Council of representatives to deal with Colonial questions. Though he cordially supported the proposal itself, he took exception to the opening clause, as follows:—

"That the increasing cordiality and sense of union between England and her Colonies."

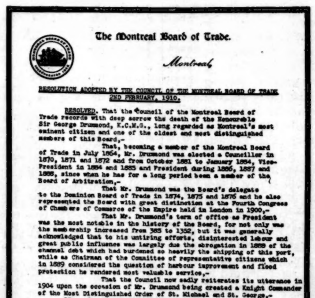
Mr. Drummond's speech, which was listened to with intense interest and punctuated with enthusiastic applause, was finished amid a perfect ovation. The speech is as follows, but no words can convey an idea of Mr. Drummonds's scorn when referring to the words he objected to:

The Hon. G. A. Drummond, (Montreal Board of Trade):

"I understand, Mr. President, the question is between the Resolution proposed by the Birmingham Chamber and the Amendment brought forward by the Cape Town delegate. I, for one, will accept the original Resolution in preference to the Amendment, if I am forced to do so; but I must confess that it would be accepting it with a deep feeling of regret and disappointment. I maintain that the language of this Resolution of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce is entirely insufficient and disappointing. I can assure this assembly that the people in Canada who sent their sons to Africa were not influenced by any such milk-and-water sentiment as "increased cordiality and sense of union"—increased cordiality—to the extent of inviting you to an afternoon tea, or something of that sort, and to any social function. Now, I am far from depricating or holding to be insufficient the idea of sentiment. I maintain that sentiment proves nations; and in the face of sentiment, material interests often disappear. I hold that this Resolution is a milk-and-water method of shelving a question which is very difficult, upon which a practical, fully-evolved scheme is at the present moment impossible. But I maintain that it will be a grievious disappointment to the men who sent me here if I accept and vote for a Resolution commencing as this does, with the statement "that the sentiments that animate us are increased cordiality towards the Mother Country." It is something more than that. It is a sense that the Mother Country is my country. (Cheers.) I do not require to be invited to give an idea of cordiality in what I do. And I can tell this assembly that there is not a man in or about the Montreal Board of Trade who would not be offended if he were told that in this last struggle the actuating motive was one of cordiality. It was something a great deal more than that. Now, if it were possible—I presume it is not—to alter this Resolution so as to put it in more fitting terms, I for one would have accepted it as a stop-gap. I consider the relations of the Mother Country with the Colonies at the present moment are most intensely friendly; more than that even. As I venture to suggest, they are those of brothers. (Hear, hear.)

The speaker proceeded in this manner to the conclusion of his speech, having made one of the most rousing addresses of the Congress.

T. C. A.



The Montreal Board of Trade.

Montreal

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE 3RD FEBRUARY, 1910.

RESOLVED, That the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade records with deep sorrow the death of the Honorable Sir George Drummond, K.C.M.G., long regarded as Montreal's most eminent citizen and one of the oldest and most distinguished members of this Board.

That, assuming a member of the Montreal Board of Trade in July 1854, Mr. Drummond was elected a Councillor in 1870, 1871 and 1872 and from October 1881 to January 1884, Vice-President in 1884 and 1885 and President during 1886, 1887 and 1888, since when he has for a long period been a member of the Board of Arbitration.

That Mr. Drummond was the Board's delegate to the Dominion Board of Trade in 1874, 1875 and 1876 and to also representing the Board with great ability at the Fourth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire held in London in 1900.

That Mr. Drummond's term of office as President was the most notable in the history of the Board; for not only was the membership increased from 300 to 1300, but it was generally acknowledged that to his untiring efforts, distinguished labour and great public influence was largely due the strengthening in 1888 of the eternal debt which had burdened so heavily the shipping of this port, while as Chairman of the Committee of representative citizens which in 1889 considered the question of harbor improvement and flood protection he rendered most valuable service.

That the Council now solemnly reiterates its utterance in 1904 upon the occasion of Mr. Drummond being created a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George,—

"That Sir George Drummond's record in this City, his home "for fifty years, as a leader among commercial men, as a wise "director and friend of charitable institutions, as an energetic "and capable worker for the improvement of civic conditions, as "a generous and discriminating patron of the arts, as the gracious "dispenser of generous hospitalities, together with his valuable "services as a Senator of the Dominion Parliament, have long "marked him out as one specially worthy to be honoured by the "Sovereign."

That to Lady Drummond and the family the Council tenders the sincere sympathy in the loss they have sustained, a loss felt, though of course in a lesser degree, by the membership of this Board, by all Montrealers and by Canadians generally.

Certified a true copy.

Geo Hadrill

Secretary.

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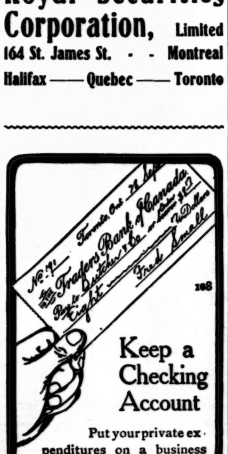

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H. H. NIGHTINGALE
STOCK BROKER
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Toronto, Feb. 10, 1910.

THE annual meeting of the Toronto Electric Light Company this year was made additionally interesting owing to the fact that the statement presented to the shareholders covered the last year in the administration of Mr. J. J. Wright, who joined the company a couple of years after it had obtained its charter, and was for twenty-seven years its general manager. Mr. Wright is on record as having said that when he first took control the company's books, covering the records of its business, could have been carried around in his pocket very readily. It is a far cry from a day such as that to one in which the company's income runs considerably over a million dollars. So that Mr. Wright, when he looks back over the days that are gone, need have no cause for regret over the account he has given of his stewardship. Well did he deserve all the pleasant things which Sir Henry M. Pellatt, the president of the company, saw fit to say of him. An electrician of distinction, Mr. Wright did fully as much as any other single man on this continent to bring this agency within the scope of humanity—to harness it to do the will of man. Not only did Mr. Wright place in operation the first electric street lamps in the United States, but he inaugurated the electric street car system in Toronto.

∴

Never Subsidized Attacks on Government.

And now the affairs of the company will become the particular charge of Mr. Hubert H. Macrae, who was formerly the general manager of the Electrical Development Company. There has been recently a good deal of juggling of positions in the little electric ring dominated by Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann. Shortly after these railway magnates secured control of the Development Company, they placed the manager of the Toronto Street Railway Company in charge, giving him the dual position possibly on the ground that if the Government had to be jollied, the redoubtable Robert would be the right man to purvey the necessary salve. Up to this time Mr. Wright had been giving most of his attention to the producing end of the Toronto Electric Light Company. It was necessary, in view of the great expansion of business, that someone should look more closely after the business end. Mr. Macrae was just the man for the position, and he got the appointment. And thus the intimate relations that had always prevailed were fully maintained. In the meantime, it scarcely looks as though Sir Henry Pellatt and his allies were thoroughly reconciled to the power policy of the Government. For Sir Henry in his address at the meeting took another little fling at the authorities up in Queen's Park. There was one point which he desired to make perfectly clear, and that was that neither he nor any member of the company, much as they might desire to indulge in missionary efforts, had ever spent a dollar to influence financial papers in Britain to attack the power policy of the Ontario Government.

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Doesn't Hurt Credit of Canada.

Sir Henry Pellatt alluded, of course, to the virulent attacks that were made upon the Hon. Adam Beck in various financial papers in London when it became apparent that the people of the province were determined that they should not be placed at the mercy of a powerful electrical octopus. But Sir Henry himself has not been impressed by the attitude of the public toward this question. He is still disposed to think that they have acted in haste and thoughtlessly. "Municipalities, including Toronto," he remarked, "cannot tell how much power will cost them; they can only gain an approximate idea as to what the cost will be." One is forced to the admission that Sir Henry is quite correct in his surmise. But it is a pretty good gamble that the cost of power will be a lot less than it would have been had Hon. Adam Beck not taken the matter up and carried it through to a practical conclusion. Sir Henry views the action of the Ontario Legislature in this connection as astounding and calculated to menace the credit of Ontario and Canada in the Motherland. But, notwithstanding the attitude assumed by critics and by the chorus of protest in Britain, the amount of money sent to Canada for investment last year has rarely been, perhaps has never been, equalled since Canada commenced to assume importance in the eyes of over-sea folk.

∴

Will Supply Electricity More Cheaply.

As a matter of fact, however, the average Torontonian is not worrying much about the price of electricity for commercial purposes. So long as the rate charged in their homes does not appear exorbitant, they are quite content to permit the manufacturer to fight his own battles. Despite the controversy waging in a wider field, the Toronto Electric Company, because it supplies the people with what they want at a presumably reasonable figure, is prospering. So large were the profits last year that no less a sum than $200,000 was transferred to the reserve fund, bringing that account up to the round million. The gross receipts reached a total of $1,292,545, and, after all expenses had been met, there remained a balance of over half a million dollars available for distribution. During the year there were added 2,328 customers, bringing the total number now served by the company up to the thirteen thousand mark. And these thirteen thousand consumers will be glad of the assurance given by Sir Henry Pellatt that the rates charged in Toronto are lower than in any other city of similar size on the continent. A revision of prices is about to be undertaken which will mean more current to the consumer without any increase in charges. Neither, however, will the revenues of the company be affected.

∴

Nova Scotia Bank's New General Manager.

Mr. Harry A. Richardson, who has been appointed general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, assumes his new duties with every indication that his regime will prove profitable to that institution, as indeed it will be popular among his own colleagues. No less a personage than Mr. Alexander Laird has placed himself on record as assured that Mr. Richardson will fully maintain the best traditions of banking. There can be no doubt that Mr. Richardson's training is such as to admirably fit him to fill the first post within the gift of the bank. For thirty years he has been associated with the Nova Scotia, starting as a junior at Liverpool, N.S. At no time was Mr. Richardson given to those flighty pursuits that are characteristic of most bank clerks. By dint of close application, when connected with the branch in Montreal, he fitted himself for his first managership at the Sussex branch. Similar positions he filled in Yarmouth and Charlottetown, leaving the latter branch to come to Toronto, where he has since been local manager. Mr. Richardson is a yachtsman, a golfist, and a bowler, but these he pursues merely as a pastime, and in none has he attained a proficiency that would mark him out for distinction. But Mr. Richardson is not anxious on that account; it is sufficient for him to be general manager of the Nova Scotia.

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Points in Stewart Houston's Too Brief Career.

To few men has it been given to hew out for themselves so distinctive a position in the community in which they live as was the case with the late Stewart Houston. Certainly the rewards of their effort do not come to many at an age so young. A man of exceptional attainments, Mr. Houston early won academic honors, graduating from Trinity University with the degree of M.A. when only twenty-three. That was back in 1891, when began for Mr. Houston a journalistic experience that was to be perhaps the outstanding feature in his career. Mr. Houston was wooed away from the newspaper field at least twice, first to study law and afterwards to manage Massey Hall. In both these departures his efforts were attended by signal success, but at no time was his mind entirely removed from the quill. While his executive capacity enabled him to carry the Toronto Horse Show to a high state of efficiency and to place the operations of Massey Hall on a plane of excellence not hitherto attained, the crowning feature of his career was the establishment of The Financial Post, which for three years he conducted with marked success, giving it a standing that comes to almost no journal except after years of probation.

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Insurance Business Profitable.

The Financier, of London, Eng., in commenting upon the withdrawal of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company from that field, speaks of Canada as "the Land of Promise" for those in the insurance business. Indeed, the reason assigned for the course taken by the company in question is that it is so much easier to get business here that it would be useless longer to go to the expense of attempting to procure it in the more crowded field. Meanwhile, it is pointed out, some of the British companies, which have hitherto confined their operations to the United Kingdom, finding themselves in need of more elbow-room to maintain their vitality and progress, are contemplating an entry into Canada. While something of the kind may be done, it is not clear that there is any need of more insurance companies in this country. The man who can scarcely enter his office without stumbling over an insurance agent will be, on the contrary, disposed to welcome the effort that is now being made at Ottawa to limit by legislation the operations of unlicensed companies who contribute nothing to the country in the way of taxes but still manage to acquire much of the cream of the business. During the past week the reports of various Canadian insurance companies have been published, and from these it is apparent that the efforts of the ubiquitous agent have been crowned with unusual success—a reflection, perhaps, of the success which has attended all lines of endeavor for considerably over a year.

At the ripe age of seventy-four, Dr. John Hoskin, who is at present in England, has sought to drop a few of the many responsibilities that have been his. First came his proposed retirement from the presidency of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, with which institution he has been associated in an official capacity for a period of over twenty years. More recently still, Dr. Hoskin has dropped his position as chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, and in this he has been succeeded by a man of equal eminence, though in a different walk of life, Dr. Byron E. Walker. For the present, Dr. Hoskin has been prevailed upon to retain the presidency of the Trusts Corporation. It is clear, however, that, on the advice of his physician, he will be unable to give the affairs of the company that close personal supervision which has characterized his administration in the past. A man of exceptionally sound judgment, Dr. Hoskin's opinion is widely sought both as a jurist and as a business man. In both these spheres he has attained a place of almost equal prominence. Perhaps as a lawyer and judge he will be longest remembered, for it was in these capacities that most of his earliest efforts were put forth. But outside of legal and educational groves he has a wide experience, for he is director in several of the largest financial institutions in the city.

INVESTOR.

Mend the Laws.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—You are certainly rendering great service to the people in your fight for upright enterprises and clean and honest methods in business.

The Joint Stock Companies Act is badly in need of repairs and if you keep up the good work, doubtless, it will be productive of a change, for the government must realize its inefficiency. The Act as at present, instead of being a protection agency for the investor, is frequently used as a trap by the dishonest to catch careful but unsuspecting people. Such people would not be influenced at all if it were not for the assumption that the Act compelled those doing business under it to be honest or suffer the consequences, but they find out, after it is too late, that the Act is more of a cover for rascality than anything else, and that there is practically no redress because the courts accept the Companies Act as final. Of the many incongruities I wish to draw your attention to one. At present the number of directors cannot be changed or head offices removed unless confirmed by a vote of not less than two-thirds in value of the shareholders present in person or by proxy, and yet it only requires 51 per cent. in value of the shareholders present in person or by proxy to divert the cash into the pockets of designing shareholders. Surely the assets of a company are of more importance than either its directors or head office. It seems to me that in the expenditure of money or payment of salaries the two-third clause should be enforced. If this were done there would be far less crookedness, as it would compel the dishonest to hold more of the stock than at present, and having so much at stake they would be more inclined to be honest.

Wishing your valuable paper every success, I remain,

Yours very truly,

R. J. BERKINSHAW.

50 St. Clair Ave., Feb. 5, 1910.

The Dawn of To-morrow.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—Apropos of your criticism of "The Dawn of a To-morrow" at the Royal Alexandra last week, it is indeed strange, is it not, that the dear public should prefer to accept the "optimistic claptrap" of Christian Science which appeals to their reason and intelligence and has been proved to be a demonstrable and practical religion, "instead of facing the facts" ostensibly of misery, discord, sin and disease which, before the advent of Christian Science, were supposed to constitute the sum total of human experience! But the strangeness is explained when Christian Science is understood, and something is known of the substantial benefits which it is conferring daily upon thousands of persons who to-day are experiencing a degree of happiness hitherto unknown, consequent upon the practical knowledge of God and the universe which is gained through the study of this Science.

With reference to the latest instalment of Christian Science news from New York which appears in your issue of Feb. 5, it seems necessary to say that the conditions pictured as having prevailed in First Church, New York, are not Christian Science, and their exposure and overthrow only serves to show from what this church has been delivered—a deliverance for which loyal Christian Scientists everywhere are grateful. The lesson to be drawn from the New York situation is that those in authority in the movement are determined to how to the line of Principle, let the chips fall where they may, and to maintain in its unadulterated effulgence this new-old healing and saving gospel of Christ, which has been restored to this age by Mrs. Eddy.

In closing may I be permitted a word of dignified protest against the sneering reference to the leader of this movement—a form of expression which is unnecessarily painful to many of your readers, and which should find no echo in the thought of any true man who is capable of appreciating, even to a small degree, the worth of a noble and consecrated woman who has been the means of conferring upon the race blessings of the most substantial and indisputable character.

Very sincerely yours, J. M. JACKSON.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,
Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.

ANNUAL MEETING

Home Life Association of Canada

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Home Life Association of Canada was held in the Head Office, Victoria Street, Toronto, on Feb. 8th. Hon. Mr. Stratton, President, presented the Annual Financial Statement, and, in doing so, congratulated all concerned upon the general improvement shown in the result of the past year's operations, and the improvement of the general standing of the interests of the Association, which had evidently shared in the general improvement of financial and commercial affairs. A distinct advance has been made in almost every department of the affairs of the Association.

The total assets for the security of Policy-holders reached the sum of $1,868,847.69, an increase of $116,386.08. These assets are composed of Bonds and Debentures, $262,053.73; First Mortgages on Real Estate, $405,389.05; Loans and Liens on Policies, $155,276.38; Cash in Banks, $67,675.08; Home Life Building, $150,000.00; Collateral Loans, $1,400.00; Outstanding and Deferred Premiums (reserves and cost of collection provided for), $27,545.14; Interest and Rents due and accrued, $21,551.67; and Office Furniture and Accounts Receivable, $3,452.41.

An increase of $113,632.95 in Net Ledger Assets advances their total to $1,041,862.24. A further reduction of net outstanding and deferred premiums brings down the total from $32,398.89 to $27,545.14. The payments to Policy-holders during the year of $66,193.29 consisted of Death Claims, $49,380.63; Matured Endowments and Cash Surrenders, $16,044.06, the latter showing a substantial decrease, and Life Annuities, $273.60.

The Bonds and Debentures are recorded at their cost value, which is far below the actual value at present market prices. The Mortgages are in excellent condition, with payments well met.

Of the Net Ledger Assets, totalling $1,041,862.24; First Mortgages amounting to $405,389.05, representing thirty-eight and nine-tenths per cent.; Debentures and Bonds, $262,053.73, and Cash in Banks, $67,675.00, thirty-one and six-tenths per cent.; Loans on Policies, $155,276.38, fourteen and nine-tenths per cent.; Home Life Building, $150,000.00, fourteen and four-tenths per cent. The balance to make 100 per cent. is represented by the Cash and Investments on Call Loans. The excellent character of the investments of the Association is thus shown.

By the conversion of $44,520.00 Inscribed Dominion of Canada Stock bearing two and three-quarter per cent. interest rate into Debentures, at an increased interest rate, a present loss of $6,715.78 was sustained, but the new rate will wipe this out in five years and leave this security, with a currency of about thirty years at the increased earning rate of five and one-half per cent.

Advantage was taken of the favorable market conditions to largely increase the Association's holdings of Municipal and School Debentures of the growing provinces of the Canadian West, excellent securities of good earning powers. It was pointed out by the President, in regard to the earning power of the securities, how greatly it had been advanced under the present Board, the present average interest rate of six per cent. placing the Association's investments in the front rank of Canadian Insurance Corporations.

The Home Life Building is to be regarded as an excellent asset, it having last year reached its highest rental record, the year closing with no vacancies and with rentals showing a substantial increase over the income from this source of the preceding year. During the year the Legal Reserves, calculated upon the stringent Government basis of valuation, increased by more than $100,000.00, and now totalled $928,536.14.

Taken as a whole, the Statement showed all-round excellent results, which indicate a satisfactory and healthy condition of the affairs of the Association, its recorded business being of a higher character and so well paid for that there is opportunity for little improvement in these respects.

The results of the past year, considered with what has been effected by the present Board, giving assurance of careful and competent administration, and, conjoined with the thriving conditions of The Home Life Association, and with the general national prosperity, justifies the President in moving the adoption of the Report, in anticipating for it a prosperous future.

After the unanimous adoption of the Report, the following Directors were elected:—

Messrs. J. R. Stratton, J. S. King, J. L. Hughes; D. W. Karn, Woodstock; J. S. Hough, K.C., Winnipeg; J. W. Lyon, Guelph; A. L. Gee, Ph.D., Brantford; George E. Amyot, Quebec; Thomas W. Boddy, Windsor; John Curtis, Port Hope; E. L. Goold, Brantford; J. H. Spencer, Medicine Hat; J. K. McCutcheon, Toronto; Prof. J. F. Tufts, Wolfville; J. J. Warren, Charles E. Stevenson, John D. Sheridan and J. H. Haslewood, D.D., Toronto.

Advisory Directors—Hon. J. W. Longley, Halifax, N.S.; James Maynard, Victoria, B.C.; Ashmore Kennedy and S. A. Bedford, Winnipeg, Man.; Charles May, Edmonton, Alta.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Hon. J. R. Stratton was elected President, Messrs. J. S. King and J. L. Hughes Vice-Presidents, J. K. McCutcheon Managing Director, and A. J. Walker Secretary-Treasurer.

Those who know give the preference to the Champagne of the Century

MOET & CHANDON

WHITE SEAL, BRUT IMPERIAL & IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT

The Pre-eminent Cuvees of Champagne

Sole Canadian Agents:

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON LTD., - MONTREAL

BILLIARDS FOR THE HOME

No Modern House Complete without a Billiard Table

Largest manufacturers in the world of English and American Billiard and Pool Tables, also small Pastime and Davenport Combination Tables.

Inspect our Show Rooms and Send for Catalogue.

SATISFACTORY TERMS.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

67-71 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Henshaw Maddock, "Oily" Promoter, fined in Court---His flotation condemned by Canada's foremost geological experts---He objects, however, to the publicity which Toronto Saturday Night has given him and his Oil Company and sues for damages. He would like to stay on and collect his deferred payments, but will he?

HENSHAW MADDOCK, who has become somewhat widely known in this neck of woods as the chief promoter of the California-Alberta Oil Company, Ltd., has sued TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT for libel, placing his damages at $5,000. He also asks that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT be made to either shut up shop or keep his name out of the paper. In other words he asks for an injunction.

This just goes to show how ungrateful some people are. Here we have been giving him "top of column, next to reading" for weeks and not charging him a cent for it, and now he wants the Court to step in and stop us.

However, it is to be hoped that Maddock stays right on and gives TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT the opportunity of justifying its position. In the meantime, however, he is doing his best to gather in the dollars from the poor unfortunates who bought stock in an oil company located in a place where there is no oil. In this it is to be hoped that he will not be successful.

The people who pay into his corporation, which was born in one of the Western States of the American Republic, which has officers no one knows and who have not even addresses (see his prospectus) and which (in this same prospectus) has time after time misrepresented facts and misquoted authorities in order to make out even a flimsy oily argument, have very little chance of getting any return for their money.

The fairy stories which this man Maddock or his man Friday have told the poor deluded buyers of his oil stock would fill a page itself. In his recent advertisements Maddock had taken particular pains to state that California-Alberta Oil is a speculation. This is a very different tale from that told to numerous buyers of his stock previous to the time that Maddock and his promotion was ventilated by SATURDAY NIGHT.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will take great pleasure in introducing to Maddock in Court and at the earliest opportunity, numerous people to whom he told a very different tale. Some of them bought his stock and some didn't, but his fairy tale and that of his man Friday were very much alike.

In the words of the Good Book: "The truth is not in him."

Proof of Maddock's Duplicity.

THE following report upon Maddock's flotation is from a Representative of the Geological Department, and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will be pleased to file the original of the same in Court as evidence if Maddock gives us the opportunity.

The report does not give Maddock and his "oil" flotation a leg to stand on. As the Director's verdict is the final word regarding such matters in the Dominion, we feel sure that if there are any who doubted the contentions of SATURDAY NIGHT that the flotation is from first to last a downright swindle, their fears are set at rest.

In connection with this report it may be stated that the writer upholds the contentions of Mr. W. R. Fraser, published in these columns recently. The report reads as follows:

Prospectus, P.7.—"The quotation from Dawson's Report, 1898, p. 29 A, is not Dawson's but a quotation distinctly attributed to its author, Mr. Tyrrell."

Prospectus, P. 8.—"(Summary Report, 1905, p. 7). This report of 1905 was published over four years after Dawson's death, though the impression on the reader would be that it was an extract from Dawson. Further, no such statement as the alleged quotation appears in Summary Report, 1905, p. 7. I have not been able to find it in any report of the Survey, and, on the face of it, would say that no official of the Survey would ever make such a statement."

Page 8—Canadian Government Helps.—"It's no help until you get your oil."

Page 11.—"The Canadian Pacific Railway are drilling for gas and oil, but away east, where the oil and gas horizon is nearer the surface."

Page 18.—"The tar sand, asphaltum and gas spoken of, occur over 200 miles north of Edmonton. The evidence before a Select Committee of the Senate refers to this same district 200 miles from Egg Lake. What has all this to do with property situated in Edmonton?"

"In the letter of Mr. Maddock, the general manager, Suite 9, 10, 11, 205 Yonge st., Toronto, speaking of Mr. Frank Smith, he says: This gentleman as you are no doubt aware is the Dominion Government's geological expert.' Mr. Smith is not the Dominion Government's geological expert, and is not a geological expert at all. Anyone can get an option on 1,920 acres from the Interior Department, by showing intention of drilling a well for oil and gas, so land is not much of an asset. In fact, the areas that at present are most valuable to prospect, are held by the Government, and can be had for nothing. Having it spread over a radius of 45 miles would not be considered an advantage by most oil men. It adds enormously to operating costs, and adds greatly to the possibilities of drainage of the areas by adjoining operators.

"He calls them the best oil lands in the district. Since no lands in that particular district have been proved to be oil bearing, such statement is unfounded and without meaning."

"Considering his enumerated facts in a careful and critical spirit—(1) Von Hammerstein is not operating anywhere near the territory of the California-Alberta Co., but north of the tar sands above alluded to as over 200 miles north of Edmonton, in the underlying formation. So far as I am aware, he is not connected with the Standard Oil Co. He has been working on funds raised from people in Canada, and has just recently promoted a Canadian Company. A promoter is not the type usually selected by the Standard Oil as their field managers. His flotation is perhaps as precarious as any.

(2) "The C. P. R. are drilling in their own lands, many miles to the East. This has no bearing on the prospects of the California-Alberta Co."

Page 7 of the Prospectus states, "that the fact that vast underlying beds of crude petroleum exist in this territory has been amply proved by the Survey made by Director Dawson." Dawson never made what would be termed a survey of this territory, unless by this territory is meant anywhere in Alberta. Dawson visited the country north of Edmonton to select sites for experimental boring operations on behalf of the Geological Survey. If the existence of vast underlying beds of petroleum had been amply proved, this expenditure of public money would scarcely have been warranted. The sites at which bore-holes were put down by the Survey were Athabasca Landing, 95 miles north of Edmonton; Pelican Rapids, about 150 miles north of Edmonton, and Victoria, 50 miles east of Edmonton. The most northerly one represented the best judgment of the Survey as to the most promising locality to prospect.

"Speaking of the Egg Lake district of the California-Alberta Co., Dawson says: Annual Report, 1898, p. 30 A.—'It does not follow, however, that this would be a specially favorable locality in which to test the beds of the lower Cretaceous by boring, for, on the contrary, our knowledge of the geological structure of this part of the country indicates that the depth at which these beds lie is here very great, probably at least 2,500 feet, and possibly much more.' After this was written, the well at Victoria had to be abandoned at 1,840 feet without reaching the lower Cretaceous (supposed oil-bearing rock.) A private well near Morinville is now down somewhere near 1,900 feet without reaching it, and two wells near Calgary are down 3,400 feet without reaching it. It is only fair to state, however, that at Calgary there is a greater thickness of overlying formation than is to be expected near Edmonton. At Pelican, 150 miles north, there is only about 800 feet of overlying formations to penetrate, and going eastward, the overburden also rapidly thins down."

"There are good prospects for oil in Alberta. It would be a legitimate enterprise, worthy of encouragement, to organize an oil prospecting company, and ask for funds to purchase machinery and put down test holes in the most promising districts. But Alberta is a large Province, and in many places there is hardly a ghost of a show, owing to thickness of the overlying rocks to bore through, and the difficulties of getting a hole down through them. Until commercial reservoirs have been proved to exist, by prospect work where the cover is thinner, there is no excuse for attempting to prospect deeply buried areas. And until oil has been proved to exist in commercial quantities, the rights to prospect any area are, as Mr. Fraser states, worth practically nothing, and no promoter has a right to ask the public to make him wealthy for affording them an opportunity to risk their money in a prospecting venture. In other words, an intelligently directed, legitimate prospecting venture in Alberta is all right, and affords sufficient inducements for a risk of money, but it is not right to ask men to pay heavily for the privilege of taking the risk, much less to ask men to buy stock in a company whose only assets consist of a right to prospect a limited area of ground, and who do not intend to risk much of the money subscribed in testing it."

Maddock Got Full Penalty.

THE full penalty allotted by law for violations of the Companies' Act was meted out to Henshaw Maddock by Magistrate Kingsford in the Police Court on Friday, February 4—two hundred dollars fine, or thirty days in jail. He has also to pay the costs of the action.

"With regard to the plea that the defendant was acting merely as a broker in the sale of this stock," said Magistrate Kingsford, "I am forced to decide against him on this point, in view of the fact that he is a director of the company."

Maddock's lawyer then asked for a "stated case," on the ground that an extra-territorial company was involved. The Magistrate refused the demand, but made a note of its having been made.

Mr. W. H. Price, acting for the Department of the Provincial Secretary, pointed out in his remarks on the case, that the California-Alberta Oil Company was a foreign corporation, established in the State of Washington, with its lands and its hopes of oil-wells in Alberta, and with its stock being sold in Toronto.

"They have taken out no extra-provincial license," he said, "and they have shown no intention of complying with the provisions of the Companies' Act. In fact, they have given no evidence to show that they are running their business in a reputable manner. In view of this, and of the menace of such methods to the interest of the investing public, the Department of the Provincial Secretary must ask that the full amount of the fine should be imposed."

The Magistrate found in accordance with Mr. Price's plea, and condemned Henshaw Maddock to pay $200 and the costs of the action, or serve a term of thirty days in jail.

At the same session of the Court, the case of Athol George Robertson was also considered. This young man, who has made a business of floating corporations, started two companies with a great flourish of advertising, and with a magnificent carelessness for the provisions of the law in such cases. One of these companies was the Nicoll Casing Company, and the other John McIntosh's Toffee, Limited. A feature of the flotation of the latter company, to which Mr. Price called particular attention, was the fact that a few days after the stock was issued, the preferred stock paid a dividend of seven per cent. This in itself, he pointed out, was a rather suspicious circumstance, especially when coupled with the failure to fulfil the requirements of the Companies' Act. But in view of the fact that Mr. Robertson's intentions seemed to be good, Mr. Price stated that the Department would be satisfied with half the fine in each case.

Magistrate Kingsford imposed a fine of $100 in each case, with the costs of the action, or thirty days in jail. And he warned Robertson that any further infringements of the Companies' Act would be severely dealt with. The defendant was also notified that he would have to furnish evidence of his right to use the name of John McIntosh before he would be allowed to do business under such a title.

Writ of Summons, Maddock vs. Toronto Saturday Night.

The Plaintiff's claim is for $5,000.00 damages for libel and for an Order in the nature of an injunction, restraining the Defendant, its servants and agents from publishing, selling, circulating or delivering or communicating to any person or persons, or permitting to be sold or circulated or delivered or communicated to any person or persons, any copy of the newspaper known as "Toronto Saturday Night," or any other publication containing articles reflecting upon the honesty of the Plaintiff, or of his methods of carrying on business, or intimating that he is a swindler or a fakir, or is carrying on a business which attempts to defraud the public, and from printing, publishing or selling, circulating or delivering or communicating to any person or persons, or permitting to be sold or circulated or delivered, or communicated to any person or persons, any copy of such article or any extract therefrom, or material portion thereof.

Technical Journal's Opinion.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has on previous occasions stated that Henshaw Maddock had gone so far as to misrepresent and misquote well-known authorities in regard to the possibilities of there being oil in Alberta in quantities sufficient to make its exploitation a commercial success.

The Canadian Mining Journal, one of Canada's most authoritative and trustworthy publications in dealing with Maddock, says in its issue of Feb. 1:—

Mr. Henshaw Maddock occupies Suite 9, 10, 11, No. 205 Yonge Street, Toronto. Also he occupies a great deal of advertising space in our dailies. From his portrait, of which he is justly proud, we judge that Mr. Maddock is a person of engaging manners, and a convincing speech.

Mr. Maddock is promoting the sale of shares in the California-Alberta Oil Company. Some time ago we filed away for future reference, a copy of his prospectus. It is quite possible that this prospectus would have remained innocently in the file, had not our correspondent drawn our attention to one or two inaccuracies contained therein.

After perusing the California-Alberta Oil Company prospectus, and comparing it with our correspondent's letter we are led to believe that Mr. Maddock does not know what he is talking about—or does not care to know.

For instance, on page 7 of the prospectus, a quotation from a report, dated 1898, is credited to Dr. G. M. Dawson. The report was written by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell.

Another quotation, page 8 of the prospectus, is attributed to the Summary Report of the Geological Survey of Canada, 1905, page 7. No such statement is made in the Summary Report. Indeed, any official of the Survey making such a statement would lose his usefulness at once. The quotation reads thus: "The same oil belt was traced into the Athabasca regions, 250 miles north of Egg Lake, showing vast deposits of asphaltum, or tar sands in the Athabasca region." If Mr. Maddock does not realize that he is taking nonsense, we must seize this opportunity of informing him that such is the case.

On page 8, moreover, the reader is told that the Canadian Government pays a bounty on crude oil. This is perfectly true. Unfortunately the Canadian Government, in its blindness, insists that you must first get your oil.

In many other respects the prospectus before us is a network of silly exaggeration. We may be pardoned if, since Mr. Maddock has seen fit to misquote Dr. Dawson, we reproduce here exactly what Dr. Dawson did write of the Egg Lake district. Here it is:—

"It does not follow, however, that this would be a specially favourable locality in which to test the beds of the lower Cretaceous by boring, for on the contrary our knowledge of the geological structure of this part of the country indicates that the depth at which these beds lie is here very great, probably, at least 2,500 feet, and possibly much more." Our correspondent continues thus: "After this was written the well at Victoria had to be abandoned at 1,840 feet, without reaching the lower Cretaceous (supposed oil bearing rock). A private well near Morinville is now down, somewhere near 1900 feet, without reaching it, and two wells near Calgary are down 3,400 feet, without reaching it. It is only fair to state, however, that at Calgary there is a greater thickness of overlying formation than is to be expected near Edmonton. At Pelican, 150 miles north, there is only about 800 feet of overlying formations to penetrate, and going eastward the overburden also rapidly thins down."

In short, we may safely conclude that Mr. Maddock and his associates are trading upon the exploration work, actually being done in Alberta by competent men. A conclusion even more safe for Mr. Maddock is that it is time for him to shut up shop.

When Petroleum is Not Kerosene.

To those who are not perfectly familiar with the reports compiled by Canada's various geological and oil experts, many of which have been garbled and tampered with by Henshaw Maddock until they bear little or no resemblance to the original, it may be well to explain, which an expert does for us, that petroleum is the family name for all hydro-carbons, running from bitumen, almost a solid to rhigolene, largely utilized by physicians. In the ascending scale are bitumen, maltha, paraffine, kerosene, benzine, gasoline, cymogene and rhigolene.

The late Dr. Dawson and many other experts in their reports on Alberta and also on other sections of Canada referred naturally enough to petroleum technically but not to the petroleum of commerce.

In Alberta Dr. Dawson and other experts saw tar and maltha, and used interchangeably the terms, tar, maltha and petroleum. No one ever saw or brought from that section of Alberta lying between Fort McMurray and Arthabaska Landing, a distance of some 350 miles, one gallon of the petroleum of commerce. What such men as Bredin (quoted by Maddock) saw was this tar melted in the sand by the fierce heat of the northern summer sun and running like waste down the side of a wax candle. They took this, through want of experience, to be the petroleum of commerce.

Davis Was Fined $100.

ANOTHER of the oil-fakirs whose methods have been exposed by SATURDAY NIGHT was fined in the Police Court by Magistrate Kingsford on Tuesday afternoon. This time it was J. C. Davis, the local representative of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Company. There was no defence made in his case by his lawyer, Mr. Curry, K.C., who stated that his client was without any grounds of defence and pleaded guilty to the charge. He made a plea for leniency, however, on the ground that his client was merely a hired man and was acting under instructions from the head office of the company at Vancouver. He promised that the business would be discontinued, and asked that the lowest possible fine should be imposed. In view of these circumstances, Magistrate Kingsford imposed a fine of one hundred dollars and costs of the action, and also gave till Friday for the payment of the amount.

What Our Contemporaries Say:

Look Before You Leap.

(Editorial Comment.)

The Toronto Saturday Night recently published an exposure of the methods of one George H. Munroe, a get-rich-quick promoter of Toronto. So thoroughly was Munroe and his methods of fleecing the public shown up, that he was forced to leave Toronto for parts unknown. Saturday Night is now exposing similar methods on the part of oil companies in Alberta, and is opening the eyes of the investing public on this wild-cat stock business. More power to their elbow;—Havelock Standard.

With a Sharp Stick.

(Editorial Comment.)

Saturday Night is after wild-cat promoters with a sharp stick. One Geo. Munroe's dealings in Bartlett silver mining and various other stocks are being laid bare in a way that should open the eyes of the unwary speculator in stocks. Those who have been bitten no doubt have had their optics opened by their experience.—Standard, Listowel, Ont.

Questionable Promotions.

(Editorial Comment.)

"Saturday Night," Toronto, is at present engaged in a fight against questionable promotion and get-rich-quick schemes that are becoming altogether too common in our land. Not only the rich, but people of small means, who can ill afford to lose their hard-earned savings, are induced to invest in all sorts of wild-cat mining and other schemes. Saturday Night, in this as in other matters, is fearless and outspoken, not afraid to call a spade a spade, and deserves every encouragement in its fight against these "fakirs and barnacles on the commercial progress of Canada."—Elmira Advertiser.

A Trickster Exposed.

(Editorial Comment.)

Seldom has there been a more complete exposé of the financial trickster than that contained in a recent issue of the Toronto Saturday Night relating to George H. Munroe.

Mr. Munroe has had a career so spectacular as to entitle him to a place in current American fiction, which seems to concern itself chiefly with shady business deals and swindling transactions. He is well known, at least by name, in Calgary, and will be so long as the Marconi Wireless Telegraph stock certificates which he floated so generously and so successfully in this city remain intact. Mr. Munroe has been running a three-ring financial circus in Toronto for some years past, floating railway safety devices, Gowganda mines and taxicab companies all at the same time from different offices and under different names.

Toronto is notorious as the easiest mark for a gold-brick artist in America. Saturday Night has done a good service in exposing the career of this get-rich-quick artist. It may be hoped that now even Toronto will catch on to his methods.—Calgary Daily Herald.

Are Charges True?

(Editorial Comment.)

Saturday Night, of Toronto, is publishing a series of articles exposing the methods of one Geo. H. Munroe, a promoter whose methods have attracted considerable attention, and some of which were exposed in the columns of The Post nearly a year ago.

In these articles Saturday Night deals with the Berna Motor and Taxicab Company—with which it is stated Munroe was or is connected. In its repeated reference to this company Saturday Night has made statements of a very serious nature—statements concerning its finances that must be regarded as highly injurious, and if not true, most inexcusably libelous.

I refer to this solely because stock in this Berna Taxicab Company is now being offered for sale in Winnipeg, and because I regard it as necessary that the people who are being asked to buy this stock should know the facts.

So far as the statements made by Saturday Night are concerned I know nothing more than has been published in that paper. But this much is clear: Saturday Night's charges are either substantially true or Saturday Night has maliciously libelled a company that is doing a legitimate business in a legitimate way. If Saturday Night's charges are true no person in Winnipeg should touch a share of this Berna Taxicab stock at any price. If Saturday Night's charges are not true, then the Berna Motor and Taxicab Company should promptly prosecute Saturday Night for libel. This much the company owes to the public whose confidence it seeks—and until it has fulfilled this obligation it has no right to expect public confidence. I neither endorse nor dispute the statements published in Toronto concerning this company—but they are statements of such a serious nature as to make it highly dangerous for any Winnipegger to commit himself to the slightest extent by taking stock in this company until such time as the dark shadow that has been cast over its reputation shall have been removed. This company has been given a reasonable time in which to vindicate itself. So far, it has made no move, so far as I am aware, to defend its honor. This is not the proper attitude for an innocent company to assume—and so long as that is the attitude which it maintains, so long must it be regarded as unworthy of confidence.—Winnipeg Saturday Post.

Promoters of the Munroe Class are Dangerous Citizens.

(Editorial Comment.)

Before Alberta becomes a popular playground for unscrupulous promoters, the properly constituted authorities might well consider the spectacular career, twice essayed and twice successful in Montreal, of George H. Munroe, whose methods have been so fully exposed in the last issue of Toronto Saturday Night.

Munroe's early manouvres in high finance were known to hundreds of business men in Toronto when he last appeared, some eighteen months ago, and with a blaze of spectacular settings in office furnishings, lavish entertainment, elaborate prospectuses, and startling advertisements, reaped thousands from both the large and small investor.

There is nothing new in the systems employed in floating the Universal Signal company, the Bartlett mines, and the Berna motors and taxicabs, nor in themselves, as far as known, is there anything illegitimate in the concerns through which he played fast and loose, with other people's money; he simply dazzled those with whom he came in contact, and reinvested the proceeds of one successful coup in still more lavish promotion to impress the next group of victims.

Saturday Night sets a high mark of newspaper criticism and fearless reproach by appealing "to the Attorney-General of the Province of Ontario; to the Crown Attorney of the City of Toronto; to investors and prospective investors to give heed to a plain, unvarnished recital of facts, printed in the public interest and with the sole purpose of warning the public against one of the most expert, brainy, and at the same time unscrupulous, promoters of the generation."—Edmonton Journal.

An Important Disclosure.

(Editorial Comment.)

The fearless manner in which the Toronto Saturday Night has brought to light some of the unscrupulous methods of gulling the public is worthy of high commendation. For eighteen months, it is stated, a well-known promoter has been busy in Toronto promoting joint-stock companies and "wild-cat" schemes. Prior to this, he also played the same game in Montreal and New York. During this time it has been common knowledge that he has been playing fast and loose with other people's money

The gentleman mentioned is in all probability only one of many who are always looking for innocent lambs to shear, and the question is very pertinent, "Is there no way of doing away with this sort of thing?"

Men of this sort, no doubt, gain a great deal of prominence and power from two sources:—(1) the readiness with which our daily papers advertise their stocks, and, (2) the fact that men, often conspicuous in public life, will allow (whether from consideration or not is not known) their names to be used by such swindlers who pull the strings and their puppets do their biddings.

There is in every Anglo-Saxon an inherent willingness to take a risk with a "Get-rich-quick" scheme, and the public is in constant need of admonition to remember that it is just such schemes that lead to financial ruin.

The Toronto Saturday Night has stood almost alone in denouncing this kind of financial buccaneering, and it would be well for all the leading dailies to take their cue from this valuable weekly. Rich men, who are bitten by such a swindler, deserve no pity, but the widow or poor man, who, in looking for investment, is tempted to risk their "little all" in such stocks, simply because "so and so" has his name among the officials, deserves all the protection and caution that our press is able to exert.—Selkirk Star.

Special Adaptability.

(Editorial Comment.)

Toronto Saturday Night reports that George H. Munroe, whose peculiar financial transactions it has been exposing, has left Toronto and Canada, and it is now turning its searchlight on some oil-fields stocks which are being advertised extensively in Canada. This is work for which a paper like Saturday Night has a special adaptability, as it covers the whole country and goes into the homes of people of the class who have money to invest and who therefore are liable to be caught in the snare of the exploiter. It will do the country good service if it can get the people to distinguish between sound investments and "kite-flying."—The Signal, Goderich.

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THE professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor:

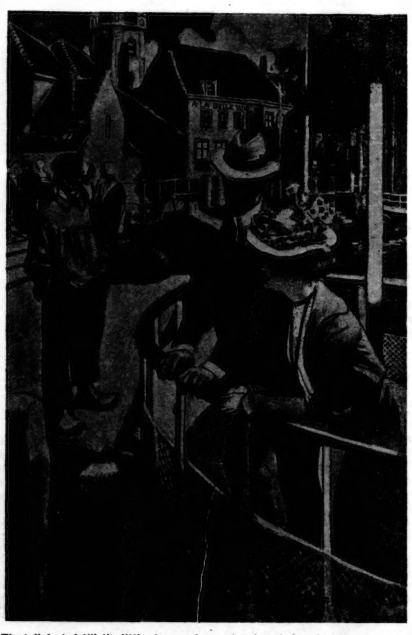
"Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off the 'bus!"

"All right," responds the conductor, cheerfully. "'E's paid his fare!"

MERELY STRANGERS

By E. NESBIT

SHE had been thinking of him all day—of the incredible insignificance of the point on which they had quarrelled; the babyish folly of the quarrel itself, the silly pride that had made the quarrel strong till the very memory of it was as a bar of steel to keep them apart. Three years ago, and so much had happened since then. Three years! and not a day of them all had passed without some thought of him; sometimes a happy quiet remembrance transfused by a wise forgetfulness; sometimes a sudden recollection, sharp as a knife. But not on many days had she allowed the quiet remembrance to give place to the knife-thrust, and then kept the knife in the wound, turning it round with a scientific curiosity, which, while it ran an undercurrent of breathless pleasure beneath the pain, yet did not lessen this—intensified it, rather. To-day she had thought of him thus through the long hours on deck, when the boat sped on even keel across the blue and gold of the Channel, in the dusty train from Ostend—even in the little open carriage that carried her and her severely moderate luggage from the station at Bruges to



The talk lasted till the little steamer bumped and grated against the quayside."

the Hotel du Panier d'Or. She had thought of him so much that it was no surprise to her to see him there, drinking coffee at one of the little tables which the hotel throws out like tentacles into the Grande Place.

There he sat, in a grey tweed suit. His back was towards her, but she would have known the set of his shoulders anywhere, and the turn of his head. He was talking to someone—a lady, handsome, but older than he—oh! evidently much older.

Elizabeth made the transit from carriage to hotel door in one swift, quiet movement. He did not see her, but the lady facing him put up a tortoiseshell-handled *largnon* and gazed through it and through narrowed eyelids at the new comer.

Elizabeth reappeared no more that evening. It was the waiter who came out to dismiss the carriage and superintend the bringing in of the luggage. Elizabeth, stumbling in a maze of forgotten French, was met at the stair-foot by a smiling welcome, and realised in a spasm of grateful surprise that she need not have brought her dictionary. The hostess of the Panier d'Or, like everyone else in Belgium, spoke English, and an English far better than Elizabeth's French had been.

She secured a tiny bedroom, and a sitting-room that looked out over the Place, so that whenever he drank coffee she might, with luck, hope to see the back of his dear head.

"Idiot!" said Elizabeth, catching this little thought wandering in her mind, and with that she slapped the little thought and put it to bed in disgrace. But when she woke in the night, it woke, too, and cried a little.

That night it seemed to her that she would have all her meals served in the little sitting-room, and never go downstairs at all, lest she should meet him. But in the morning she perceived that one does not save up one's money for a year in order to have a Continental holiday, and sweeten all one's high-school teaching with the thought of that holiday, in order to spend its precious hours between four walls, just because—well, for any reason whatsoever.

So she went down to take her coffee and rolls humbly, publicly, like other people.

The dining-room was dishevelled, discomposed; chairs piled on tables and brooms all about. It was in the Hotel *cafe*, where the marble-topped little tables were, that Mademoiselle would be served. Here was a marble-topped counter, too, where later in the day *aperitifs* and *petits verres* would be handed. On this, open for the police to read, lay the list of those who had spent the night at the Panier d'Or.

The room was empty. Elizabeth caught up the list. Yes, his name was there, at the very top of the column—Edward Brown, and below it *"Mrs. Brown——"*

Elizabeth dropped the paper as though it had bitten her, and, turning sharply, came face to face with that very Edward Brown. He raised his hat gravely, and a shiver of absolute sickness passed over her, for his glance at her in passing was the glance of a stranger. It was not possible. . . Yet it was true. He had forgotten her. In three little years! They had been long enough years to her, but now she called them little. In three little years he had forgotten her very face.

Elizabeth, chin in air, marched down the room and took possession of the small table where her coffee awaited her.

She began to eat. It was not till the sixth mouthful that her face flushed suddenly to so deep a crimson that she dared not raise her eyes to see how many of the folk now breaking their rolls in her company had had eyes for her face. As a matter of fact, only one observed the sudden color, and he admired and rejoiced, for he had seen such a color in that face before.

"She is angry—good!" said he, and poured out more coffee with a steady hand.

The thought that flooded Elizabeth's face and neck and ears with damask was one quite inconsistent with the calm eating of bread-and-butter. She laid down her knife and walked out, chin in the air to the last. Alone in her sitting-room she buried her face in a very hard cushion and went as near to swearing as a very nice girl may.

"Oh! oh! oh!—oh! *bother!* Why did I go down? I ought to have fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, or even to Ghent. Of course. Oh, what a fool I am! It's because he's married that he won't speak to me. You fool! you fool! you fool! Yes, of course, you knew he was married; only you thought you'd like the silly satisfaction of hearing his voice speak to you, and yours speaking to him. But—oh! fool! fool! fool!"

Elizabeth put on the thickest veil she had, and the largest hat, and went blindly out. She walked very fast, never giving a glance to the step-and-stairs gables of the old houses, the dominant strength of the belfry, the curious, un-English groups in the streets. Presently she came to a bridge—a canal—overhanging houses—balconies—a glimpse like the pictures of Venice. She leaned her elbows on the parapet and presently became aware of the prospect.

"It is pretty," she said grudgingly, and at same moment turned away, for in a flower-hung balcony across the water she saw *him*.

"This is too absurd," she said. "I must get out of the place—at least, for the day. I'll go to Ghent."

He had seen her, and a thrill of something very like gratified vanity straightened his shoulders. When a girl has jilted you, it is comforting to find that even after three years she has not forgotten you enough to be indifferent, no matter how you may have consoled yourself in the interval.

Elizabeth walked fast, but she did not get to the railway station, because she took the wrong turning several times. She passed through street after strange street, and came out on a wide quay; another canal across it showed old, gabled, red-roofed houses. She walked on and came presently to a bridge, and another quay, and a little puffing, snorting steamboat.

She hurriedly collected a few scattered atoms of her school vocabulary—

*"Est-ce que—est-ce que—ce bateau a vapeur va—va—*anywhere?"

A voluble assurance that it went at twelve-thirty did not content her. She gathered her forces again.

"Oui; mais ou est-ce qu'il va aller ——?"

One answer sounded something like "Slocsh," and the speaker pointed vaguely up the green canal.

Elizabeth went on board. This was as good as Ghent. Better. There was an element of adventure about it. "Slocsh" might be anywhere; one might not reach it for days. But the boat had not the air of one used to long cruises; and Elizabeth felt safe in playing with the idea of an expedition into darkest Holland.

And now by chance, or because her movements interested him as much as his presence repelled her, this same Edward Brown also came on board, and, concealed by the deep day-dream into which she had fallen, passed her unseen.

When she shook the last drops of the day-dream from her, she found herself confronting the boat's only other passenger—himself

She looked at him full and straight in the eyes, and with the look her embarrassment left her and laid hold on him.

He remembered her last words to him—

"If ever we meet again, we meet as strangers." Well, he had kept to the very letter of that bidding, and she had been angry. He had been very glad to see that she was angry. But now, face to face for an hour and a half—for he knew the distance to Sluys well enough—could he keep silence still and yet avoid being ridiculous? He did not intend to be ridiculous; yet even this might have happened, but Elizabeth saved him.

She raised her chin and spoke in chill distant courtesy.

"I think you must be English, because I saw you at the Panier d'Or; everyone's English there I can't make these people understand anything. Perhaps you could be so kind as to tell me how long the boat takes to get to wherever it does get to?"

It was a longer speech than she would have made had he been the stranger as whom she proposed to treat him, but it was necessary to let him understand at the outset what was the part she intended to play.

He did understand, and assumed his *role* instantly.

"Something under two hours, I think," he said politely, still holding in his hand the hat he had removed on the instant of her breaking silence. "How cool and pleasant the air is after the town!" The boat was moving quickly now between grassy banks topped by rows of ash trees. The landscape on each side spread away like a map intersected with avenues of tall, lean, wind-bent trees, that seemed to move as the boat moved.

"Good!" said she to herself; "he means to talk. We shan't sit staring at each other for two hours like stuck pigs. And he really doesn't know me? Or is it the wife? Oh! I wish I'd never come to this horrible country!" Aloud she said, "Yes, and how pretty the trees and fields are——!"

"So—so nice and green, aren't they?" said he.

And she said "Yes."

Each inwardly smiled. In the old days each had been so eager for the other's good opinion, so afraid of seeming commonplace, that their conversations had been all fire-works, and their very love-letters too clever by half. Now they did not belong to each other any more, and he said the trees were green and she said "Yes."

"There seem to be a great many people in Bruges," she said.

"Yes," said he, in eager assent. "Quite a large number."

"There is a great deal to be seen in these old towns. So quaint, aren't they?"

She remembered his once condemn-

(*Concluded on Page* 16.)

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Nov. 29th, 1909.

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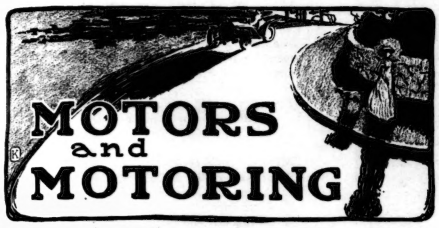


THE first meeting of the newly elected Board of Directors of the Ontario Motor League, was held on Wednesday. Mr. Paul J. Myler, of Hamilton, first vice-president, presided in the absence of Mr. Wm. Stone, president, who is at present in Europe. It was decided to hold the annual banquet on the evening of March 2, at the King Edward Hotel. This will be at the time of the automobile show, at which many of the members outside of Toronto will be present. Mr. E. M. Wilcox, secretary, and manager of the show, reported that arrangements were being completed. Everything pointed to the show being the greatest success of the kind ever held in Canada. The entire centre spaces of the St. Lawrence Arena where the show will be held, have been allotted to automobile exhibitors, together with a considerable part of the space along the walls. About forty different makes of automobiles will be exhibited. Several of them will be seen for the first time in Canada.

The plan for decorating the show provides for covering the entire building with decorative material—the color scheme will be red and white with a liberal use of flags and emblems of the Ontario Motor League. The lighting effect will be brilliant. It was decided to hold a formal opening on Thursday evening, February 24, at 8 o'clock.

The directors appointed committees for the ensuing year as follows:—

Membership:—F. E. Mutton, chairman; Wm. Dobie, vice-chairman; Fred Powell, Morse Fellers, H. W. Beatty, R. B. Hamilton, G. M. McGregor, T. A. Russell, O. Hezzlewood and Geo. H. Gooderham.

Good Roads:—Oliver Hezzlewood, chairman; W. G. Trethewey, vice-chairman; L. B. Howland, W. J. Douglas, Paul J. Myler, James Moodie, F. F. Miller, George S. Matthews.

Legislation:—T. A. Russell, chairman; George H. Gooderham, vice-chairman; J. Curry, W. T. Marlatt, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M.P.P., W. L. Doran.

Entertainment:— Noel Marshall, chairman; A. E. Chatterson, vice-chairman; W. C. Bailey, F. Roden, J. C. Eaton, H. B. Wills.

Sign Committee:—H. B. Wills, chairman; Morse Fellers, vice-chairman; Charles Robson, M. J. Overell.

Good Roads Convention Committee:—Mr. T. A. Russell, chairman; H. B. Wills, vice-chairman; Wm. Dobie, W. G. Trethewey, O. Hezzlewood, George S. Matthews.

Mr. E. M. Wilcox was reappointed secretary-treasurer.

* * *

ENGLISH Country Life, in a recent issue, points out the great service rendered by motors and motorists in the last general election, and expresses the hope that the men who were returned to Parliament will remember this service when they come to make laws concerning motoring. The writer says:—

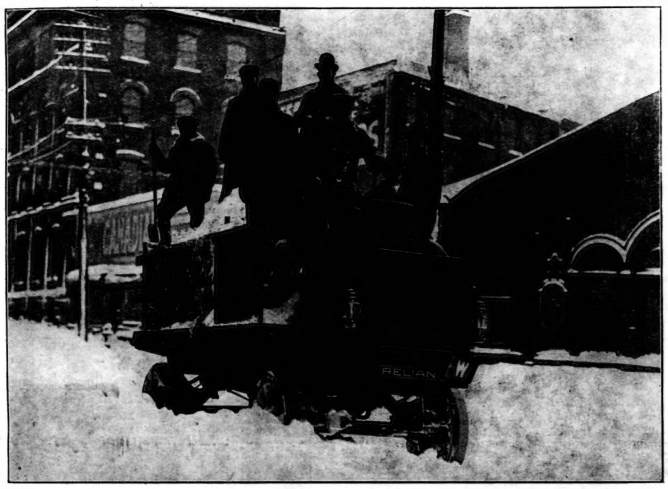
It is not too much to affirm that many a man who has recently earned the right to place the letters M.P. after his name owes the privilege of a seat in the House of Commons largely to the automobile, and every candidate, whether victorious or defeated, has learned to appreciate the car at its true value as a time saver. At the General Election in 1906 the motor was not, in this country, as firmly established as it is to-day. It was then regarded as a luxury of the rich rather than as a recognized means of conveyance. The Unionists four years ago probably had at their disposal far more motor-cars than had their opponents. Unionist interest in the 1906 election was, however, but half-hearted, and Unionist cars were not proffered with any real warmth to the representatives of a party which had, it was felt on many sides, outstayed its welcome at Westminster. For these reasons the 1906 election could not rightly have been described as a motor-car election. But at the time of the recent Dissolution a very different state of affairs was apparent. The number of cars had increased enormously; the automobile was no longer the rich man's plaything; both political parties were well supplied with them, and popular enthusiasm ran so high that hardly a car-owner in the country refrained from assisting his own champion on the polling day. The automobile was on its trial, and it has emerged triumphant from the ordeal. Its value can no longer be doubted, and the men who have so recently made such good use of it will not be likely to countenance legislation that might tend to lessen its utility on the next occasion upon which they will have to invoke its assistance.

One of the most remarkable features of the election has been the immense increase in the number of electors who have recorded their votes. In one constituency after another the figures on both sides have advanced so much beyond those recorded previously that a tally which would, but a year or two ago, have meant a handsome win, on this occasion has left its recipients in a minority of several thousands. It may be argued that the increased percentage of votes cast has been due to the intense interest felt throughout the country on the issues at stake. Undoubtedly the importance of the questions in dispute has been responsible for some of the increase, but not for all, nor even for the greater part of it. To the motor-car, and to that alone, most of the credit is due. With the aid of the automobile it has been found possible, before the election itself, to canvass a wide constituency in a manner hitherto undreamed of. Flying squadrons of picked canvassers have sallied forth, and have descended in fresh districts every day. With the car's aid they have been enabled in twelve hours to cover an area which would, in former days, have occupied more than treble *that* time. Speakers from headquarters have been in a position to address three meetings for every one that could have been organized before the advent of the car. The candidate has found himself in a position to get into personal touch with every hamlet in his constituency, and has made personal appeals in many a case where formerly he would have been obliged to depute the duty to a subordinate. Naturally, the tax upon the candidate has been rendered, in some respects, far more severe than was the case years ago; but it is probable that the aspirant to Parliamentary honors would prefer to be carried comfortably and swiftly to five meetings rather than to address two after tedious cross-country railway journeys.

But great as has been the utility of the motor-car in the preliminary skirmishes, its value upon the day of the battle itself has been no less marked. The automobile is still something of a novelty to many people, and there are hundreds of voters who would not have troubled to walk along the street to the polling booth, but who would register their vote if for doing so they might enjoy a short ride in a car. Then there is the important subject of out-voters to be considered. In former elections it was unusual for the poorer classes of out-voters to return to their old districts in order to register their votes. The loss of time was something, but the expense of the necessary railway journey was still more of a deterrent. Now, however, in many constituencies there has been such a "glut" of cars that a large number have been detailed to undertake long journeys to fetch in the outliers. We hear of motors being sent from London to Dover, and even to Hereford and Monmouth, to secure a single vote, while thirty, forty and fifty mile runs have been far too numerous to merit special mention. Another great point about the car at a General Election is that it can be used in widely separated constituencies. An early morning spin of fifty miles to headquarters is nothing to the enthusiastic party man. He undertakes it with pleasure, and is ready to travel a like distance on the following day to support a candidate in quite another direction. With horse-drawn vehicles any such proceedings would, of course, be out of the question.

When the new Parliament meets we cannot but believe that the nation's representatives will not be unmindful of the efforts which have been made on their behalf by the owners of motor-cars throughout the length and breadth of the land. Most motorists regard the canvassing and polling somewhat in the light of a holiday; but it must not be forgotten that the assistance rendered is given at considerable expense. At a very moderate estimate we may take it that every motor-car engaged in the election has covered a distance of eighty miles, and we may calculate that every one of those miles has been run at a cost of fourpence. This means that every one of the thousands of private machines employed has cost its owner one pound six shillings and eightpence at the very least on the polling day. Motorists will not grudge this expense if they see that our legislators honestly desire to ensure fair play to the manufacturer and user of an automobile; but it may well be that, should a reactionary spirit manifest itself, the candidates at the next election may find that they will seek in vain that spontaneous outburst of generosity on the part of motorists which has been one of the most pleasing features of the campaign of 1910.

CHAUFFEUR.



UP-TO-DATE STREET CLEANING.

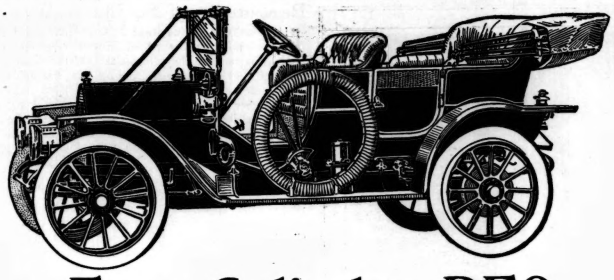
A Reliance motor-truck at work on Yonge street after the last big snowfall. It was loaned to the city for demonstration purposes by the McLaughlin Motor Company.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the English dramatist, says that Richard Porson, the famous old critic and philosopher, had a very wise, comprehensive oath which he used on all occasions when strong language was necessary. If his bootlace broke or his shirt button came off he never said, "D—n the bootlace!" or "D—n the button!" He always said "D—n the nature of things!" thus putting the blame on the right shoulders.

Pedestrian—How far is it to Aldershot? Let me see. Well, as the crow flies—— Footsore Tommy—Never mind 'ow the beggar flies; 'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops?—Punch.

When we think of Ireland's woes, our hearts go pity Pat!—Lippincott's Magazine.

A pessimist is a person who has lived with an optimist.—The Circle.



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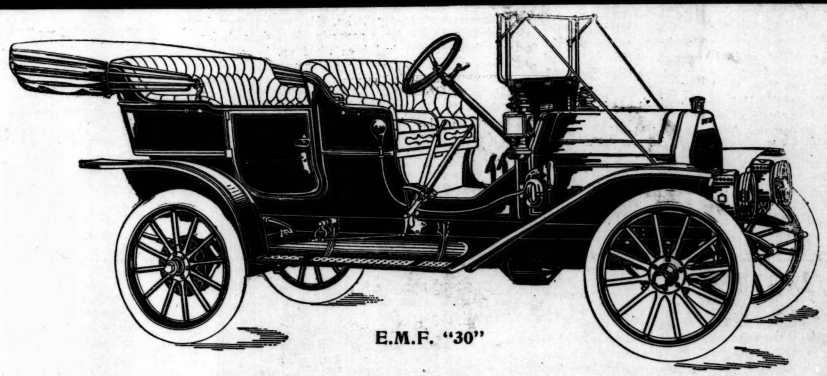

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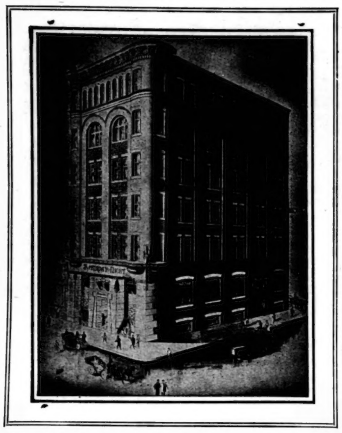

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!?. DOESTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

The Late Manager of Massey Hall.

IT is generally admitted that a successor to the late Stewart Houston as manager of Massey Music Hall will be difficult to find. There are plenty of men who know all about booking concert tours and who can send out a company for the annual concert of the Oddfellows at Williamsburg or Billville, but there are very few who combine an accurate knowledge of public taste with some culture and enthusiasm for good music. To the average musical manager good music is the ghastliest farce in the world, and the people who pay out their money for its support are in his mind, would he but confess it, "suckers." He has about as much interest in good music as the average theatrical manager has in the artistic drama. It is good music if it draws money to the box office. If it doesn't it is bad music.

Mr. Stewart Houston's attitude was different. Even in cases where no financial loss to the Massey Music Hall was involved it used to make him literally savage to see great and beautiful art wasted on empty benches, and once or twice he broke out into unpopular but entirely truthful railings against the general public. The well-remembered statement that he gave out after the recital of Mr. Emil Sauer some eighteen months ago was a masterpiece of scorn, and this season he was sorely tempted to repeat it after the financial fiasco of Miss Tilly Koenen's beautiful song recital. Though Toronto may plume itself on its pre-eminence in choral music, and has latterly developed a most commendable interest in orchestral music, it does not rank with cities like Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit in its support of fine individual recital artists. For instance, last autumn Olga Samaroff, the pianist, and Mary Garden, the singer, gave a joint recital in Convention Hall, Buffalo, which was attended by more than four thousand people. Such a thing would be impossible in Toronto. What annoyed Mr. Houston was that while under his management people had never once had an artist misrepresented to them, had never once been fooled, so to speak, they refused to patronize any artist who had not received some sort of advertising quite unrelated to his or her art. And it is true that, barring occasionally a little inevitable floweriness of statement, you could absolutely accept any advance notice sent out of Massey Hall, provided that the entertainment was vouched for by the management. The writer has heard every important concert that has been given in the hall in more than a decade and recalls only one event when it could be honestly said that the public did not receive a just return for its money. On the occasion in question the artiste was a lady of whom some may have heard; her name was Adelina Patti. But on that occasion the public thought that it really had received value for its money, for it had seen Patti, and it did not for the most part care an iota whether she had any voice left.

Mr. Houston was not so Quixotic that he objected to Massey Hall's making money out of the name, fame, and past achievements of a singer, but it used to annoy him to reflect that the public would neglect honest merit and run after a name. On many occasions he took a chance on great artists when failure seemed foreordained. He did so, for instance, a few years ago when he brought Eugen D'Albert, the pianist, here. The musical editors of the local press gave him all the assistance in their power to make the recital a success. They might as well have been boosting John Smith or Martin Brown for all the interest the public took in the matter. Nevertheless, Mr. Houston succeeded sometimes in cajoling the populace into patronizing good music almost in spite of itself by spreading the idea that attendance was the "correct thing." Considering the difficulties under which a large music hall in a provincial city must always labor, his management of Massey Hall was a shining success. He was the necessary combination of shrewd business man and of cultured impresario, and this combination is one that is all too rare in musical management.

Reminiscences of Sir Charles Wyndham.

THE English-speaking stage possesses many German actors who have learned the English language and become ornaments to the profession. David Warfield is an instance, and so is Albert Bruning, who has achieved so much note at the New Theatre in New York this season. The number of actors of English or American origin who can act successfully in German is very limited, however. In the last act of "Becky Sharp" some years ago Mrs. Fiske showed herself talented in this way, though she has never studied a whole role in the language. Sir Charles Wyndham, however, and Miss Mary Moore, who has long been his leading lady, and whom illness prevented from appearing in Toronto this week, are exceptions and have acted successfully in the Fatherland. Sir Charles is an expert in the German tongue, and acquired his knowledge through the fact that he spent his boyhood at a Moravian school in Germany. He was fifty years old and had long been an actor of note before he made use of his skill in the language for stage purposes. It was in 1886, after he had made David Garrick in the comedy of that name one of his most famous roles in England, that he decided to try his fortunes with this part on the continent, and planned a tour which included the leading cities of Germany. When he had conceived this idea Miss Mary Moore, who had a season or so previously made a hit with the role of Ada Ingot in his company, was in America on a visit to Wyndham's sister, the wife of Bronson Howard, the veteran dramatist. He had learned that she could speak German and cabled her to study the role of Ada Ingot in that tongue. This she did, and with a support composed of German stock actors, a start was made at Leignitz, Germany. It was successful, and subsequently they played at Berlin and several other cities, appearing with five different German companies subventioned after the continental system. They returned to London in 1887 and were "commanded" by the Czar of Russia to visit Russia and repeat their performances. Thither they went in 1888 and received ovations at St. Petersburg and Moscow and presentations from the Czar. In the former city they were on one occasion recalled twelve times after the second act of "David Garrick."

These two tours are remarkable and will pass into stage history, for while the successful invasion of the English stage by foreign actors has been frequent, it is but seldom that English-speaking actors have won success in Europe. Edwin Booth made a tour of Germany a good many years ago with Albert Bruning, previously mentioned, in his support, but he acted in English, and his support spoke German. Augustin Daly's presentation of Shakespearian comedy in Paris won their chief support from the Americans resident in that city, and were in English. Early in the nineteenth century a company of English players headed by the beautiful Henrietta Smithson, who later married and lived unhappily ever afterward with Berlioz, the composer, captured Paris, but their efforts were in English. The conquest of Germany by distinguished London actors speaking in that tongue is unique. It is worth mentioning that Miss Mary Moore, of whose delicate art Torontonians had a taste four years ago, is the widow of James Albery, once a celebrated dramatist and the author of a noted piece, "The Two Roses."

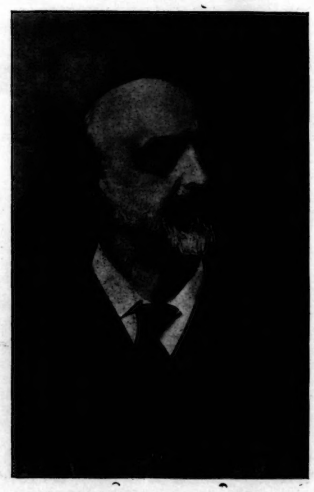
There are many things of interest in the long career of Sir Charles Wyndham outside his vast experience as a comedian. His professional career extends over forty-eight years. He is a man who gave up the surgery for the stage, and the public has been made aware that he was an army surgeon on the Federal side during the American civil war. The public is not generally aware, however, that his return to the stage after his experience in the army was due to the influence of John Wilkes Booth, then the most noted romantic actor of the American stage, who later went insane and achieved infamy by the assassination of Lincoln. Should Sir Charles devote the evening of his lift to writing a book of remembrances he should have something to tell which would be worth reading.

Mr. Monk's Ready Retort.

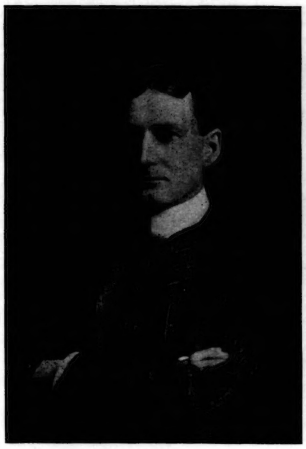
LAST Thursday evening in the House of Commons there occurred a most unusual and most interesting incident.

Mr. Monk was speaking on the Naval Bill before a full House and crowded galleries. He stooped down for a moment to search for a paper in his desk, and, forgetting that his seat had been tilted up, he collapsed ingloriously to the floor. The government benches were at once in a tumult of merriment while four of Mr. Monk's colleagues helped him to his feet. Quick as a flash shaking his head like an angry lion, he turned upon his merry foes, his right arm outstretched and roared:

"I'd rather fall once than, like the gentlemen opposite, have my head on the ground all the time!"



Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., who will in all probability succeed the late Sir George Drummond to the Presidency of the Bank of Montreal.



THE LATE STEWART HOUSTON.

Mr. Houston, who died this week in his 43rd year, was well known in social and club circles in Toronto, and managed Massey Music Hall successfully during the past ten years.

The effect of this bright bit of repartee was instantaneous. Silence seized the government benches and the Opposition applauded wildly. Whether the speaker meant that the followers of the government always had their ears to the ground to catch the first sound of public discontent or that they were always prostrate at the will of their chief, matters little. The annals of deliberative assemblies, perhaps, record no attempt more successful on the part of a speaker to snatch himself from an unfortunate and embarrassing situation. It did more than this—it helped to remove Mr. Monk by one stroke from that state of complete isolation from his own colleagues which he had, in his independence, assumed.

Cousin of the Ahkoondist.

THE recent death in Montreal of George K. Lanigan recalls to the memory of those who knew him a lovable and clever man, and also reminds one of that very enduring piece of occasional verse, "The Ahkoond of Swat." For the late Mr. Lanigan was a cousin of the brilliant and irresponsible Irish-Canadian journalist, who one night in New York wrote a series of whimsical verses on the death of an abscure Eastern potentate, and awoke next morning to hear a whole nation quoting him.

George K. Lanigan, who died the other day in Montreal, devoted himself to commercial and military life, being a veteran of the Fenian Raid and holder of the Long Service medal, as well as a crack rifle-shot and winner of many trophies. His cousin, George T. Lanigan, who wrote the famous verses, was a newspaperman in Montreal and New York, and died over twenty years ago. But his verses still go marching on. His "Threnody"—for so he entitled it—is a piece of work which custom can hardly stale, and the present occasion justifies its repetition here, in spite of numerous reprintings.

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead.—London papers.

"What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

"For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats who ha'e wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

"Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(For ever hallowed be the ground!)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say 'He's now of no Ahkoond!'
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

"Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and
of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of mourning
of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!"

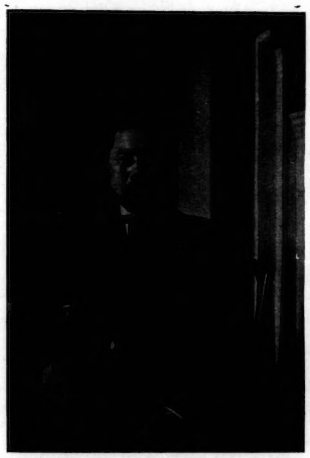
Miss A. D. Cameron in London.

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON, the well-known Canadian journalist, is now in England where she will spend some time writing and lecturing. Some of the London papers look upon her as a heroine in view of the remarkable trip she made to the Arctic for the purpose of getting material for her book, "The New North," recently reviewed on SATURDAY NIGHT's book page. Miss Cameron, however, is possessed of such physical strength and vigor as may well be the envy of every English suffragette who sees her; and it is not likely that she really considered the making of her journey through the Canadian North as being exactly a heroic performance. But if there had been any call for heroism on the way, no doubt Miss Cameron would not have been found wanting. And the trip was, at the very least, a notable one, even when made with an excellent outfit and competent guides. Speaking to a London reporter who went to interview her after her arrival in the metropolis, she said, among other things:

"At our journey's turning-point we saw some of the finest men in the world. Eskimo they were, but as different from the ordinary squat, ugly Eskimo as could be. They were tall, handsome, athletic, and of perfect manners and address. They gladdened the eye, but on the shores of the Arctic Ocean I also saw something that saddened me and that was the spectacle of a great and profitable industry, which should be British, entirely in the hands of the Americans—I refer to the Arctic Ocean whaling fisheries. The Arctic Ocean whale is enormously valuable, an average specimen being worth £2,000, and the Americans have established a monopoly over this most valuable fishery of the North.

"The return journey does not call for remark, but I must not forget to tell you about 'Louise the Cannibal,' whom we met at Lesser Slave Lake. Poor Louise! She suffers from the poverty of our language, for 'cannibal' is not a just description to apply to her, but as 'Louise the Cannibal' she is known throughout the North. As a young Indian girl Louise was a member of a 'starvation camp—a camp, that is, from which the 'braves' had gone out hunting, never to return. Their supplies exhausted, and, with no means of obtaining help, the members of the camp lived on those who died, and Louise was one of those who survived. Poor thing! I found nothing cannibalistic about her. We were photographed together, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to distinguish the 'cannibal' from the writer!

"This is my first visit to London. What has most impressed me about London? I hardly like to tell you, lest I be thought unkind to my Mother Country; but so far my most vivid impression of London is seeing three white men rooting in a garbage heap for food. It stupefied me. I once saw a Chinaman similarly engaged in Vancouver Island, and I thought that pretty bad; but that a white man—a Briton—should be brought so low in the British Empire's capital—I should not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes. On the other hand, I had one of the greatest treats of my life the other day when I went to tea in the Temple. The wonderful, cloistered peace of the Temple, I shall never forget it, and I sat in the room where Samuel Warren wrote 'Ten Thousand a Year.'"



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BARON DAIROKU KIKUCHI, JAPAN'S EDUCATIONAL LEADER.

Baron Dairoku Kikuchi is the greatest educator in Japan. He has been called "The President Eliot" of that country. He is now President of the Imperial University of Kioto; was formerly President of the Imperial University of Tokio and Minister of Education. He is a life member of the House of Peers and has received the most distinguished honors which the Government and the learned societies and institutions of his country can bestow in recognition of his scientific attainments and service to education.

An Amusing Typographical Error.

PROFESSOR McCRIMMON, of McMaster University, went to Orillia on Friday to address the Canadian Club in that town, and as a result of an amusing experience there, he brought home a good story to add to his already extensive repertoire. On his arrival in the northern town, he found considerable curiosity had been aroused as to the subject of his address, which had been announced as "The Butt of a Nation." What was the butt of a nation? was the question that everyone in the audience was curious to hear answered. Prof. McCrimmon had to confess that he didn't know. He thought he had written "The Birth of a Nation." The mistake was worth the laugh that followed this unexpected denouement.

The Springfield Republican says that the recent Pittsburg dinner at $100 a plate will increase the envy of the Pennsylvania farmer who said bitterly that some men were born with silver knives in their mouths.

The first gyroscope railway in the world—that is the first public road of but one rail, the cars being balanced by the gyroscope—is to be built around Okanagan Lake, British Columbia.

THE RUFFLED GROUSE AS I HAVE SEEN HIM

By MARK ROBINSON, Algonquin Park Ranger.

A "town bug," afraid of a bird.

OVER thirty years ago a kind-hearted gentleman returning from a morning among the birds showed me his bag—eight beautiful grouse. How I longed for the day when I might have the pleasure of learning something of the habits and haunts of these splendid game birds! My parents moved to the country the following spring, and I spent most of my time among the birds, animals, plants, etc. One day, when wandering around the edge of a thicket, a grouse commenced to drum. I stood still for a few moments in fear, then turned and ran home as fast as my young legs could take me, much to the amusement of an older boy who had witnessed the entire proceedings. He took me back and explained to me the cause of my fear, and then tortured my sensitive feelings by calling me a "town bug," afraid of a bird. Then and there began my thirst for knowledge of the habits of these wonderful birds. I must know as much about them as my tormentor—more, if possible! Shortly afterwards my parents went farming on their homestead at Edenvale, Ont. All was a dense forest at that time, and grouse was plentiful. Here was my chance.

These were pioneer days. The settlers were hewing out the splendid farms and homes of the present. All was work through the week. There being no churches, Sunday was my day with the inhabitants of forest and stream. All through the winter I watched the grouse feed on the buds of the birch, maple, and ironwood. Usually, early in the morning and about four p.m. would find them in the trees feeding, after which, if a snowstorm was approaching, they would leave the trees and, closing their wings to their sides, dash down into the snow, burrowing into it a couple of feet and settling down until the storm was over. Then they would work their way out and commence feeding on the buds of some tree close by. Very often during a storm it turns soft, then suddenly freezes, forming a crust on the snow. This imprisons the grouse, and they suffocate or starve to death. I have found numbers that have met death in this manner.

In Algonquin Park intense cold causes the grouse to adopt this method of keeping warm at nights, as soon as a sufficient depth of snow has fallen. That the lynx, fox, marten, mink, and ermine are all acquainted with this habit of the grouse is proved by the tracks of the animals and the numbers of birds found killed by them during the winter months. But I must return to the early days at Edenvale. After a winter's study of their habits I found them pairing and preparing for the breeding season. I was fortunate in finding several nests with from six to fourteen eggs. These I watched carefully, and was surprised to see that the pretty little chicks resembled game bantams in color, size, etc. I caught several and took them home. After showing them to my parents and having a heart to heart talk with my mother, I returned to the woods with the chicks. After a half-hour's search I found the mother bird with the rest of the flock and returned her chicks. I saw them often afterwards. For about a month after they were hatched, it was amusing to see the little chaps hide under the leaves, the mother bird making a great fuss, fluttering around and trying to attract all my attention to herself and lead me away. The old trappers used to tell me that the young grouse just seized a dead leaf in their little claws and turned over on their backs, holding the leaf over them on slightest alarm or sign of danger. This gave a clue where to look for young chicks, and many have I found by the fresh upturned leaves, but I have never seen one holding leaves or lying on their backs. They appeared to have the happy knack of ducking under the leaves or grass with apparent ease. During the breeding season and in the fall after moulting, the cock birds drum a good deal. I have seen them drumming many times, and found it takes time and caution to approach their drumming stand without allowing yourself to be seen. Once you succeed in seeing him drum, you are well repaid. The stand is usually some old log or tree lying in a thicket; to this he will return each time to drum during the breeding season. In the autumn months they appear to have many stands where they drum. Springing upon the log, the grouse looks cautiously around, then, standing erect, spreads the tail feathers in a semi-circle touching the log. The wings droop slightly, then move slowly at first; but gains speed until vibrating so rapidly that they produce a sound resembling distant thunder. The wings never touch the log as many suppose, the sound being produced by the wings beating the air into the vacuum beneath the bird.

One evening, while chatting with a trapper in his cabin, he mentioned finding the nest of a grouse in a brush pile near his door. A cock bird was drumming on a log in a thicket nearby, and I called attention to it.

"Come on, my lad," he said. "I'll show you that chap."

Taking his lantern we went out. He showed me where the hen bird was on her nest, then led the way cautiously to the thicket. We stopped at a large pine log and sat down. After waiting about half an hour, we were rewarded by seeing him in the act of drumming by moonlight. Suddenly the trapper flashed his lantern. Then his pistol flashed, and our entertainer was fluttering in death agony on the ground.

"A good pot stew for lunch to-morrow, my lad," was the only remark of this heartless wretch.

The hen bird left her nest, and what promised to have been a fine covey by the autumn months was destroyed by the ruthless act of one whose only thought was self.

During the month of August grouse moult—at this season they are very shy—remaining hidden in thickets, berry patches, etc. They are very fond of wild fruit and feed largely on it. When in season, during the latter part October and through November, grouse delight in feeding upon the fruit of the wild grape and Virginia creeper. I have seen grouse often feeding upon wine grapes at a farm fully a half mile from any woods, and have also known them to roost on the veranda of the residence at night, and walk about upon it during the day, remaining around until the supply of food ran out—showing that the grouse will remain any place if not disturbed and the food supply is sufficient to their needs. During the breeding months the cock birds strut around in the sun after the fashion of the male turkey. Should another cock bird appear on the scene, there will be a ruffle of feathers all around their necks; and with their tail feathers all spread, they rush at each other furiously, and a battle royal goes on until one of them is vanquished. Then the victor will strut around in the most vainglorious manner imaginable.

In Algonquin Park I have found these birds fairly plentiful, notwithstanding the terrible ravages various animals make among them. The food supply is not so plentiful as farther south in the farming districts. Consequently the flesh is more dry, and the flavor of the buds they eat is so strong that as table birds they are in no way to be compared with the grouse of southern Ontario.

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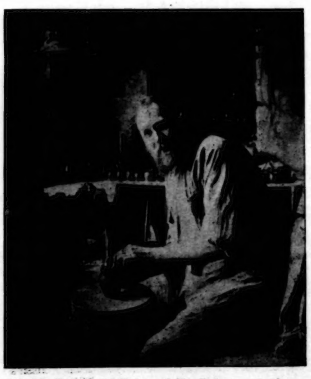
THIS YEAR'S VIRGIN MARY OF THE PASSION PLAY.
It is only fitting that the roles in the greatest drama should be played by simple village folk, and such she is.



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ANTON LANG, THE CHRISTUS OF THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU,
is a potter by trade. He is said to resemble in an extraordinary degree the accepted idea of Christ as pictured by the old masters.

A College for Women and An Atavistic Professor

By FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

THERE is an agitation afoot in Toronto University just now for the establishment of a separate "College for Women." One of the chief agitators—if I may apply that much-abused word to a university professor—is Mr. George M. Wrong. He was chairman of the Senate committee which reported in favor of the project; and he has since entered the lists of controversy in defence of his spiritual child.

In the report which he presented to the Senate—and which the Senate adopted—Professor Wrong stated the evil against which he was tilting in these words: "The men abandon the courses specially favored by the women, such as modern languages, while women do not select the courses specially favored by men, such as political science." And in a recent article in a university publication (The University Monthly) he adduced the additional evil of the overcrowding of University College, at present the only State college in the University.

Of the imminence of the second "evil"—the overcrowding of University College—there can of course be no doubt. Of the seriousness of the first, there might be some argument. But what I am interested in just now—as a male graduate who is a firm believer in the value of co-education—is whether Professor Wrong's proposal of a separate college for women would supply the desired remedy.

And just here I wish to call particular attention to the status which Professor Wrong would give to the college for women. Here is what he says:

"A college for women would have precisely the status that Trinity or University College now has. There would be co-operation between the colleges, as there now is, to avoid unnecessary duplication of work. Women might attend some lectures in University or Victoria College, and students of these colleges might attend lectures in the college for women."

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SEBASTIAN LANG, THE ANANIAS IN THE PLAY.
He is a wood carver by trade, and his crucifixes are sold far and wide. There are some fifty "Langs" in the village of Oberammergau.

The vital point is that the college for women would have the status of Trinity or University or Victoria College. Now let us see what this means and how it bears on the remedy which Professor Wrong seeks. He seeks to relieve University College of overcrowding and to induce women to take other courses than Modern Languages; for Moderns are still, I take it, as they were in my day, the overcrowded courses.

Let us discuss the second point first. The argument, presumably, is that if women had a college of their own, they would go in, in larger numbers, for other subjects for English, French and German. But how would the fact that they had a college to themselves induce them to do so? In addition to the subjects just mentioned, the college for women would teach only Latin, Greek, Ancient History, Oriental Literature, Ethics, and possibly Religious Knowledge. If they wished to take any other subject they would have to go out of their own college, and would be on exactly the same basis as they are now. This applies to Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, Philosophy (except Ethics), Political Science, even to Modern History, Spanish and Italian. At all events, Professor Wrong, who holds the chair in Modern History, cannot be accused of desiring to relieve the overcrowding of his own lectures by the women undergraduates. In fact, it would seem that the only result, in this regard, of the establishment of a college for women would be the division of the present large classes at University College in English, French and German.

This brings us naturally to the first point, the overcrowding of the class rooms in University College. It may be admitted that the overcrowding of the class rooms in the subjects just mentioned—English, French and German—would be temporarily relieved. But it is quite clear that the relief would be no more than temporary. The attendance at University College is bound to grow, and if the logic of Professor Wrong's argument is correct—the argument that men are absent from these courses only because women are in them—the overcrowding in these courses would be very likely to reappear in a very short time. But further, is not the overcrowding in University College due to the existence among large numbers of the young men of Ontario of a preference for a college controlled by the State and not by any denomination. As a graduate of Victoria College I do not share that preference; but I do think that it is general. Now if that is a correct reading of the situation, I do not see how the overcrowding of University College can be relieved so well in any other way as by the establishment of another (co-educational) State college. This seems to me to be an inevitable step sooner or later and to be much preferable to the establishment of a college for women.

It follows as a matter of course that I look on the latter proposal as fraught with danger to co-education, and consequently to education, in the University of Toronto. I cannot agree with Professor Wrong that the establishment of a college for women "does not mean inferior teaching for women." In the first place, I think that the best lecturers would prefer chairs in the other colleges to those in the college for women. Even Professor Wrong states that "Radcliffe College is served by professors from Harvard, and it is claimed that the best professors do not, as a rule, take the extra work in Radcliffe." A strong reason for this preference on the part of the professors—and an additional argument against the women's college—is that such an institution would, in the present state of public opinion, almost certainly be given a lower standing in public regard than the other colleges in the University. I agree with Professor Wrong that "the two sexes should be equal in respect to education"; but that equality does not seem to me to be sufficiently assured in public estimation to permit of endangering it by segregating women in a hitherto co-educational university.

The Professor's plea closes with a tell-tale paragraph. "The chief charm of woman," he says, "is in her being unlike man," and he finds "the voice of nature" in her being "organized separately." In these atavistic utterances, I fancy, we have the true inwardness of his desire for a separate college for women. He wants a college, to continue the quotations, "more suited to women's special needs," where they can learn to "become mistresses of households." I may be mistaken, but meseems I hear an echo of our frandfathers' days, when they talked of "woman's sphere" and forgot to put in the aspirate.

FRANCIS ASHBURY CARMAN.

An Exhibition of Portraits.

A VERY interesting collection of portraits were those exhibited recently in the gallery of Mackenzie and Company, Yonge street, by Miss Edith P. Stevenson. There were only thirteen or fourteen canvasses in all, but the average of merit was very high—especially in view of the youth of the artist. As can be seen from her portrait of herself—which is an excellent likeness—Miss Stevenson is still a very young woman. But in spite of her youth she has a sureness of method and a fine facility of workmanship, which older painters might well envy. There are even moments when her broad brushwork and freedom of handling convey suggestions of Sargent. This very facility and confidence, however, are apt to lead to faults of their own, and not without reason was the phrase "fatal facility" coined. In Miss Stevenson's case it has led to a certain thinness and mere prettiness. Her undoubted cleverness has made her somewhat superficial in method, and her love for the pink and pretty colors of her palette helps to accentuate the girlishness of her manner.

STUDY OF A GIRL IN PINK.
By Miss Edith P. Stevenson.

But when the carping critic has carped his utmost, there still remains a body of work whose excellence promises very well for the future of this young artist. She has a fine mastery of the technique of her art, and also delicate perception of the graceful in line and the harmonious in color. Probably her best piece of work in the recent display was her portrait of herself, which is an unusually attractive picture. Her "Study of a Girl in Pink" is also a very clever and pleasing canvas. Among her most successful portraits are those of children, and one or two of the studies of child-life in the exhibition were altogether admirable.

A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.
By Miss Edith P. Stevenson.

The Rev. Samuel Skrene, vicar of Laneham, Nottinghamshire, England, has seven sons, and they are all priests of the church. It is not to their discredit that their friends are able to say that they represent different phases of church thought.

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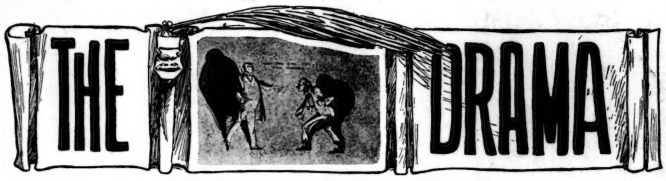
The Kind Lady—You clear off or I'll set the dog at you. The Tramp—Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'uman natur'. Fer two nights I've slept in yer barn, eaten of yer poultry an' drunk of yer cider, nad now yer treats me as an utter stranger.—The Sketch.



WITH the elements that go to make a dramatic production reduced to what may seem the extreme of simplicity, with a cast of only four members, and a single scenic setting, "The Mollusc," as interpreted at the Princess by Sir Charles Wyndham and his company, is still a very delightful entertainment. It is a charmingly graceful little play, without any very striking situations or any very remarkable dialogue, but with a cleverly developed and amusing plot, and a great deal of deft and humorous dialogue. And above all it is extremely well done. It is painful to think what such a play would be in the hands of a poor company. But as played by Sir Charles Wyndham and the able actor and actresses who support him, the little drama has the charming detail and finish of a fine cameo.

It is five years since the distinguished English comedian—this is a case where "distinguished" implies distinction—was last seen in this city. But advancing years have not taken the spring from his step or the genial grace from his artistic methods. Even his voice has lost little of the mellow sonority which made it famous on the English stage. His work as Tom in the present production is quite up to his best standards, and he manages to invest the part and the play with a singular attractiveness. He is far, however, from monopolizing the credit for the undoubted success of the production. Sam Sothern's Baxter is in its way almost as notable a characterization as that of the star, to whom he affords every possible support. Miss Roberts, as played by Dorothy Thomas, is good to look at and good to listen to. The only member of the cast to whose work an objection might be taken is Frances Vine, who plays the title role in the place of Mary Moore. Miss Vine does a clever piece of work, but she is inclined to play the part a little too broadly at times, a fault to which the nature of the character offers many temptations. But this slight objection is lost sight of in the general excellence of the entertainment.

* * *

THE bill at the Royal Alexandra this week is as great a contrast to that at the Princes as could well be imagined. Instead of four people there is a company that taxes the size of the big stage, and instead of one scene there are about a dozen striking stage-settings of the most picturesque character. Also instead of a dainty and restrained comedy, there is a big, rollicking extravaganza, full of wild impossibilities, with an absolute contempt for consistency, or plot, or anything but irresponsible humor and gorgeous color-effects, and with a verve that never falters for a moment. It is one of those entirely nonsensical productions which might have had birth in the "harmless ward," but which are relished occasionally by even the wisest men. There are pretty girls by the dozen; there are catchy songs and fetching dances; there are Louise Dresser and Ethel Green to supply grace and melody, and there is Harry Clark to set the pace for laughter—to mention only a few of the big and capable cast. Louise Dresser is always attractive and clever, and Ethel Green is one of the most winsome little women in musical comedy. As for Harry Clark, he is the same lackadaisical comedian that has been such a favorite in vaudeville. But in a show of this size and character, where there is so much to enjoy and so much to laugh at, it is hardly fair to single out two or three features. At this late day in the week all that can be done is to advise those who can to go and see it, and to assure those who miss it that they are losing a great deal of pleasure.

MARIE TEMPEST,
In "Penelope," at the Princess next week.

* * *

ONE of the greatest character-singers on the stage has been playing at Shea's this week. Albert Chevalier occupies a unique position as an interpreter of London "coster" types, and his sympathetic and marvellously faithful studies have made him a favorite throughout the English-speaking world. One has only to witness the crowds which occupy every available inch of space at Shea's this week to realize the estimation in which this little music-hall artist is held by the theatre-going public. His programme is made up of such old favorites as "Mrs. 'Awkins," "My Old Dutch," and "The Workhouse Man." His work in all of them is in his very best vein, and when Chevalier is at his best, there is no better to be had.

* * *

THE prolonged war between the British playwright and the Censor has ended at last in a drawn battle. Like the unwritten constitution of England, the treaty proposed by the joint committee of both houses of Parliament is a paradoxical compromise. The licensor of plays is to remain; at the same time plays may be produced without having been submitted to him—but at the peril of the manager and the author. Instead of producing in safety a play that has passed the supreme test of the Censorship, they will be threatened by a two-headed specter. The unlicensed play will be watched by the Argus-eyed director of public prosecution. If this official considers a play which has been actually performed objectionable on the score of indecency, he will have its sponsors indicted, with the result that they may be punished by a court of law and the license of the theatre "endorsed." Moreover, if the play in question contains offensive personalities, or represents on the stage in an invidious manner a living person, or does violence to sentiments of religious reverence, or is calculated to conduce to crime or vice, to impair friendly relations with a foreign Power, and to cause a breach of the peace, the attorney-general is to bring it before a committee of the Privy Council, which, after a hearing, which may be secret, will be able to prohibit its performance for a period of not more than ten years.

The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post rejoices that the fundamental principle of legal regulation as a deterrent to indecency on the stage will remain intact. "And," he facetiously adds, "what is more, advanced thinkers will still have the chance of making martyrs of themselves."

There can be no doubt that the compromise, however unsatisfactory, is a victory for the progressives. The censorship was originally established in 1737: the Act of 1843 which will be in force until Parliament formally enacts a bill in accordance with the proposed regulations, is virtually the same as the original Act. Under its provision, Mr. Redford, the Censor, prohibited "Monna Vanna" because of "the immorality of the plot." In obedience to instructions from the Lord Chamberlain, he forbade the production of a skit on "An Englishman's Home." The immediate cause for the present investigation has been the suppression of Bernard Shaw's dramas "Blanco Posnet" and "Press Cuttings." Shelley's "Cenci," Ibsen's "Ghosts," Barker's "Waste," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," share the distinction of having aroused the Censor's displeasure with Sullivan and Gilbert's "Mikado"—forbidden in

Scene from "Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Royal Alexandra next week.

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HOME LIFE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL.

The annual report of the Home Life Association of Canada will be found on page four of this issue. During the year the assets for the security of policyholders have increased by $116,000, making a total of $1,868,000. The assets, consisting as they do, of bonds, first mortgages on real estate debentures and loans and liens on policies are of a high character. The legal reserves, calculated as they are on the stringent Government valuation, now total $928,000, an increase of more than $100,000 over last year. The report mentions the interesting fact that the Home Life Building reached last year its highest rental record.

A WASHINGTON woman has in her employ as butler a darky of a pompous and satisfied mien who not long ago permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

"Society has given up the good old fashion of New Year's calls." "Yes—that's all got into the hands of bill collectors."—Cleveland Leader.

THE DRAMA

JANE COWL,
In "Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Royal Alexandra next week.

consideration of the sensibilities of visiting Japanese statesmen.

Curiously enough, the Censor seems to have very little power over old plays, no matter how indecent they may be. He may regulate the delicate art of the Belgian Shakespeare, but the vulgarities of the Restoration Dramas are beyond the reach of his pencil. Shakespeare may freely indulge in his smut. We know that obscene allusions mar even the lyric moods of the Elizabethan in "Romeo and Juliet." A logical censor in Hall Caine's opinion, would be compelled to suppress the plays of yesterday also wherever they trespass on the morality of to-day. Zangwill, Shaw, and Henry James impassionately demanded the abolition of the censorship. Zangwill declared that having no audience at home, he was forced to write for America. Shaw nominated himself for Censor, arguing with intense conviction that no man living was a better judge of the drama. Henry James deplored the Censorship as a deterrent to men of intellectual independence and self-respect. Conrad, Wells, Hardy were equally strong in their denunciation of the obsolete institution.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
Princess—Marie Tempest in "Penelope."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Rose Hill Company.

"IS Matrimony a Failure?" Leo Dietrichstein's adaptation from a successful German farce, "Die Thur Ins Freil," will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra next week, under the management of David Belasco. This comedy comes to town heralded as one of the biggest successes in New York during the past season

The question which gives the play its name is raised for American audiences in the rural community of Rosedale, a town near enough to New York to permit the wandering husband to journey there, but far enough away to have its own community life and its own independent business men. In the opening act we are introduced to most of them. They are gathered to celebrate the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of the local bank president and his wife. Into that comfortable home has stolen a serpent in the guise of a son-in-law, Shelton Perry. Perry, in addition to other faults, has written a much discussed play called also "Is Matrimony a Failure?" He has been bold enough to declare that not all marriages are happy. His mother and father-in-law, the former being named first, as all stage mothers-in-law should be, learn that he is prepared to defend this thesis. In fact, he and his wife are on the verge of one of their frequent separations. Enter a means of proof: Most of the Rosedale couples have been married by a justice of the peace, or rather by a clerk of the justice in the absence of the latter. A visiting lawyer struggling to clear up the affairs of the lamented justice decides that all these marriages are void, and half Rosedale finds itself free from the other half. Promptly the husbands, whose petty quarrels with their wives have been made clear, band together and shout defiance. Never will they yield and consent to a renewal of their matrimonial vows under lawful auspices.

How the husbands are forced to sue for quarter, and how terms are made, it would not be fair to tell. The comedy is interpreted by a cast of unusual strength and ability, including such well known artists as: Frank Worthing, W. J. Ferguson, James Bradbury, Edward Langford, John F. Weber, F. Newton Lindo, Robert Rogers, H. J. Tobin, Jr., Gilmore Scott, Frank Manning, Jane Cowl, Louise Mackintosh, Anne Sutherland, Louise Woods, Lou Ripley, Gretta Vandell, Blanche Yurka, Helen Braun, Julia Reinhardt, Josie Morris Wullivan, William Morris, Jane Grey and Helen Ferguson.

* * *

An event that playgoers may look forward to with pleasure is the reappearance in Toronto of Miss Marie Tempest at the Princess Theatre on Monday evening. Since Miss Tempest deserted the operatic stage for the broader field of legitimate comedy, she has not visited this city. She crossed the Atlantic five or six years ago to appear in "The Marriage of Kitty," but she was taken ill in Boston and had to return to London without coming to Canada. Many local theatregoers remember her, however, as she appeared in "The Fencing Master" and other operas, and they will be delighted to renew her acquaintance. Even then, when naturally her chief concern was the keeping her voice in good condition, she gave evidence of unusual cleverness as an actress, and it is no surprise to her former admirers that she has developed into one of the most skillful exponents of the art of comedy of the present day. A piquant and charming personality, wonderful vitality, a strong and well-trained sense of humor, a technique perfected by long and varied experience—all these qualities are hers, and they have combined to make her the success she is.

Her play this season is "Penelope," a comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, probably the most popular writer of comedies in England to-day. He has written numerous successes, and some of them, like "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw" and "Mrs. Dot," have already been produced in the United States. "Penelope," however, will be the first to cross the border. It is, the London critics say, his best work, and it will have the advantage of being presented here by the same cast that supported Miss Tempest in it for two years at the Comedy Theatre in London.

FRANK DANIELS,
In "The Belle of Brittany," at the Royal Alexandra the week after next.

The title of the piece has a classical sound, but there is no need for alarm. It is far from Greek. It is the lightest kind of froth. But it is real froth, not the imitation, cotton-wool variety, and consequently it has its proper place in the world of theatrical art. "Penelope" is all about a young wife who has lost the devotion of her husband because she has let him see too plainly how deeply she loves him. This is a fatal error, says Mr. Maugham, because only in Heaven do men want what they've got. So Penelope, advised by her father, starts out to win her husband back by giving him all the rope he wants, by neglecting those former little attentions that had so annoyed him, by throwing him and his new inamorata so constantly together that he winds up by being bored with her, too.

And then having won him back, Penelope takes another page out of her wise old father's book and determines to be in future a half dozen different kinds of women in one, since man, so says Mr. Maugham, is naturally a polygamous animal.

Probably you won't agree with Mr. Maugham's philosophy as here set forth, but that won't prevent you enjoying the way in which Miss Tempest and her fellow players expound the doctrine.

* * *

Irene Franklin, really a "queen of vaudeville," is the popular headliner at Shea's Theatre next week. She is living up to her title in a truly regal fashion, and her domain now extends over every city in which she has appeared. She is assisted by the composer, Bert Green, who presides at the piano. Other attractive features included in next week's bill are the Three Leightons, "A One Night Stand in Minstrelsy"; The Italian Trio, vaudeville's best singing act; Lew Anger, the German soldier; Frank Wilson, the spinning cyclist; Al Rayno's famous bull dogs; and the Kinetograph.

MARIE TEMPEST.
The star of "Penelope" in her street clothes.

* * *

At the Gayety next week the attraction will be the Rose Hill English Folly Company, in a new three-act musical comedy, "Madam Ticklems Seminary." They will also present "Love and Temptation." The patrons of the theatre are promised catchy music, clever dancers, and pretty girls. There is also a good list of specialties.

* * *

Kyrle Bellew, who has always been an extremely popular star in this city, will follow Marie Tempest at the Princess with "The Builder of Bridges." This will be his first appearance here under the management of Charles Frohman. The play is by Alfred Sutro, and has proven very successful. The cast will be the same as played it in New York, and will include Gladys Hanson, Thomas Whiffen, Frances Comstock, Jane May, DeWitt Jennings, Frank Connor, Eugene O'Brien and Ernest Stollard.

* * *

Frank Daniels, the unctuous, and "The Belle of Brittany" will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra the week after next. This is an English musical comedy which proved very successful in New York. The music is by Howard Talbot, the composer of "A Chinese Honeymoon," and is said to be of more than usual merit.

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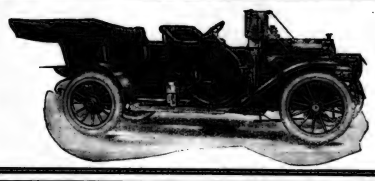

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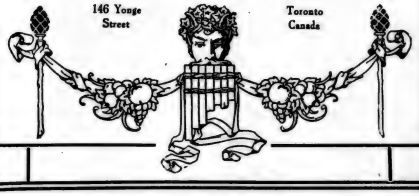
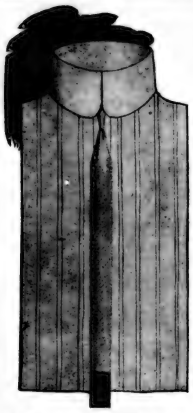


MME. EDITH GREY-BURNAND,
Whose recital at the Conservatory of Music on February 17 is eagerly awaited by the music lovers of Toronto. Madame Grey-Burnand is now on the staff of the Conservatory, and, it is safe to say, will do much toward sustaining its reputation in musical circles.



OUR "Marlborough" Collar (illustrated) is one of the best styles we show, being especially designed to meet the demand for a collar of the "close front" type. 25c. each, $2.75 a dozen.

Shirts to order for Spring and Summer, made from finest Scotch and French materials. Large selection of confined designs. Orders carefully filled. $3.00 and $3.50 each.

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King Edward Hotel
TORONTO

REDUCED TO CLEAR

Stock-taking has brought to light some good articles, slightly soiled, all to be cleared out at substantial price cuts to make room for spring goods.

JAEGER
UNDERWEAR
SWEATER COATS
STEAMER RUGS

WREYFORD & CO.
55 King St. W., Toronto.

HOW ARE YOU FOR HOSIERY?

An extra pair of sox is always useful. You never know when you may need them. Holes in those that come from the laundry, or a sudden tear when putting them on. It would be a sagacious bit of foresight to replenish from these lines:

CASHMERE SOX in neat clocks and figures, 50c, 60c and 75c.
The very newest thing is a wool and shot silk, spun ribbed in grey with green, and mauve with green, at $1.
SILK HOSE for evening wear in blacks and greys with self-clocking, $2 and $3.
A special that will appeal to men of taste is a new line of CLUETT SHIRTS with fancy pleated bosoms in grey, mauve and green with white pleats, $2.50.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
33 KING ST. W. - - TORONTO

SWORD
MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

LOOSE LEAF
LEDGERS
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SPECIALTIES, &C.

LOOSE LEAF MEMOS
LOOSE LEAF PRICE BOOKS
The BEST is the CHEAPEST
Nothing to excel for make or value

BROWN BROS. Limited
Manufacturing Stationers
TORONTO

Men's Wear

THE subject of a wardrobe for a winter holiday in the South is not one which is likely to greatly worry the average man. When he thinks of clothes, it is more probable that it will be as to how he can make his old overcoat last the rest of the season, and whether it is worth while buying a new pair of fur-lined gloves. But, of course, there are some people who have to consider what kind of two-piece suit they will need at Palm Beach, and what cut of canvas shoes is in fashion at Pinehurst. And it is also possible that even those who don't go to either of these places, but who stay up north and look after their positions, might be interested to know what the more favored children of fortune are wearing down where balmy breezes blow across the orange groves. Besides the subject takes one's mind off fur-lined coats and woollen mufflers and ear-muffs and other winter considerations which are becoming rather a bore.

Vogue, in a recent issue, points out that in getting together one's wardrobe for a month in the South, there is a likelihood that amounts to more than a mere possibility of erring in either of two ways—on the one hand by making too much, and on the other by making too little provision for warm weather. At the more southern resorts one may, of course, dispense with many of the things one would find serviceable at Pinehurst or Augusta, and vice versa, but generally speaking it is well to go prepared for some change in temperature. Below St. Augustine, at least, winter dress in the South is similar in its main characteristics to summer dress in the North, but as we frequently need warmer attire on cool nights in August, so should we provide for Ormond, or even Palm Beach, in January. However, as one starts for the southern trip from a northern place in a winter suit and hat, and with at least a medium weight overcoat, by including a few extra suits of heavier underclothing and a knit waistcoat or sweater, one will be prepared for any kind of weather one is apt to experience. At the southern places now, as during the warm months north of Mason and Dixon's line, sack suits are the only ones that need be given much consideration for day wear, and although there are no indications of any changes in style that affect their fashion to such an extent as to make those of last summer seem out of date, if one intends having any made especially for the southern trip, it is well to anticipate, in so far as possible, what the tendency of next spring and summer is to be. And since it is still too early to get much of an idea of this from anything to be seen at the general shops, one must rely on one's tailor for suggestions. We have had so much fancifulness of finish effect, in the way of unusual shaped lapels, turned-back cuffs, and pocket trimming, to say nothing of extremes in cut, that all these things long ago ceased to add anything to the smartness of a garment, even when they did not actually detract from its good style, and certainly for the last two years or more the tendency has been all in the other direction. It seems not in the least probable that the length of the sack coat will be greater than at present, and yet there seems no immediate danger of a return to the absurdly short jacket of a dozen years ago, which, when it comes will, of course, somewhat affect the size and shapes of lapels. And as to back and side cut, while recognizing the fact that there are now two styles, instead of what was usually a general fashion, dependent on the taste or custom, or whatever it is that influences the majority of clothes makers, conservative men still adhere to the straight, or at most only moderately form-fitting model in the sack coat, and have all but discarded the waist-defining top coat, or heavier overcoat. True, there has been a tendency, which may be carried to an extreme, toward sloping shoulders and a general narrowing of chest—a tendency that is a direct reaction from the wide, built-out, athletic shoulder of so many years past—but the chances are that in this, too, conservative men will stop at a natural rather than go to an exaggerated extent. Indeed, the best advice I can give in regard to the sack coat is to avoid extremes of cut and to insist upon simplicity of finish, looking entirely to excellence of make and and material for smart effect. Many of the jackets of this season have been made with rounded corners in front, and the style is a perfectly correct one, but for summer coats of white flannel, light weight serge, etc., the straight cut is perhaps the more stylish, and being again somewhat the less popular, should be, if anything, the more exclusive. This front, which, although single, has somewhat the effect of the double-breasted style, is shown by the illustration, and the drawing also shows a looseness of hang that, in my opinion at least, is far better for light weight fabrics than a more closely form-fitting cut. The large flap-covered patch pockets, with buttons, and cut square to correspond with the general squareness of the coat, are also good on such a garment as this, although of course such things are outside any question of general fashion.

AT SOUTHERN RESORTS.
The model of sack coat which is just now in favor at Palm Beach and Pinehurst. It is made of white flannel.

A NEW DERBY.
Its most striking feature is the position of the bow.

Flannel is a material especially in vogue at the far southern resorts, as it is here in summer, and one also sees linens, pongees and mixed silk fabrics, but as has been said, one should not rely altogether on these thin suits, so that for a stay of a month or so it is well to take along one or two of darker material and heavier weight. Indeed, one may need them at times to give a bit more formality to one's dress, for strictly formal clothes, such as the frock coat or black morning coat, are no more needed there than they are here during the summer months. Of course one may find the latter useful on certain occasions, but it is doubtful if it is ever essential to good form.

The life in the south being largely out of doors, one may expect to find at most of the resorts all the usual sports of summer, and at some, one or two in addition, such as bicycle sailing on the beach at Ormond, and fishing almost everywhere. At Palm Beach there is of course no riding or motoring, and little opportunity for anything else, except tennis and bathing, but at the other places one may play golf, or sail, or motor, or drive, or ride, and will need for them the same flannels, shirts, hats, shoes, etc., as one needs during the summer months in the north. At the more southern places straw hats are worn, though it is well to take a golf cap, and any style of soft hat that is fashionable.

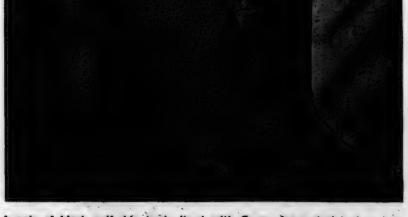
White shoes are in vogue for wear with white flannels, and the long coat of flannel or blanketing, of which an excellent style is illustrated, is smart for tennis or for beach wear over one's bathing suit.

* * *

PERHAPS because, rather than in spite of, the fact that the motor car has brought out so many different designs in fur apparel, is the question of smartness and practical serviceability one of personal taste and opinion, rather than of strict fashion. The limit of possibility in the way of real novelty having been reached, there is nothing pertaining to the motoring wardrobe that justifies the word new, and except perhaps as applied to chauffeurs and footmen's liveries, is there any standard of especially correct form, or fad of exclusive smartness. With the wide use of the limousine body in winter, and of the glass wind guard on open cars, there is not the same absolute necessity for protection from cold, rain and wind as there was in the earlier days of automobiling, and besides this, since the novelty of the motor car has worn off, people have not gone to the extremes of distinctive attire that seemed to be regarded as essential to style in its earlier days—extremes, by the way, that were often quite the reverse of good looking. Our mental picture of the automobile to-day is not that of a "red devil" being driven through space by an unrecognizable something with large glass eyes, crouching over a wheel, but of a perfectly appointed vehicle of graceful lines, in which we may be taken comfortably home from the opera in our evening clothes, and if we like (and chance to live some twenty miles out in the country) play bridge on the way.

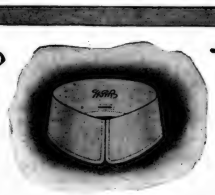
AT SOUTHERN RESORTS.
A long coat of blanketing for wear at tennis or on the beaches.

However, the characteristics of motoring apparel, in so far as it now has any, are warmth and fullness of cut, with such detail finish, in the way of double thickness of fabric over the chest, broad collars, inverted box plaits with tabs, wind cuffs, etc., as will best carry out these ideas. And, of course, for winter use it is quite natural that fur should very largely take the place of other materials. Although not making their appearance for the first time this season as a type of coat, I know of none newer than what may best be described as fur-lined ulsters, made of heavy mixed cloths, similar in kind and pattern to those used for ordinary rough weather ulsters, but lined with various kinds of long-haired skins and having wide fur collars like (except that Persian lamb is not often selected) those of ordinary fur-lined coats. Made of heavy, rough finished friezes, homespuns, tweeds, etc., in stripe, plaid or allover patterns, and in shades of dark grey, browns, greens and mixtures, they have a certain style that distinguishes them from the more dressy black fur-lined coats of formal dress, as well as from the more distinct fur motoring models, so that for him who wants to make one garment fulfil as many purposes as possible they are a good selection. But it can hardly be said that they are intended specifically for motoring wear, as are the coats with fur on the outside.



A pair of black calf-skin boots lined with fleece, for motorists in winter weather. Especially suitable for chauffeurs.

"Little boy, haven't I seen you in my Bible class?" "Not unless I walks in me sleep, lady."—New Orleans Picayune.



"PLAZA"

The classy new W.G.&R. creations are linen collar perfection. They afford wide variety of patterns, style and fit.
The "Plaza" has all the ear marks of a thoroughbred and has already created a tremendous vogue.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Lie flat and smooth across the shoulders. Special light weights for dress—medium and heavy for general wear. And always with the "sliding cords."
All dealers, 50 cents.
Light, medium and heavy weights.
Get the genuine—"President" on every buckle

PERRIN GLOVES
STYLE-FIT-DURABILITY

After Your Morning Shave

There is nothing that will be found more beneficial to the skin than a rub over with

Campana's Italian Balm

It positively eases the irritation of close shaving. Soothes and makes firm the sensitive skin and gives a grateful sense of cleanliness to the shaver.
If you are careful to apply Campana's Italian Balm after shaving, a dull razor or sharp, biting winds will have no terrors for you. Your druggist has it at 25c. a bottle.

E. G. WEST & COMPANY, Canadian Agents, 176 King St. East, Toronto.

Putting on a Good Front

For a man to be otherwise well-dressed, and have a soiled or mussy fancy vest, is to be as unpleasantly conspicuous as a person with a front tooth out.
You don't want to attract this sort of attention, do you? Especially when it costs so little to keep this garment clean. Besides, a fresh, clean looking fancy vest has a tendency to set off and improve the appearance and value of a man's whole attire.
We will clean your fancy vest for from 25c to 50c. Or, if you're tired of its pattern, and would like a change, say you save the $3.50 (the price of a new vest) and have it dyed, which would only cost you 50c.

Our driver will call if you say so.
Phone Main 5900.

"My Valet"
30 Adelaide St. West, - - Toronto

Men's Spring Hats

We have displayed this week a complete stock of Men's Hats for Spring, 1910. This includes the very latest blocks by English and American makers. All prices.

We are sole Canadian Agents for Henry Heath of London, England, maker to His Majesty King Edward, and for Dunlap of New York, the great American hatter.

DINEEN—140 Yonge Street TORONTO

Your Glasses Can't Slip With the Williams Clip

Have your eyeglasses fitted with the Williams Clip, then you may shake your head, jump, dance, go out in the wind—driving, riding, skating, anywhere; it holds comfortably and securely under all conditions without tilting or slipping.
Its steady, rigid, comfortable hold is assured because of its scientific construction—that of holding at distinct points by suction contact.
Can be attached to any eyeglass in a minute.
The Williams Clip on your glasses is like insurance against breakage.

Price 35c, 50c and 75c.

J. C. Williams
OPTICIAN
131 Yonge St., Toronto

Is that the pleasure of the house?

IT'S A VOTE

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.

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THE WATCH OF MATCHLESS MERIT

You cannot measure the value of a SATISFACTORY watch any more than you can estimate the loss entailed by carrying an unreliable one—therefore buy an "OMEGA." For sale by all jewelers.

Omega 16 Size Watch
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Price, each, fitted in Cases:

Regal—Sterling Silver	$11.70
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The "Ellis Red Book" No. 7—a complete jewelry and watch catalogue—sent free on request.

ACADIA BONELESS CODFISH

No bones or waste, nothing but pure Atlantic Codfish with a delicate seafoamness.

IN 2 LB. BOXES AND 1 LB. TABLETS AT YOUR GROCERS

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

A delight to the connoisseur and to those with whom all other ales do not agree.

¶ For sale at all hotels and dealers. Have a case sent to your residence.

DO YOU DANCE ?

Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.

IT IS THE VERY BEST

ANECDOTA

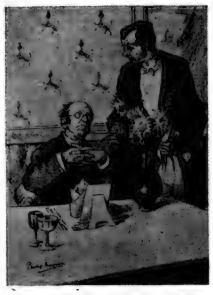
A STORY, vouched for as true is told in the smoking-rooms of the House of Commons about the Prince of Wales and Mr. John Burns. One day in the lobby the Prince talked a while with Mr. Burns, who is a Cabinet Minister. An Irish Nationalist who has a notion that tobacco can be grown in Ireland, begged Burns to ask the Prince to smoke one of his cigars made of "Irish leaf."

"Not I," said Burns, emphatically. Somewhat taken aback the member ventured to inquire why.

"Because as a Minister of the Crown," he said, "it is my duty, as well as my privilege, to protect his Royal Highness from assassination." This story fills half a column in a London paper.

* * *

ELSIE FERGUSON, the theatrical star, relates that one day she passed the house of an actor friend and found his imp of a small boy sitting on the front steps weeping bitterly. Of course she stopped to find out what was the matter.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

The Customer: "Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jonesed Eggs," and "Harrised Mutton"?"

The Waiter: "Well, sir, you see, sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after bein' reg'lar customers here."—The Sketch.

"We—we got a squalling new baby in the house, an' dad's on the road *and he don't know nothin' about it!*"

At the end his voice was a howl of woe.

"But," she protested bewilderedly, "that is nothing to cry about. Dad will soon be home, and think how surprised he'll be."

The small boy stopped crying long enough to transfix her with an indignant glare.

"You don't understand," he said bitterly. "Dad always blames me for every single thing that happens while he's away!"

* * *

A PROPOS of Spiritualism, Dr. Russell Wallace once told an amusing experience he had while "ghost-hunting" in a country graveyard.

Walking among the graves one night in the company of the sexton, who claimed to have seen the "shadowy form," Dr. Wallace asked, "Have you any idea whose ghost it was you saw?"

"I can't tell you, sir," was the reply; "but over there lies a man who had three wives. On the stone of the first there is 'My wife,' on the second, 'My dear wife,' and on the third, 'My beloved wife.' If any ghost does walk hereabouts, I should say it is the first wife's."

* * *

IT was during a performance of "Faust" in a provincial town, after the duel, Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised Valentin's head, and held him in her arms, during the first part of the scene, and exclaimed in evident alarm:

"Oh, what shall I do?"

For a moment there was a deathlike stillness in the house, when a voice from the gallery suddenly called out:

"Unbutton his weskit."

* * *

A VERY subdued-looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose, and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in a public school the other day and handed her a note before taking his seat. The note read as follows:

"Miss B——: Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played trooant, but I guess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' the driver of a sled they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another one for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time. I guess he thinks he better keep in school hereafter."

* * *

"DAVID LLOYD GEORGE," said the miner from Wales, as he emptied his glass of cwrw—the national Welsh drink—"David is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the House of Lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself that at family prayers he always made one well known passage run:

"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of Lords forever.'"

* * *

THE late Frederick Remington had a humorous way of illustrating his arguments with incidents from real life. He was arguing once on prohibition. He described a trip he had once made in the prohibition state of North Dakota. He told how he rode through Degroat, Maza, Benzoin, Iola, and other towns in the Devil's Lake neighborhood, putting up for the week-end at Minnewaukan. As Remington was buying a cigar at the Minnewaukan drug store on Saturday night, a cowboy entered. He wore a red shirt and bearskin leggings, and he carried a two-gallon demijohn.

"Jack," he said to the drug clerk, with a loud laugh, as he swung the enormous demijohn on to the counter—"Jack, fill her up. Baby's sick."

* * *

"YOUR old-fashioned American business man is too naively honest," said Upton Sinclair, in an address in New York, "to fight these trusts. In his naive and noble honesty he compares with these trusts as the Maori compares with his British conqueror. A certain Britisher was talking to a Maori chief who had been taken prisoner after a fierce engagement.

"But, chief," said the Britisher, "you had command of the Waikato road last week. Why didn't you go for our ammunition and provision trains?"

"The chief gave a loud, scornful laugh.

"'You fool,' he cried, 'if we had stolen your powder and food, how could you have fought us?'"

* * *

JOE CANNON, at a Girdiron Club dinner, said of a famous millionaire:

"He owes his success to his resourcefulness. He turns every disaster into victory. Once, he told me a cow got into his garden and tramped down his geraniums.

"'Oh, what a shame!' said I. 'And what did you do?'

"'I got a pail and milked her,' he replied."

* * *

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes.

"If they keep on, their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollete gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix, regarded the pretty little lady indulgently, and said with a sigh:

"'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.'

"She flung her white arms about his neck.

"'You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?'"

* * *

A CITY man went into the country for the summer. He found a model-dairy farmer was one of his neighbors. He went to the farm after milk, and on the way saw a herd of sleek, well-fed, and clean cows. Much encouraged, he approached the manager.

"My servant will come to you each morning for three quarts of milk," he said.

"All right; it will be eight cents a quart."

"And I want your best milk," added the city man.

"Ten cents a quart," said the dairyman.

"That's all right," said the city customer. "So long as my servant can see your man milk the cow, that price will be all right."

"Fifteen cents a quart" from the dairyman broke off negotiations.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES was talking to a reporter about the purse of $101,000 that goes to the winner of the Jeffries-Johnson battle.

"Oh, no," said the pugilist, "it isn't an enormous purse—I mean it isn't an enormous one for America. We look at money in such a large way here. Coming over on the boat I heard two Chicago men talking in the bar.

"'Which would you rather be,' said one of them, 'very rich or very poor?'

"'Neither,' said the other, in our large native way. 'Give me my choice and I'd have about $5,000,000.'"

* * *

"I LUNCHED with Winston Churchill at the Ritz in London," said a New York journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his mother and his ducal blood through his father, praised American journalists. He gave me an example of our perseverance. No less than 47 American correspondents called on him at the Board of Trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and as none of them had sufficiently good credentials, he refused to see them. Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly.

"'Do you know,' he said to the young man, 'that I have refused to see forty-seven of your compatriots on this very subject?'

"'I ought to know it,' the correspondent answered, 'for I'm the whole 47.'"

* * *

A NEW qualified judge in one of the small towns of the South was trying one of his first criminal cases. The accused was an old darky who was charged with robbing a hencoop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Tom," began the judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yes, sah," replied the darky, "the last time, jedge, you was ma lawyer."

"Where is your lawyer this time?" asked the judge.

"I ain't got no lawyer this time," answered Tom. "I'm going to tell the truth."

Vicar: "And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russett?"
Russett: "What's 'e say, Betty?"
Betty: "'E says: What the deuce did you send for 'im for?"—M.A.P.

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water playing an important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS ABOUT DOSES

THE frequency of the Colonial motive in exterior and interior construction gives the subject of antiques a decided importance. Examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, and other 18th century furnishings may be seen at their best in our showrooms. One thing you may absolutely depend upon is their genuineness. It is an assurance of a safe investment when you buy goods here.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
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422-424 Yonge St. = Toronto

"Tronco" Port
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TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

O'Keefe's

Stout Is Extra Mild

Those who prefer English Porter to Ale, will find O'Keefe's Stout uncommonly delicious.

It has the rich flavor of the finest imported porter—but, being extra mild, will not make you bilious.

All bottles sealed with Crown stoppers to prevent cork and tinfoil getting in your glass. Sold everywhere.

"The Stout That is Always O.K."

THE O'KEEFE'S BREWERY CO. Limited, TORONTO.

151

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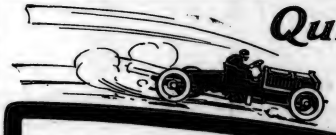


'CAMP' COFFEE is ready almost before you know it. Add boiling water, sugar and milk to taste, and there you are—steaming, refreshing, fine—a drink for a King.

'CAMP' COFFEE

But to be sure of the PURITY, the QUALITY, and the truest ECONOMY, you must take care to always ask for 'CAMP.'

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Sole Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME SIMON POUDRE SAVON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Canada Now Has a Monopoly of the World's Supply of Asbestos

The history of the Asbestos industry in Canada shows tremendous growth during the past few years. —Through the formation of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation the industry is put on a very sound basis.—The Company controls over 70 per cent. of the world's marketable supply of Asbestos.

The Province of Quebec has produced over $25,000,000 worth of Asbestos.

That Province is now producing at the rate of over $2,500,000 worth of Asbestos annually.

Through the merger of a number of the leading companies in the Thetford Black Lake district into the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, the Province will in the near future be producing at the rate of over $5,000,000 worth of asbestos annually.

The history of asbestos in Canada only dates back to 1877, and some idea of how quickly the industry has developed within the past few years may be gained from the fact that it was found impossible to market the first output from a quarry in Thetford to any advantage, the prices obtained being so low that after two years asbestos mining came practically to a standstill. However, it was not many years before the exceptional qualities of the mineral were recognized, and as full advantage was taken of its principal quality, namely that of its resistance against fire, a very rapid development occurred in the industry.

Additional discoveries of asbestos were made, quarrying with steam machinery on a large scale was introduced, and the prospector was kept busy exploring for the mineral in the mountain about Thetford and Black Lake in the Province of Quebec, where it was thought a very valuable Serpentine Belt formation existed.

Just how rich this belt has proven to be may be gathered from the fact that close to 90 per cent. of the world's present marketable supply of asbestos is obtained from it, while the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, with its five big properties, controls fully 80 per cent. of the asbestos of the district and 70 per cent. of the world's marketable supply.

The history of asbestos shows that in the early days only a small percentage of the fibre could be extracted by hand, that most of the rock containing the shorter fibre had to be thrown away, and that consequently only those quarries working on richer ground were able to pay their way and show a profit.

The outcome of this condition was obvious: the quarries producing only a small percentage of the high grade of long fibre were forced to suspend operation. However, the mechanical separation of the shorter fibre from the rock, which had been experimented with for a number of years, soon took the place of the slow hand "cobbing" process, and this method in the course of years was so successfully and effectively worked out that today every quarry in the district of Black and Thetford is equipped with a complete milling and fiberizing plant.

The Serpentine Belt on which the properties of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation are located runs some 22 miles through the Townships of Thetford, Coleraine, Robertson and Broughton. The width of this Serpentine Belt is in some localities only a hundred feet, and in others from one to four miles, the largest width known at the present time being that between the towns of Thetford and Black Lake. It must not be inferred from this that the greatest width contains the greatest number of asbestos quarries. On the contrary, nature has played many pranks in the distribution of asbestos even in this Belt, and notwithstanding the fact that from time to time diligent search has been made for new deposits in the district, it has been found that a great part of the Serpentine is of the non-productive variety. On this account the few long established quarries along the belt, especially those at Black Lake and Thetford, almost all of which are owned and operated by the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, produce the finest qualities of asbestos, which command the highest prices in the world's markets. This has enabled them for many years to hold an exceptional position in the supply of material, and it rather looks as though they would continue to hold this position unless new fields, as yet unknown, can be discovered.

SERPENTINE BELT FORMATION

The asbestos Serpentine, as compared with many other rocks, is of medium hardness. It is generally taken down in benches and galleries in an opening which takes a somewhat rectangular form. As a result of continued operations covering a period of many years, tremendous quarries may be seen in the district, especially at Thetford, the King's pit of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation measuring over 1,000 feet in length by 300 to 400 feet wide and almost 200 feet deep.

The method of quarrying is very simple: the rock is blasted down in galleries, and whatever "crude" may be found in the blasted rock is separated roughly right in the quarry and sent to the "cobbing" shed. The residue, which consists of waste rock and mill rock, is hoisted by cable derricks placed in three or four ton dumping cars and sent either to the dump or to the mill. This method of quarrying by cable derricks placed on the borders of the pits, as indicated in the accompanying cut, has brought the cost per ton down to a low figure, but improvements are constantly being made in the handling of such large quantities of rock and through the centralization of the hoisting arrangements such as are made by the Amalgamated Asbestos Co., this cost will be still greatly reduced in the future.

HOW ASBESTOS IS EXTRACTED

The extraction of the fibre from the Serpentine has been brought down to a science; men have given years of labor to it, and it has gone down to various stages of its development until to-day the bigger companies have a method, which when properly applied, gives satisfactory results. The rock undergoes a process of diminution, and the fibre liberated in the first stages from all the rock matter is placed in fibre receptacles by means of exhaust fans. The residue still containing fibre is submitted in some mills to the action of rollers and in others to "cyclones." While it must be admitted that this process so far has given some satisfaction, the fact must not be lost sight of that the fibre, through the violent action of the ferberizers, especially in the cyclones, is to some extent torn up into threads of smaller length, effecting the tenor of the resulting product by reducing its value. Further improvements, however, are being made, and already machinery has been placed on the market and tested, which in doing away to a certain extent with the destroying forces upon the delicate fibre, will permit of a very much higher grade of asbestos being secured.

The old time method of extracting the "crude" by hand and leaving the residue on the dump has thus been replaced by modern mechanical methods, and since 1896 all the larger quarries had been equipped with complete milling and ferberizing plants.

Up to 1904, sixteen mills with a total capacity of 3,600 tons of asbestos rock per day were installed, but since that time the demand for the mineral has been so great that all the older companies have had to increase and even double the capacity of their mills. There are at the present time some 19 quarries being operated in the Black Lake and Thetford district, the greater number of them by the concerns now included in the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, and the summer season employment is given to over 3,000 people, and in order to meet the demand especially for the medium class of mill fibre, the Amalgamated Company, although in operation less than a year, has already found it necessary to add to the capacity of its various mills, and already the output at some of its properties is sold four and five years ahead.

USES OF ASBESTOS

The principal application of asbestos is that pertaining to shingles, the manufacture of an asbestos mill board, paper covering and allied articles. About 65 per cent. of the asbestos mill fibre is absorbed by the manufacturers of these products alone. The increased demand for fire-proof materials has resulted in a phenomenal demand for asbestos slates and shingles, and manufacturers state that it will not be very long before fully 75 per cent. of all the asbestos produced in the world will be used solely for their manufacture. This asbestos slate and shingle business is only 4 years old and during that short space of time the demand for them has increased to such an extent that new factories are being established all over the world. It was originally an Austrian invention, the credit of it going to Mr. Ludwig Hatschek, of Brocklabruck, Austria, but it soon found its way into Hungary, France, Belgium, Russia and the United States.

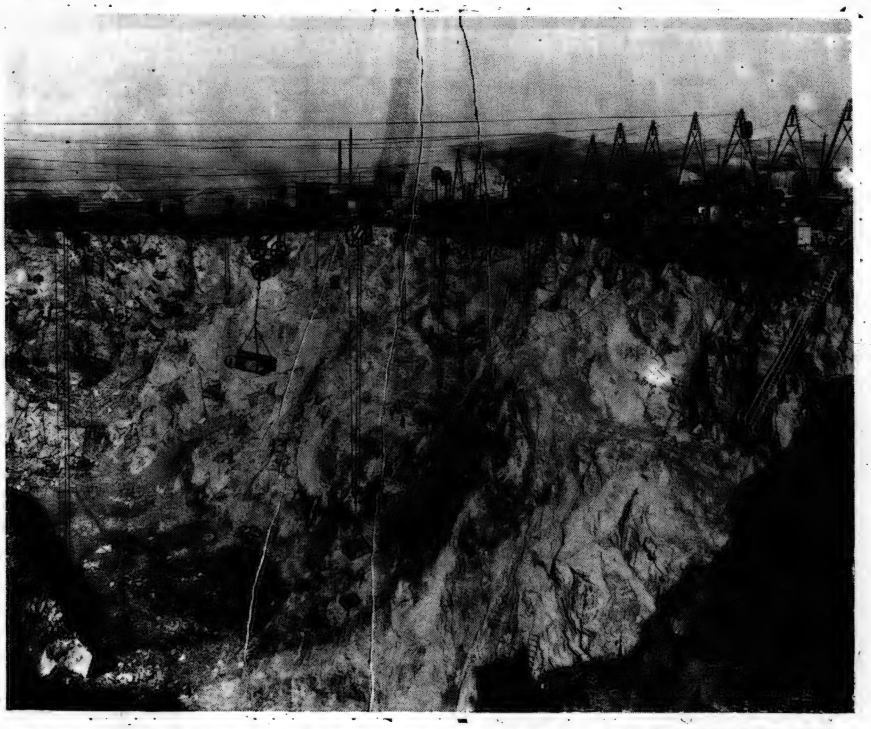
Hatscheck's factory at Brocklabruck alone provided in 1908 seven million square feet of these articles. Canada has also begun to derive the benefit of having such rich asbestos deposits by making it a good business proposition for the manufacturers of asbestos products to come into the country and to establish their plants near the source of supply of the raw material, and already there is a large asbestos plant in operation at Lachine, just outside of Montreal.

The largest buyers of Canadian asbestos up to the present time is the United States. In the year 1907 they took $1,304,480, equal to something like 78 per cent. of the total Canadian production for the year, while Great Britain took 13 per cent. and Germany 8.40 per cent.

At the present time, Germany is taking a very much larger percentage, but up to the present time does not seem to get full credit for it, owing to the fact that the shipments to Germany are sometimes made by way of New York, and in this way are sometimes credited to the United States.

These tremendous rich asbestos deposits in the Serpentine Belt of Thetford and Black Lake rather indicate that Canada can now lay claim to practically the monopoly of two very rich and important minerals, namely asbestos as well as nickel. The world has always admitted Canada's very enviable position as far as nickel was concerned, and it rather looks as though, now that we are at the beginning of the asbestos era, that the whole world will have to look to the Province of Quebec for its requirements of asbestos. The future of the industry is therefore assured.

ONE OF CANADA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES



View of one of the largest pits on the property of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, showing the asbestos formation and the cable ways and hoists by which the rock is brought to the surface.

THE WORLD'S MARKETABLE SUPPLY OF ASBESTOS

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Along the Way," by Carrie Munson Hoople. Published by the Grafton Press, New York.

THIS gentle poet starts out by announcing in a rhymed foreword: "I cannot sing of written things, Nine is not knowledge conned from books." Mrs. Hoople, (I presume this is the lady's title, for she dedicates her volume "To My Children") Mrs. Hoople, you modestly wrong yourself. You can and do write of written things—things which have been turned into jingles in the same old way by amateur "potes" these many, many years. As to your knowledge, both of life and of poetry, doubtless you are right; for if you have conned any books on either of these subjects, it must be admitted that you have not copped therefrom anything of much value.

Glancing over the table of contents I come upon several Canadian titles and turn to a poem called "The Manitoba Farmer." But, alas, I find nothing in it to satisfy my provincial yearning. It begins like this:

Where wide and boundless prairies roll
He turns the soil, as black as coal.
Six feet beneath him, mile on mile,
Those uncut diamonds glowing smile.
The earth below no longer sleeps,
It feels the touch, and stirs and leaps,
Awakening from its centuries' rest
Like some strong infant, glad, refreshed.

The last couplet forces me to take Mrs. Hoople's word of rhyme that her "knowledge is not conned from books," unless possibly from those of some of her contemporaries in dilettante verse-making. Its metric peculiarities, the rhyming of "rest" and "refreshed" and the delightfully original metaphor of the "infant awakening from its centuries' rest" are certainly unconventional. I seek through two hundred and thirteen pages, among the poems "To R.," and "To E.," and others distinctly marked as songs, lest perchance they be mistaken for nursery rhymes, I seek also through a twenty-page rigmarole about "My Forest Queen," and seek in vain for a fresh thought, a bit of suggestion, a note of word-music—a single gleam of poetry.

But why, you ask, is it worth while

ISRAEL ZANGWELL,
The eminent Jewish writer, who is in the public eye just now as author of the play, "The Melting Pot."

to work oneself into a bad humor over a book that is worse than useless? Why waste copy paper and the valuable time of a linotype operator and the labor of proof-readers and space on this page because Mrs. Hoople, whoever she may be, and her publishers have already been responsible for much more extensive waste of paper and printing? I may as well confide to the reader that one reason why Carrie Munson Hoople and her book are given such attention is that we are at present between publication seasons and new books worth while are scarce. But there is another and a better reason. For it falls as a duty upon a reviewer to periodically rise up and make as mighty a kick as he can against the practice of publishers in issuing, in season and out of season, books of idiotic blather cut up into lengths so as to resemble poetry. The daily newspapers have something to answer for when they run big, blazing advertisements of fake stock-promoters, but publishers who, even for a consideration, issue jingling junk and go sponsor for it as poetry also commit an offence which is morally indictable. Even in Canada, where one would think we had not yet got so far from the beginnings of civilization as to have lost the good, hard sense that characterizes a simple, hard-working, thrifty people—even here there is published every year enough sickly doggerel labelled poetry to prejudice the average reader forever against the whole business of verse-making. What we need in this country, as well as in the land of Carrie Munson Hooples, is a close season, and a long one, for bad poets—not a season in which they may not be shot, but one during which no publisher will issue any of their outpourings in any shape or form. By this means those who write verse that is significant of strength or sweetness might be more extensively read and better appreciated.

* * *

"The Sporting Chance," by Alice and Claude Askew. Published by Ward, Lock & Co., London; $1.25.

There seems to be in England a large class of people to whom farce in any form is a source of perennial delight. Pantomime, comedies of the type of "Charley's Aunt," farcical mystery stories in the magazines, and farce novels are all very popular in the old land. There is also a large class of English amateur writers, some of whom might be classed as professional amateurs, who write stories which are specially attractive to the class of farce-lovers. Perhaps the Alices and the Claudes who produce such tales are not conscious that it is only to such a class that their work appeals. Possibly, noting that some of it has a ready sale, they regard themselves seriously as authors. And perhaps they are right, if they succeed in entertaining any considerable number of people—who can say? At all events, "The Sporting Chance," although impossible, is frankly, farcically impossible. And although Alice and Claude are sometimes askew in their language and ideas, they seem to have some gifts of inventiveness and playful good humor.

The hero of the story is a young Englishman whose father is a very mean sort of Puritan. The young man goes to a Derby against paternal orders, and is disowned and disinherited. But at the race he meets a millionaire who takes a fancy to him. The latter proves to be a former lover of the boy's mother and an enemy of his father. The millionaire is killed next day, but not before he leaves a peculiar legacy to the hero. The young man must win one of a certain number of notable racing events within a year in order to inherit a big fortune, and is given a good-sized pile of cash to operate with; it being the idea of the millionaire to break the heart of the mean Puritan father by making his son and his own name noted in connection with the turf. Then the fun—the farce—starts in earnest. Of course there is a girl in the plot, and of course at the last moment the story's tangled skein is satisfactorily unravelled.

* * *

"The Kulturkampf," an essay by Gordon Boyce Thompson. Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto.

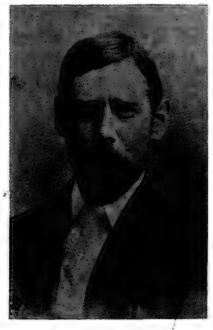
A pathetic interest attaches to this volume, for it is at once the first and last literary performance of a promising young Torontonian from whom much good work was expected when maturity had given direction to capabilities which in his youth were said to be remarkable. Mr. Thompson was graduated from the University of Toronto in 1907, and he spent the winter of 1907-8 in Germany collecting material for an essay which would be truly an original thesis to offer for examination for his degree of Master of Arts. He completed his work and sent his manuscript to Canada, but was almost immediately stricken by illness and died in Berlin in July of 1908. Profesor Wrong, of the University of Toronto, who suggested the subject of the essay, declares it to be "a remarkable piece of work, especially if it be borne in mind that the writer knew no German when he began his task." It is a study of what is called the culture war in Prussia thirty years ago—the story of the great Bismarck's one notable failure, which resulted from an attempt to dominate the Papacy. No doubt the essay will be of considerable interest to students, especially, of course, to University of Toronto students.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Americans have no genuinely humorous literature. This discovery has been made by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, who states his case very incisively in his recent book entitled "The Wine of the Puritans." Among other things he says:

"Our humorists as a general thing don't depend upon being true to life, upon creating characters that strike us because they are so absurdly true, as upon whiling away the time with puns and conundrums and all sorts of extravagant conceits (like 'Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven') which strike us because they are so absurdly *untrue*. The great tradition of humor is to play through life interpreting our days to us. In our humor we seek not life itself, but a refuge from life—not something that will make our days more fresh and real to us, but something that will transport us somewhere, anywhere to make us happily forget our days. Not only does the present moment seem less desirable than any other moment, but we spurn any kind of thought that



STEPHEN GWYNN,
Whose historical romance, "Robert Emmet," was recently issued.

will make the present desirable. So our humor is not the humor of *ex*traction from life but of *dis*traction from life.

"Well, certainly the humor of Rabelais, Cervantes, Addison, and Thackeray is largely a comment on principles and traits of unchanging human nature. Very often it serves to satirize a temporary overemphasis of certain human tendencies, or to speak the special humors of a single race. But in the main it seeks to picture man as in all times and places he ought to be, by leading before a kind of high court of genial justice men and measures that stand for what man ought not to be. It cuts away all variations from the normal type.

"And the humorist ought to make people not only see but love what is true and normal.

"But our humor is a kind which has neither past nor future, but only the moment of its flash, a humor not sprung from genial soil nor reflecting the tears and smiles of dead generations, not the humor of sentiment or pathos—it is a humor of light rather than heat, a humor of the pure intelligence, so harsh that if it expressed an enduring mood it would be cynical. It is often what we call dry humor—the kind which rustles through a man's lips without being tinged with blood from his heart, flaring up electrically for its occasion and subsiding gray and chilly, scintillating out of a sordid background, a humor of shifts and grit, common sense and bitter pluck. It implies nothing, it indicates no philosophy of life. It fits the need of the moment and passes with the moment."

He points out that American humorists are nameless. He says:

"Nameless! Yes, that is a very significant thing about them all. They never write under their own names. Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mr. Dooley—they have never spoken through their own lips. Each creates a character to embody his philosophy as if it were something apart from himself. There is something very odd about this, for these few names represent one of our traditions. I should say that nearly a hundred American wits have spoken through masks of this sort, concealing their own grim, laborious, and often decidedly unhumorous personalities behind them. Think of Mozis Addums and Q. K. Philander Doesticks and Orpheus C. Ker and Petroleum V. Nashby and Bill Arp. All those and dozens more must have felt either that there lay in their humor something unworthy of their own respectable names—David Ross Locke, Seba Smith, and the like—or else that such ordinary names were not worthy of their humor. But I think that humor ought not to be a respecter of names.

"Their humor is in some way apart from themselves. And then again, they are not attached to any corner of the soil. They have no homes. They apparently have no ancestors. They wander about from New York to Ohio and the Mississippi, jesting about anything that comes to their notice as if they had dropt from the skies. They have no connection with anything.

"And then again, they never comment on life in general, but only on the event of the moment that comes and goes—and when the event passes, the humor passes with it. You would be surprised to open an early Dooley book and find how many of the essays are totally unintelligible, because in their day they depended upon the vivid presence of certain events which are quite forgotten. An almost countless number of war-time humorists were utterly forgotten thirty years ago for just this reason. . . . It reminds me of the days when I read the comedies of Plautus and Terence—whenever I stumbled on a particularly difficult problem in syntax I knew it was a joke. But there is a difference, for Terence's jokes did not depend for their meaning on any local event of the year 160 B.C.—or whenever it was, but were perfectly intelligible as long as Latin was a familiar spoken language. Our humorists hinge their wit to short moments of time, never commenting on life, or even upon American life, as it is permanently. To be read broadcast across one decade they sacrifice their chance of being read lengthwise down many decades. Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby will live not as humorists but as minor characters of American fiction. Whatever truth there is in them is the truth of a single decade."

This makes refreshing reading. To come across an American of such discernment, and with the courage and skill to advance his views so clearly, helps one to believe Mr. Brooks is right when he says: "I am sure that we are on the edge of an age of satire, and the great satirist will show us that we are nearly as big and strong as we supposed ourselves, only he will teach us to be quiet about it. He will laugh so loud at things American that the whole continent shall hear him. And when he has got us all into his good-humored, fatherly confidence, he will show us what a big overgrown rowdy we have been."

* * *

The New York Times says: "There are more than one or two reasons for admiring a book; but if the book is a living thing, if it has a soul in it, there is the best and the sufficient reason. All the pretty writing in the world—though you may thrill to the mere poetry of the words—all the elevated sentiments or exquisite descriptions, all the explanations and valuations concerning life, none nor all of these are anything beside life itself. The life of a real book is as actual as the life of a human being, transacted on another plane. Comparatively few persons are really alive, and the habit is even rarer in books. . . . 'There is the wind on the heath, brother,' replied the gipsy to Lavengro's question as to whether, should he become blind, he would care to go on living. The wind on the heath! The spirit of imagination, the mystery that bloweth where it listeth and stirs the hearts of men. The spirit of life!"

What a fine thing it would be if critics and people with one voice should look for something of the spirit of life in every book before stamping it with approval! Sad to say the critics are more to blame than the people for admiring books for their pretty writing rather than for vital qualities.

* * *

Alexander Dumas never set foot on the Island of Monte Cristo, which has recently been bought by the King of Italy. When visiting Elba in 1842 the novelist sailed across to Monte Cristo in the hope of shooting some wild goats. On the point of landing, however, he learned from one of the sailors that as the island was uninhabited no boat was allowed to touch there under penalty of six days' quarantine at the next port of call. It was therefore decided not to disembark; but Dumas insisted on rowing all round the island, because, he told his companion, Prince Napoleon, "I intend in memory of this trip with you to give the name of Monte Cristo to some book which I shall write later on."

Hal

W. A. FRASER.
The well-known Canadian author.

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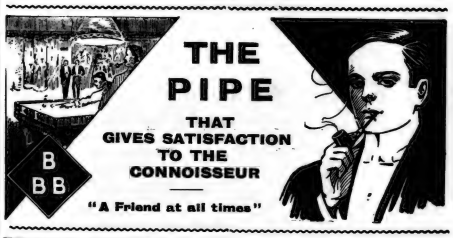

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The Company reports that 1909 was a record year, and that gains were made all along the line. An announcement of special interest to policyholders is that over $2,000,000 will be allotted to them in profits this year.

The gain in assets of $2,972,000 was the greatest in the Company's history, bringing the total assets up to $39,686,000 and the safe and yet profitable investment of such large funds must be a serious responsibility for the Company's directors.

The year's operations resulted in over $10,000,000 of paid business, bringing the total business in forec up to nearly $125,000,000.

The income for 1909 was over $5,697,000, a substantial increase over 1908. In view of the increase in new business, a decrease in expenses is highly creditable to the management and indicates the care in the conduct of the Company's affairs.

Although the Canada Life is now 64 years old, the vigor of its management and the organization it has built up, will doubtless enable it to go forward to even greater success than shown in their report for the past year. ADVT.

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EXHIBITION AND ART SALE.

The forthcoming exhibition and sale of Mr. J. S. Williams' collection of paintings and drawings is creating quite a flutter in art circles. Mr. Williams has been an enthusiastic collector for upwards of twenty years, and the catalogue contains names of artists whose works are no longer obtainable through ordinary channels. The pictures will be on view at the art rooms of Messrs. Chas. Henderson & Co., 87 and 89 King st. east, Saturday and Monday, Feb. 12th and 14th. Sale Tuesday, 15th, at 2.30 sharp.

Merely Strangers

(*Continued from Page 6.*)

ing in a common friend the use of that word. Now he echoed it.

"So very quaint," said he. "And the dogs drawing carts! Just like the pictures, aren't they?"

"You can get pictures of them on the illustrated post-cards. So nice to send to one's relations at home."

She was getting angry with him again. He played the game too well.

"Ah! yes," he answered, "the dear people like these little tokens, don't they?"

"He's getting exactly like a curate," she thought, and a doubt assailed her. Perhaps he was not playing the game at all. Perhaps in these three years he had really grown stupid.

"How different it all is from England, isn't it?"

"Oh! quite," said he.

"Have you ever been in Holland?"

"Yes, once."

"What was it like?" she asked. That was a form of question they had agreed to hate—once, long ago.

"Oh! extremely pleasant," he said warmly. "We met some most agreeable people at some of the hotels. Quite the best sort of people, you know."

Another phrase once banned by both.

The sun sparkled on the moving duck-weed of the Canal. The sky was blue over-head. Here and there a red-roofed farm showed among the green pastures. Ahead the avenues tapered away into distance, and met at the vanishing point. Elizabeth smiled for sheer pleasure at the sight of two little blue-smocked children solemnly staring at the boat as it passed. Then she glanced at him with an irritated frown. It was his turn to smile.

"You called the tune, my lady," he said to himself, "and it is you shall change it, not I."

"Foreign countries are very like England, are they not?" he said. "The same kind of trees, you know, and the same kind of cows and—and everything. Even the canals are very like ours."

"The canal system," said Elizabeth instructively, "is the finest in the world."

"*Adieu! Canal, canard, canaille,*" he quoted. They had always barred quotations in the old days.

"I don't understand Latin," said she. Then their eyes met, and he got up abruptly and walked to the end of the boat and back. When he sat down again, he sat beside her.

"Shall we go on?" he said quietly. "I think it is your turn to choose a subject——"

"Oh! have you read 'Alice in Wonderland'?" she said with simple eagerness. "Such a pretty book, isn't it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. She was obstinate; all women were, men were not. He would be magnanimous He would not compel her to change the tune. He had given her one chance; and if she wouldn't—well, it was not possible to keep up this sort of conversation till they got to Sluys. He would——

But again she saved him.

"I won't play any more," she said. "It's not fair. Because you may think me a fool. But I happen to know that you are Mr. Brown, who writes the clever novels. You were pointed out to me at the hotel; and—oh! do tell me if you always talk like this to strangers?"

"Only to English ladies on canal boats," said he, smiling. "You see, one never knows. They might wish one to talk like that. We both did it very prettily. Of course, more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows, but I think I may congratulate you on your first attempt at the English-abroad conversation."

"Do you know, really," she said, "you did it so well that if I hadn't known who you were, I should have thought it was the real you. The felicitations are not all mine. But won't you tell me about Holland? That bit of yours about the hotel acquaintances was very brutal. I've heard heaps of people say that very thing. You just caught the tone. But Holland——"

"Well, this is Holland," said he; "but I saw more of it than this, and I'll tell you anything you like if you won't expect me to talk clever, and turn the phrase. That's a lost art, and I won't humiliate myself in trying to recover it. To begin with, Holland is flat."

"Don't be a geography book," Elizabeth laughed light-heartedly.

"The coinage is——"

"No, but seriously."

"Well, then," said he, and the talk lasted till the little steamer bumped and grated against the quayside at Sluys.

When they had landed, the two stood for a moment on the grass-grown quay in silence.

"Well, good afternoon," said Elizabeth suddenly. "Thank you so much for telling me all about Holland." And with that she turned and walked away along the narrow street between the trim little houses that look so like a child's toy village tumbled out of a white wood box. Mr. Edward Brown was left planted there.

"Well," said he, and spent the afternoon wandering about near the landing-stage, and wondering what would be the next move in this game of hers. It was a childish game, this playing at strangers, yet he owned that it had a charm.

He ate currant bread and drank coffee at a little inn by the quay, sitting at the table by the door and watching the boats. Two o'clock came and went. Four o'clock came; half-past four, and with that went the last return steamer for Bruges. Still Mr. Edward Brown sat still and smoked. Five minutes later Elizabeth's blue cotton dress gleamed in the sunlight at the street corner.

He rose and walked towards her.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in Holland," he said.

"I lost my way," said she. He saw that she was very tired, even before he heard it in her voice. "When is the next boat?"

"There are no more boats to-day. The last left about ten minutes ago."

"You might have told me," she said resentfully.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "You bade me good-bye with an abruptness and a decision which forbade me to tell you anything."

"I beg your pardon," she said humbly. "Can I get back by train?"

"There are no trains."

"A carriage?"

"There are none. I have inquired."

"But you," she asked suddenly, "how did you miss the boat? How are you going to get back?"

"I shall walk," said he, ignoring the first question. "It's only eleven miles. But for you, of course, that's impossible. Why not stay the night here? The woman at this inn seems a decent old person."

"I can't. There's a girl coming to join me. She's in the Sixth at the high-school where I teach. I've promised to chaperon and instruct her. I must meet her at the station at ten. She doesn't know a word of French. Oh! I must go. She doesn't know the name of my hotel, or anything. I must go. I must walk."

"Have you had any food?"

"No; I never thought about it."

She did not realise that she was explaining to him that she had been walking to get away from him and from her own thoughts, and that food had not been among these.

"Then you will dine now; and, if you will allow me, we will walk back together."

Elizabeth submitted. It was pleasant to be taken care of. And to be "ordered about," that was pleasant, too. Curiously enough, that very thing had been a factor in their quarrel. At twenty-one one is so independent.

She was fed on omelettes and strange, pale steak, and Mr. Brown insisted on beer. The place boasted no wine cellar.

Then the walk began. For the first mile or two it was pleasant. Then Elizabeth's shoes began to hurt her. They were smart brown shoes, with deceitful wooden heels. In her wanderings over the cobble stones of Sluys streets one heel had cracked itself. Now it split altogether. She began to limp.

"Won't you take my arm?" said he.

"No, thank you. I don't really need it. I'll rest a minute, though, if I may." She sat down, leaning against a tree, and looked out at the darting swallows, dimpling here and there the still, green water. The level sunlight struck straight across the pastures, turning them to gold. The long shadows of the trees fell across the Canal and lay back on the reeds at the other side. The hour was full of an ample dignity of peace.

They walked another mile. Elizabeth could not conceal her growing lameness.

"Something is wrong with your foot," said he. "Have you hurt it?"

"It's these silly shoes; the heel's broken."

"Take them off and let me see."

She submitted without a protest, sat down, took off the shoes, and gave them to him. He looked at them kindly, contemptuously.

"Silly little things!" he said, and she, instead of resenting the impertinence, smiled.

Then he tore off the heels and dug out the remaining bristle of nails with his pocket-knife.

"That'll be better," said he cheerfully. Elizabeth put on the damp shoes. The evening dew lay heavy on the towing-path, and she hardly demurred at all to his fastening the laces. She was very tired.

Again he offered his arm; again she refused it.

Then "Elizabeth, take my arm at once!" he said sharply.

She took it, and they had kept step for some fifty paces before she said—

"Then you knew all the time."

"Am I blind or in my dotage? But you forbade me to meet you except as a stranger. I have an obedient nature."

They walked on in silence. He held her hand against his side strongly, but, as it seemed, without sentiment. He was merely helping a tired woman-stranger on a long road. But the road seemed easier to Elizabeth because her hand lay so close to him; she almost forgot how tired she was, and lost herself in dreams, and awoke, and taught herself to dream again, and wondered why everything should seem so different just because one's hand lay on the sleeve of a tweed jacket.

"Why should I be so abominably happy?" she asked herself, and then lapsed again into the dreams that were able to wipe away three years, as a kind hand might wipe away three little teardrops from a child's slate, scrawled over with sums done wrong.

When she remembered that he was married, she salved her conscience innocently. "After all," she said, "it can't be wrong if it doesn't make *him* happy, and of course he doesn't care, and I shall never see him again after to-night."

So on they went, the deepening dusk turned to night, and in Elizabeth's dreams it seemed that her hand was held more closely; but, unless one moved it ever so little, one could not be sure; and she would not move it ever so little.

The damp towing-path ended in a road cobble-stoned, the masts of ships, pointed roofs, twinkling lights. The eleven miles were nearly over.

Elizabeth's hand moved, a little involuntarily, on his arm. To cover the movement she spoke instantly.

"I am leaving Bruges to-morrow."

"No; your Sixth Form girl will be too tired, and besides——"

"Besides?"

"Oh! a thousand things. Don't leave Bruges yet, it's so 'quaint,' you know; and—and I want to introduce you to——"

"I won't," said Elizabeth almost violently.

"You won't?"

"No; I don't want to know your wife."

He stopped short in the street—not one of the "quaint" streets, but a deserted street of tall, square-shuttered, stern, dark mansions, wherein a gas-lamp or two flickered timidly.

"My *wife!*" he said. "It's my *aunt.*"

"It said 'Mrs. Brown' in the visitors' list," faltered Elizabeth.

"Brown's such an uncommon name," he said. "My aunt spells hers with an E."

"Oh! with an E? Yes, of course. I spell my name with an E, too, only it's at the wrong end."

Elizabeth began to laugh, and the next moment to cry helplessly.

"Oh! Elizabeth; and you looked in the visitors' list and——" He caught her in his arms there in the street. "No; you can't get away. I'm wiser than I was three years ago. I shall never let you go any more, my dear."

The girl from the Sixth looked quite resentfully at the two faces that met her at the station. It seemed hardly natural or correct for a classical mistress to look so happy.

Elizabeth's lover schemed for, and got, a good-night word with her at the top of the stairs, by the table where the beautiful brass candlesticks lay waiting in shining rows.

"Sleep well, you poor, tired little person," he said, as he lighted the candle. "Such little feet, such wicked little shoes, such a long, long, long walk!"

"You must be tired, too," she said.

"Tired? With eleven miles, and your hand against my heart for eight of them? I shall remember that walk when we're two happy old people nodding across our own hearth rug at each other."

So he had felt it, too; and if he had been married, how wicked it would have been! But he was not married—yet.

"I am not very, very tired, really," she said. "You see, it was my hand against—I mean your arm was a great help——"

"It was your hand," he said. "Oh! you darling!"

It was her hand, too, that was kissed there, beside the candlesticks, under the very eyes of the chambermaid and two sour English tourists.

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The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during this week are Mr. M. J. Haney and Mr. Eugene O'Keefe.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

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THE OTHER PAGE

THE English suffragettes have now expressed their determination to adopt peaceful methods for a bit on the grounds that they have shown how powerful women's influence may be when exerted at election time. They claim that the reduction in the Government majority has been largely brought about by the efforts of women. In discussing the total number of seats gained or held by the Unionists they point out that over twenty have been won by a majority of less than two hundred votes. They claim that if the effect of the women's campaign was only to transfer comparatively few votes from the Liberals to their opponents at each election, the women were responsible for placing a Unionist in every one of these seats. In one or two instances where a Liberal majority was converted into a Unionist one, they hold that public sympathy in the district had been aroused on behalf of the imprisoned suffragettes.

If the suffragettes are correct in their contention that women are responsible for the largely reduced majority of the Government, and there can be no doubt that they had some influence in the matter, it is quite possible the Women's Suffrage Bill will be treated with much greater consideration when it next comes up in the House. The majority of English women are apparently intensely interested in the matter of obtaining the vote, and they are bringing to bear upon the subject all the determination shown by Englishmen in obtaining what they consider their rights. They are following the example set by men in their protests against being treated other than as political prisoners when sent to jail, and in breaking the windows of their cells they are only employing the method used by the Chartist leader, Thomas Cooper, until his claim to be treated as a political prisoner, instead of a common criminal, was allowed.

One case which seems to annoy the Suffragettes a good deal and of which they have made much capital is that of Miss Brewster, who was condemned in Liverpool to six weeks' hard labor for damaging—to the extent of three shillings and nine-pence—her prison windows in August last. They point out that in Mr. Lloyd George's constituency a number of men who broke the windows of the Conservative Club were not arrested and punished; and that a man, recently arrested for knocking down a woman with a baby in her arms and loosening two of the woman's teeth—she was not his wife so he couldn't claim he was acting within his rights—was only fined five shillings and costs.

Women at political meetings have a hard time of it in spite of the fact that they may have a right to be there. The other day the wife of the president of a Liberal Association was trying to present Mrs. Churchill with a bouquet, but the crowd, thinking something must be wrong in the corner of the hall where the women were shut in, uttered calls of "put her out" when they saw a woman standing. The explanation of the cause of the trouble naturally afforded a great deal of amusement.

That the English law leaves something to be desired on the part of women is certainly proved by the two following cases reported in a London weekly devoted to women's interests. It says:

"Several correspondents have sent us an account of a case in which a woman with a bruised face and two black eyes, received from her husband, asked a magistrate's advice. The magistrate told her to go back to her husband; and when she said that the latter had threatened to dig out her eyes and had burnt her face with a lighted match, the magistrate said: 'Don't argue. Please attend. The incidents referred to do not constitute persistent cruelty, and I cannot give you any judicial separation. You had better go back to him. If you like you can take out a summons for assault, and I shall bind him over.' It was no wonder that, as the report said, the unhappy woman then left the court in fear and consternation.

"In the same week another case was reported where a woman brought a heavy hobnailed boot to show the magistrate what her husband knocked her about with. When the magistrate advised her to take out a summons she explained that she had not the money to pay for it and remarked justly enough: 'I can't be murdered by Bill simply because my stock of money is gone.' The magistrate advised her to try to find the money, because a summons against her husband was something of a privilege."

Though the suffragettes have declared for peaceful methods they have also expressed their intention of taking part in every bye-election in order to urge on a vigorous campaign against the Government, and if the Government does not prove amenable they will resume their old tactics. Judging from Mr. Asquith's latest pronouncement on the subject of the ballot for women, it looks as if the peace policy wouldn't last long.

⁂

NOW the commuter is about to get his. In fact he has already received a share of what is coming to him from a Swiss writer who declares that a suburbanite is a menace to civilization. This will be surprisingly bad news to the average citizen by day and countryman by night, for there is no doubt the man who keeps his wife and family away from the dust and dirt of the town has always looked upon himself as the friend of humanity. Not only that, but he has regarded himself as a bit of a martyr to the railway time-table unless he can afford a motor car—which all suburbanites cannot do.

M. Valette, the man who has discovered what a very poor thing the commuter is after all, has founded his conclusions on the fact that if the example set by the suburbanite were followed to any marked degree, there would soon be no suburbs, and no country, and the taint of the city would be over the land. He has other reasons, too, for denouncing the commuter, who, he points out, has a fashion of rushing for his train the moment he is free to leave the city, and that he takes no active interest in the affairs of the place where he spends his days, and makes his living. In addition to all this, M. Valette accuses him individually and collectively of spending his money where he does not make it.

Certainly it is a somewhat serious indictment, but fortunately or unfortunately, according to the light in which one may regard the matter, there isn't much chance of the average man showing any mad desire to hie him to the country to live, or provided he has the inclination, he is not always so situated that he can gratify it. On the whole, it doesn't look as if there was much danger in the near future of the allurements of the country proving so strong that the charms of urban existence will pale before them to such an extent that we will all fly to Nature, and in doing so destroy her charm. One may feel satisfied that M. Valette is a pessimist, and that his grouch is one that is wholly unnecessary.

⁂

NOWADAYS it's possible to catch a heroine at any age—the years of the caught are referred to in this instance, not of those of the catcher. It's nothing unusual to hear of a grandmother who does stunts that might better be expected from a well set up youth, but the craze or epidemic—or whatever it may be called—to become a heroine appears to be spreading until even the babies seem to be infected with it.

The other day in Wilkesbarre, Pa., a fire broke out in the family residence of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Levy, and the heads of the households were so busy rescuing the family that they forgot all about the residence, and incidentally overlooked the youngest of their progeny, a kiddie of a year or so.

And when their forgetfulness had become apparent to them it afforded a heroism-cue to the small girl who lived next door and who rejoices in the good solid name of Mary Morgan. Mary is ten and Mary is also nimble-witted, so while the rest of the neighbors stood round and lamented the fact that the Levys' baby was as good as done for, Mary sailed in to the rescue. She knew the corner where the Levy baby was usually to be found, and she simply went and found it. Then, to make her rescue the more thorough, she wrapped the little one in a table-cloth in order to save it from the heat inside the house which might have scorched it, and the cold outside which might have induced penumonia. Then Mary went home and ate her breakfast.

The world's getting too full of heroines—pretty soon there won't be a real sure enough fainting female left "to point a moral and adorn a tale." Heroism is getting as fashionable as appendicitis and sheath gowns used to be, and there's no telling when the fashion will change.

⁂

HISTORY repeats itself and not always in the most pleasant ways. Most of us can remember when it was customary in some families to punish the small offences of the children by the infliction of several verses from the Bible, or even a Psalm, which had to be committed to memory before either supper or forgiveness could become the portion of the juvenile offender. Many us us, perhaps, have even yet a recollection of the bitterness with which we undertook the task, and the way we learned to loathe it before we were free once more.

In Indianapolis the Mayor is applying something of the same sort of punishment in the case of saloon keepers who violate the closing laws. He can't give them a marked passage of Scripture to learn, but he has done something closely akin to it by ruling that two breakers of the law must keep their saloons closed until they produce a letter from a minister to the effect that they have gone to Church on a Sunday, and not only gone to service but stayed throughout the proceedings and listened to the sermon. Moreover, the Mayor is credited with the statement that he will deal with similar offenders in the same way.

In the case of the children who were punished with verses there are few cases on record where the punishment incited the delinquent to take a real interest in his task, or caused him to develop any real love of the Book he had to study. It seems equally certain that church goers whose attendance is not voluntary will not become interested in churches and church affairs because they are sent there as a punishment. It would be almost better to have the saloons open and the churches empty than to partially fill the latter with those who only attend because they can't carry on business unless they do.

⁂

NEW HAMPSHIRE is threatened with a woman Governor. So far the State itself hasn't had any opportunity to show what it really feels about the proposal, but there is no doubt that the threat will be made good provided the candidate has her own way. The lady who would be Governor is Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, who is also a lawyer and a leader of the suffrage movement. Mrs. Ricker was the first woman to attempt to vote in the United States as early as 1870, and not only was she determined to vote, but she marshalled all her arguments before making the attempt, and they included such standard sayings as "Women who are hanged under the laws should have a voice in making them."

Evidently Mrs. Ricker is in earnest. Furthermore, her friends are backing her seriously, but one can hardly expect that any State in the Union would stand at the present stage of the game for a woman Governor, especially one whose platform was "woman's rights." If New Hampshire has any desire to blaze the trail in this respect, Mrs. Ricker seems to fill all the requirements demanded of the average governor, save that of sex. She is rich, she has travelled, she is well read, and she is sincere. The announcement that she is a serious candidate for the governorship of the Granite State has caused a great deal of comment, but what has been said wouldn't be a circumstance to what would be said, provided by any freak of luck she should be elected.

⁂

MATRIMONY becomes a habit with some people. A case in point is that of a much-married "Count" who has just been stopped in his marriage career with a self-confessed record of a bag of nineteen wives in the last few years. This modern follower of Henry VIII., unfortunately for himself, was not able to dispose of his collection of wives in the manner adopted by his royal predecessor, and as a consequence the police have put a stop to his collecting and have lodged him in jail. As a connoisseur in wives, this wholesale purchaser of marriage certificates should have something of interest to add to the world's literature on that much discussed topic "How to be happy though married." Known among other names by that of Emil Carl von Mueller, this venturesome person has added to his assortment of wives in many places, the majority of them having been acquired in the United States. Quite recently he was married in California and was happily living on his last wife's money when the law rudely interrupted love's young dream and brought him back to Hoboken where several irate ladies awaited his appearance, one young woman who had refused him being the most vociferous in her attentions and, indeed, being so strenuous that it took the police to separate her from her prey once she had reached him. This was because he had annexed her money, not from any over affection on her part.

His California wife seems to be the only one who accepted the matter with any degree of philosophy. She visited him in jail immediately after his arrest, and when he confessed that the charges against him were true, she left him without any display of hysterics or emotion, and within an hour his trunks, neatly packed, arrived at the prison. What his treatment will be if any round dozen of his wives get after him it is hard to say, but the chances are the best punishment that could be meted out to him would be to give him over to the tender mercies of the whole nineteen and let them treat him as they liked. Such an experience would probably cure any man of a fondness for female society, even a man who had raised wife collecting from a hobby to a science.

⁂

IN Copenhagen, at least you must be polite to "Central" or the gramaphone "ill git you ef you don't watch out." The authorities who preside over the destinies of the ladies who sit before the switch board have been much annoyed it seems, by the really hasty manner in which some subscribers to the telephone service have shown their disapproval of the failings of the company's employes. After some discussion and many try-outs they finally hit upon the scheme of identifying the offenders by their voices, this end being obtained by means of a gramaphone apparatus which records all angry words. Those whose expletives are recorded are kindly but firmly invited to visit the office of the directors and once there the error of their ways is pointed out. Of course as any human subscriber would do under the circumstances the man who has been netted indignantly denies that he has ever said a thing any gentleman isn't thoroughly justified in saying, and even if he had been hasty on one or two occasions it hadn't amounted to anything anyway. Then Nemesis overtakes him for the record is produced and it is up to him to listen while the machine grinds out his own words in the way he said them. The man immediately cries for mercy or what practically amounts to that and apologises profusely.

So far nothing of the sort has been installed here but possibly "swear" words sound worse in Danish than they do in English; or it may be that the young women who "answer back" in Copenhagen are even more tantalizing than the variety which flourishes where our own language is spoken.

⁂

THERE'S no doubt one grows accustomed to indulgence in the same diet, and the man who was brought up on pie, and in his youth was accustomed to find fresh doughnuts on the breakfast table, is apt to revert to first principles whenever he gets a chance. In spite of the outcry against the indigestibility of the great American pie, the pie dish is likely to be refilled many times before the people get educated to a point where its allurements cease to attract, and they prefer a health food in its place. Certainly a strong and hearty race has been reared upon a foundation of fried cakes and pie, and those who are eschewing those dainties have yet to prove their own importance in the world.

Not long ago in New York the pie bakers and the drivers of the wagons which deliver the perfectly turned out article decided upon a strike, thus dealing a blow at the very root of one of the greatest of American institutions. For months the strike has dragged along, the public being for a time practically deprived of its favorite food. Fortunately custom has prevailed, and the pie strike has become a lost cause. One by one the strikers are returning to work, and soon every little confectionery shop will have its window supplied with the usual allowance of the golden custard variety, the brunette charm of the mince-meat kind, and the blond loveliness of the apple tart. Liberty has triumphed, and pie has been restored to its pedestal.

⁂

THE students at Wellesley College are tired of being admired. Such a statement sounds impossible, but evidently it's true. Acting on a petition from some of the fair athletes who attend that centre of learning, the faculty has decided that in future mere man—no matter what his age—must keep away from the vicinity of the Wellesley College athletic field while the students are practising. As spring approaches the girls begin to prepare seriously for the annual field day, and in order to do the best work possible, they have adopted a somewhat voluminous bloomer costume which allows them greater freedom than skirts. Interest in either the athletes or their costumes has in the past attracted a great many spectators much to the embarrassment of the girls, and it has been decided that in future a dead line shall be established a quarter of a mile from the boundaries of the athletic field. In order to enforce the new rule, special officers have been engaged to patrol the neighborhood, and in future the athletes can disport themselves undisturbed by masculine criticism or appreciation.

Madame

MRS. ROSS.

Wife of Senator G. W. Ross, former Premier of the Province of Ontario.

TORONTO SOCIETY

NEXT Wednesday and Thursday the Aura Lee Club will present two plays, "My Turn Next" and "Cinders," at their club house.

Miss Gouinlock, Walmer road, is giving a Valentine luncheon to some of her girl friends. A number of small luncheons, teas and dinners are on for next Monday, the hostesses seizing on any excuse to break the monotony of Lententide. A Valentine dinner and theatre party is to be given by a couple of young men to girl friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walker entertained at dinner in honor of Mrs. Charles, of New York, and Mrs. Moncrieff, of Buffalo, on Shrove Tuesday evening. Covers were laid for twelve, and the flowers decorating the table were crimson roses and lily of the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford went South last week, for the benefit of their health. Mr. Bickford has recently undergone a very trying operation, which has removed a longstanding complaint, and his devoted wife is suffering from the strain of anxiety and nursing she has undergone.

Major and Mrs. Home left on Thursday for England, *en route* to South Africa, much to the regret of their Toronto friends. Major and Mrs. Bickford however, will not leave Toronto, and have been househunting this month. I hear Major Bickford is to be transferred from the Carbiniers to the Permanent Force in Canada. Three good little Canadians, whom everyone admires, are perhaps the chief reasons for their parents' decision to remain in Toronto.

All her old friends here were glad to welcome Mrs. Williams (nee MacMahon), Regent of the St. Catharines Chapter, who came over from St. Catharines to attend the Rose ball on Shrove Tuesday. Captain and Mrs. Leonard and Miss Miller came over with her, and all had a pleasant evening. Mrs. Williams has not been at a Toronto ball for twenty years, but is still a handsome woman whom no one passes by, her dark Irish eyes, twinkling with humor only looking prettier contrasted with her silvering hair.

A DUCHESS AND HER DAUGHTER.
Well known in Canada, where she spent several years of her girlhood when her father, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was Governor-General, the Duchess of Devonshire is one of the great hostesses of England. This latest picture of the Duchess shows her with her daughter, Lady Anne Cavendish.

Mrs. Jim Foy, who is back in her home in Chicora Avenue, was a handsome woman at the Rose ball. Her beautiful gown of fawn satin with broad bands of Oriental trimmings suited her turban coiffure and Eastern type of beauty.

Miss Adele Gianelli returned the other day from a long visit South, during which she has been missed from the gay assemblies of her sister-buds.

A very good luncheon will be served in St. Andrews' Institute next Wednesday by the Ladies' Guild of the Church. A great many tickets are annually sold for this event, which always offers the best possible value for a quarter. Mrs. Miller Lash is, I think, the head of this year's coterie, and will assuredly see that things are well done.

Among the dancers this season, has been noticed a young foreigner whose agile and graceful motions cause his partners to bestir themselves with some mirth and enjoyment. The young man is born Swiss, but is Canadian on his maternal side, his mother having been well known as a Brantford beauty, Miss Minnie Keachie, some two or three decades ago.

The third annual re-union and dance of the Harbord Graduates' Association will be held on Wednesday evening, February 16th, in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, College Street. The patronesses for the occasion will be Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mrs. E. W. Hagarty, Mrs. J. L. Cox, Mrs. J. S. Carstairs, Miss E. M. Balmer and Miss Gertrude Lawler.

Miss Grace Smith's piano recital in Conservatory Music Hall at 8.30 next Wednesday is under the patronage of Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess Grey; His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson; Lady Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin, Gen. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. Michael Chapman.

Mrs. Gordon B. Dunfield (nee McBride) will hold her post nuptial reception at her mother's residence, 351 Palmerston Boulevard, on Thursday, February 17, afternoon and evening.

The Queen City Yacht Club gave a ladies' night last evening, when cards and dancing were the amusements.

The dance given by the Aura Lee Club on Monday added one more to the successes of that institution, which is perhaps the most typical of its kind in the city, binding its members in an almost family comradeship. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jones, the president and his wife, are in absolute *rapport* with all the doings and members of the Aura Lee, and were moving spirits for the success of Monday's festivities. There were a number of this year's girls in the company, and a few of the daintiest of the season's brides. The addition to the Clubhouse of a room admirably fitted for a dance was greatly appreciated. Refreshments were served upstairs in the billiard-room and the decorations of the Clubhouse were as usual artistic and effective.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Miller have gone abroad. Dr. Stewart was in Ottawa this week to attend Miss Evelyn Powell's wedding—Miss Parry also went to the Capital for the same happy event.

The Rose Ball, which closed the Ante-Lenten season of this bright and busy winter took place with all its well-known beauty and smartness on Shrove Tuesday evening. The King Edward dining-room, always very handsome and attractive, was turned into a fairy bower with countless garlands of pink roses and foliage which spanned every arch and wreathed every column, canopied the great dome and twined here and there in the most lovely effect. The work and taste evinced by the yearly decoration of roses for the ball, shows what the Daughters of the Empire can do when they like. The patronesses on the Reception Committee stood in the banquet hall to welcome the guests, and never could one imagine a more stunningly handsome trio, in more suitable and lovely gowns. Mrs. Crerar of Hamilton, perhaps the handsomest of many fine Regents, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander of Bon Accord, and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, their jewels flashing, their faces wreathed in cordial smiles of welcome, and their appearance gracious and distinguished, were the trio of receiving hostesses. The guests passed on to the ballroom after making the salaams to these splendid Daughters of the Empire, and from the young things in their first Rose ball, and the *blase* ones who had seen one or many, a remark of admiration was immediately heard. "How lovely," cried a guest from New York—"Surely everyone must enjoy this elegant ball!" We, who see it every year have perhaps grown too accustomed to the "roses, roses, everywhere," to realize how such a *mise en scene* strikes a new observer. And they did enjoy themselves, from the quaintest little bud in short dance skirts to the chaperones who sat about on the gold chairs and believed, each one, that her own girl eclipsed every other! Numbers of out of town guests added to the interest, and helped us for the moment to put aside the sadness of the undeniable blank left by the absence of many connected by blood, marriage or dear friendship with the late lamented Mr. Stewart Houston. The Grand Regent, Mrs. Nordheimer, and her family, one of whom is Mrs. Edward Houston, Mrs. G. P. Reid, and her two charming daughters and son, aunt and cousins of the late Mr. Houston, were a few of those who could not be present. A good many came in late from dinners given to close the season, and a great many came very early and went out as the lights grew dim. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson, the Misses Gibson and Major Macdonald, General and Mrs. Cotton and Miss Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce and Miss Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Miss Gooderham, Colonel and Mrs. Miller, Miss Merritt of St. Catharines, Major and Mrs. Wayland of Fort William, Miss Halman of New York, Miss Campbell Noble of Edinburgh, Miss Cameron of Baltimore, Miss Martin of New Westminster, B.C., Mrs. Brigg of New York, Miss Macdonald of Goderich, Mrs. Livingstone of Brantford, Miss Aileen Dwyer of Halifax, Miss Mary Clark of Prince Albert, were a few of the most prominent in and out of town guests. His Honor took in Mrs. Albert Gooderham to supper, and General Cotton proposed the health of the King, after which Mrs. P. D. Crerar started the company singing a verse of the National Anthem. Thinking, very rightly, that the Daughters were better at cheering than at giving "three times three." Many of this season's buds were chaperoned by their mothers, Miss Florence Peters having both her parents looking after her, Mrs. Reid came with her bonnie little daughter Evelyn, who is a general pet, Mrs. Chalcraft brought her daughter, as also did Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Moodey brought Miss Lillian, and several other buds were in charge of brothers or matrons quite proud of their pretty responsibilities. The music and floor were perfect, and the supper dainty and well served at sextette tables in the banquet hall and corridor. A long table beautifully decorated was arranged for the Government House party, the Regents and their escorts and sundry important guests, among whom was Sir Andrew Allen of Montreal. A few of the four hundred present were, Mr. and Mrs. Rud Marshall, the lovely young matron in pink with a snood of ribbon binding her hair; Miss Phippen, bright and bonnie in white satin; Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Fellowes, Miss Edna Cromarty, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Morrison, Miss Gouinlock, Mr. and Mrs. Bascome, Mr. and Mrs. Palm, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, very smart in pale blue satin, Miss Margaret Scott, Miss Violet Crerar and Mr. Crerar of Hamilton, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock in a most artistic gown of sage velvet and ecru lace, Mrs. Frank Johnstone in pale blue satin, Mr. and Mrs. W. George, the lady in a lovely gown, Mr. and Mrs. Ewan Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Millar Lash, Mrs. John Cawthra, a picture in white satin brocade, lace and diamonds, Mrs. Agar Adamson in pale yellow, Miss Beddoe in cloth of gold, a very beautiful and distinguished gown, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, Mrs. Kemp and Miss Hazel Kemp of Castle Frank, and their Halifax guest, Miss Dwyer, the Misses Edwards, Mr. and Miss Maida McLaughlin, Miss Robins, Miss Grace Macpherson, Miss Muriel White, one of the many fascinating brunettes, who far outnumbered their fair-haired sisters at this dance, Miss Judy Pringle, in a black velvet dress, Major Shanley, the Misses Foy, who have been away for a long time, Miss Gertrude Foy, looking very well, Miss Madeline Walker, who also spent much of the season out of town, Miss Margeurite Cotton, very handsome in cream satin, Miss Evelyn Taylor and Miss Delia Davies, two extremely attractive cousins, Miss Massey, Miss Guthrie of Guelph, a dashing belle in pale blue, Miss Hazel Fitzgerald, one of the lucky girls who can wear the turban coiffure with success, and who looked a picture in vieux rose satin, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Porter and their sister who much resembles the beautiful young matron, Miss Frou Le Mesurier, very pretty in pale pink, Miss Campbell Noble, in pale green satin and bouquet of violet and lily of the valley, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Clifford Brown, Mr. Ewan, Mr. Ross, Captain Lindsay, Miss Burton, Miss Weir, Miss Spence, Miss Snelgrove, Miss Bowes, Miss V. Boulton, Messrs. and the Misses Rathbun, Mr. Bob Sinclair, the Misses Webster, both looking very pretty and refined, Miss Violet Lee, in white satin, Miss Kathleen Burns, Miss Nesta Mackenzie, Miss Heward, Miss Helen Blake, very pretty in turquoise silk, Miss Frances Gardiner in white satin, Mr. A. Curtis Williamson, Mr. and Miss Miln, Miss Mona Murray, in a black sequinned gown, Miss Braithwaite, in green spanged net, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Hendrich, Dr. Mackenzie, Miss Jessie Webber, in white satin and broad white ribbons in her coiffure, Messrs. Law, the Misses Haney, the Misses Gage, Miss Alice Kingston, in white, with tartan sash and net over dress, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Love, Mr. Kern, Mr. and Miss Jean Alexander, the latter in ivory satin; Miss Wigmore, Mr. Keith MacDougall, Miss Brough, Miss Marjorie Haskins, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Cleeve Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Victor Heron, Mr. Austin Campbell, Mr. Barry, Miss Beatrice Ritchie, Mr. Gerald Larkin, and many others whom space fails me to mention.

Mrs. Ferguson Burke gave a very pleasant tea on Shrove Tuesday at the Arlington the down stairs' reception room and cafe being reserved for the occasion. Mrs. Ferguson Burke received in an orchid tinted gown, with Point de Venise coatee and trimmings and the teatable was bright with daffodils and candles. A few of the guests were Mrs. Edward Gooderham, whose daughter assisted in the tearoom, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, Mrs. Ferguson, who is in town for the Session with her husband, Mr. Blewett, Mrs. Capron Brooke, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mrs. Crawford, whose daughter also assisted; Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Kertland, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. W. H. Pearson.

Mrs. Grey Burnand's song recital in Conservatory Music Hall next Thursday evening is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson, Hon. J. J. Foy, Lady Whitney, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. G. P. Magann and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, gave one of the numerous Shrove Tuesday dinners in honor of Miss Dwyer, of Halifax, her daughter's handsome guest. The party of twelve afterwards attended the Rose ball, where Miss Dwyer was very much admired.

Miss Campbell-Noble left for Scotland on Wednesday. On Shrove Tuesday, Mr. Clifford Brown gave a very elegant little dinner for her at McConkey's, the party afterwards attending the Rose ball, the ladies wearing their beautiful place bouquets of violets and lily of the valley. Miss Campbell-Noble is a delightful girl whom everyone who knows her is sorry to bid farewell.

The Toronto Skating Club will hold a carnival next Wednesday at 8.15 p.m., in the Granite Rink.

Congratulations to Mr. H. A. Richardson, of Walmer road, who has been appointed general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Richardson and his charming wife (*nee* Macdonald, of Georgetown, P.E.I.) have already won the esteem of Torontonians, who are glad to know they will remain in town.

Dr. Goldwin Smith's friends were very glad to hear at mid-week that he was improving. A broken hip at his advanced age is a very serious matter, and condolences and enquiries were incessant for the Sage of the Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett and Miss Acres have gone to Mexico.

The fortunate ladies who won Mrs. Joe Beatty's pretty prizes at her bridge on Monday were Mrs. James Grace, Mrs. Joe Thompson, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mrs. C. Temple and Mrs. R. Fugles.

The swimming contest on Ash Wednesday evening, Monsieur Paul Balbaud's lecture in the afternoon, Mrs. Brown's tea for Miss Jiffkins, her son's *fiancee*, from 4.30 to 6.30, and several small theatre parties to the Princess and Alexandra robbed *Mercredi aux cendres* of some of its gloom.

The funeral of the late lamented Mr. Stewart Field Houston took place on Ash Wednesday at half-past two from his home in Cluny avenue to St. James cemetery chapel. A huge concourse of friends, representing the Hunt and Jockey Clubs, the Toronto Club, the financial and social world, all moved by the sincerest regrets, attended the obsequies.

Miss Adele Austin, of Spadina, gave a skating party on Saturday, after which Mrs. Austin entertained the guests at supper. Mrs. Austin returned recently from a visit of some weeks to her sister Mrs. Jarvis in Buffalo.

Mr. James McLenaghen and the Misses Unsworth of Rosedale, and Dr. Whitley of Gorrie, sail shortly for an extended tour of the Orient.

The Sigma Pi fraternity dance was held on Thursday last at the Metropolitan. The rooms were artistically decorated with palms, daffodils and blue tulle, the latter two representing the fraternity colors. The hostesses were: Mrs. Joy, in black flowered net; Mrs. Van Nostrand in grey crepe de chene; Mrs. Lightbourne, in black lace; and Mrs. Alley, also in a handsome black gown, who with the president received the guests, who were: Dr. and Mrs. Adams, and Mr. and Mrs. Acres, the ladies being gowned in white satin; Miss Marion Lailey wore white and gold, with a gold band in her hair; Miss Elsie Gowans in white satin and wreath; Miss McLean, of Barrie, in pale blue silk mull; Miss Eleanor Wedd, pale green; Miss Dorothy Sywhitt, pink satin and pink in her hair; Miss Grange, white *point d'esprit* and silver hair ornaments; Miss Marion Shreiber, also in white with crystal trimmings; Miss Nina Joy and Miss Marjorie Greene, of Orillia, both in pink; Miss Dorothy McCausland, in a pretty pale blue satin gown; Miss Harvey and Miss Van Duzer, white satin, the latter trimmed with gold, the former with crystal and pearl ornaments; Miss Van Nostrand, in yellow, also Miss Hazel Brown; Miss Jones, pink mull; Miss Cassels, grey satin; Miss May Watson, pale blue silk, with silver fringe; Miss Agnes Gray, of Port Credit, pink flowered net; the Misses Bruce and Lowry, in yellow, the former with touches of black and a rosebud wreath in her hair; and Miss Williams, in blue.

Valentine Party Favors

PROBABLY on no other evening are as many social gatherings held as on February fourteenth.

For these functions the hostess will find at Diamond Hall an abundance of novelties suitable for prizes—all mounted on pretty heart-shaped cards.

Leather Photo Frames 50c to $3.00.	Brass Letter Openers 50c to $2.50.
Bridge Whist Sets 90c to $5.00.	Playing Cards in Leather Cases $1.00 to $2.50.
Leather Bill Folds $1.00 to $5.00.	Leather Bound Address Books 50c to $2.50.
Pocket Manicure Sets $1.50 to $3.50.	Dainty Silk Jewel Bags (Chamois Lined) 50c to $1.00.
Ladies' Card Cases 75c to $6.00	

RYRIE BROS., Limited
134, 136, 138 YONGE ST., TORONTO

In bright cardinal boxes. Every chocolate wrapped 30c. lb.
MICHIE & CO., Limited 7 King West

Mrs. Ames gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. J. W. Beatty gave bridge parties on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Miss Marjorie Murray has gone to Nassau. Mr. Walter Beardmore entertained at dinner on Saturday evening. Miss Joan Arnoldi is visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier in Ottawa.

On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, 72 Carlton Street, gave a tea, the first I believe at which she has been hostess since taking up residence in the old Cameron homestead. Mr. Cameron received with the hostess, who looked very bright and pretty in a black and white lace gown with bands of dull rose as trimming. The cheery open fires in the beautiful rooms were very grateful owing to the sudden drop in the temperature on that afternoon. The teatable was decorated with daffodils in a glass bowl and small vases of lily of the valley and violets set about it, the effect being very dainty and charming. Miss Huston of Orangeville, a sister of the hostess, and several girl friends assisted in the tea-room. D'Alesandro's orchestra played in the musicians' gallery at the east end of the art gallery, where hang some fine old pictures. During the afternoon Mrs. George Clark sang a setting of one of James Whitcombe Riley's poems, with much verve and expression. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Owen Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lane, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wright, Dr. Wright, Miss Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alley, Mr. and Mrs. George Howland, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Miss Rutherford, Mrs. and Miss Horrocks, Mr. Clifford Brown, Mrs. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand, Mrs. and Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Mackay, Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. John Morison, Mr. Hugh Barwick, and some others.

The lamentable death from typhoid, in the prime of manhood, of Mr. Stewart Houston, at his home in Cluny Avenue on Monday, was a great shock to his family and friends, and to the public who have known him for years as the clever director of the Massey Hall, and Secretary of the Horse Show. Mr. Houston's hold upon the public was wonderful, and his graceful and courteous manner, handsome presence, great discretion and judgment and extreme cleverness in the special line of his work are too well known to need comment. Noted artists the world over will bear tribute to his unique talent in this particular, while society has lost one of her most sauve and attractive members. Very sincere sympathy is with Mrs. Houston in her bereavement. One charmingly lovely little girl is the child surviving. Mr. Houston was the son of Ven. Archdeacon Houston of Niagara Falls, and Mrs. Houston is the daughter of the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. The family connection is very large on both sides.

The engagement of Mr. Otter Stewart and Miss Dorothy Lowson-Ness, of London, Eng., was announced a few days since. The young lady is visiting her sister-inlaw-elect, Mrs. Roberts in Bloor Street.

Montreal Society

Montreal, Feb. 9, 1910.

THE Earl Grey Skating Club masquerade on Monday night was a beautiful spectacle, and some two thousand people in the Arena looked on with admiring interest at the grace and skill of the skaters, who in picturesque costumes glided hither and thither in a series of warmly-colored groupings, wove through the intricacies of the Maypole dance, or dashed around the rink in the fleet chariot race. The masquerade began with a grand march led by Lady Evelyn Grey and Mr. J. C. C. Almon. Lady Evelyn, who was in eighteenth century military costume, won the waltzing competition, her partner being Mr. Ormond Haycock, of the Minto Club, while Miss Vivy Mudge won the chariot race, driving Mr. Harold Cook and Mr. Boucher. His Excellency Earl Grey and a party of English visitors from Government House, including the Countess of Harewood, the Countess of Dartrey, and Mr. and Mrs. George Montagu, came by special train from Ottawa for the carnival. The Vice-regal party were received at the Arena entrance by Mrs. Henry Joseph, president of the club, the honorary president, Sir Edward Clouston, Mrs. Charles Hole, Mr. Cecil McDougall, and other officials, and conducted to the boxes reserved for them. Among those having box parties were Miss Clouston, Lady Shaughnessy, Mrs. Campbell MacDougall, Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields and her daughter, Mrs. Prentice and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. MacTier, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, Mr. C. M. Hays and his daughters. After the carnival, Mrs. Henry Joseph entertained His Excellency and distinguished visitors at supper at the Windsor Hotel.

Several hostesses entertained at tea on Tuesday afternoon, the last day before Lent. Mrs. G. A. Mooney, Dorchester street, had invited many of her friends for that afternoon, when her daughter, Miss Evelyn Mooney, assisted her in welcoming the guests. Mrs. Alister Mackenzie, Dorchester street, was another hostess, and Mrs. Buchanan, Westmount avenue, was "at home" for Miss Olive Buchanan. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. E. A. Bernard had a largely attended tea for her daughter, Miss Helen Bernard, who received with her in a pretty cream ninon gown. Mrs. James Barclay and Miss Sims poured the tea and coffee, and among those assisting in the tea-room were Mrs. Malcom Barclay, Miss Bernard's cousin, Miss Dorothy Judah, Miss Winifred Sims, and Miss Marjorie Pyke. Another hostess on Saturday afternoon was Mrs. Wilfred Barnes, Grosvenor avenue, who came here as a bride from Boston two or three years ago. Mr. Barnes, who is the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Barnes, received with his wife, the guests being of both sexes. The young hostess wore an amber satin gown, and had her tea-table done with daffodils. Miss Andrews, of New York, was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Clarence V. Christie, formerly Miss Edith Mowatt (daughter of the Rev. Dr. Mowatt) held her post-nuptial reception at her home on Grosvenor avenue, Tuesday afternoon. Many of her girlhood friends and older matrons called to greet the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Grant Morden have arrived in Montreal from an extended wedding trip, and have taken apartments at "The Linton." Mrs. Morden was Miss Doris Henshaw, whose parents formerly resided in Montreal, but are now living in Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Morden have been visiting various places in the South, going from California to Florida, since their marriage.

Miss Ada Lindsay is having an enviable opportunity of "seeing the world." With her aunt, Mrs. Edward Lewis, of Vancouver, she has visited China, Japan, and, I think, India, and will spend the remainder of the winter in Egypt, going there from a stay in London.

Mrs. H. H. Vachell Koelle, who had been staying in Great Britain since last spring, has returned to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Koelle are at the Place Viger for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Anna Chapin Ray, the author of "The Bridge-builders of Quebec," "By the Bonne Ste. Anne," etc., was a recent visitor in the city, a guest of Miss Ethelwyn Crossley and also of Mrs. T. J. Drummond, who was a school-girl friend of the author in Connecticut. Miss Ray is an American, but delights in the Canadian winter, and finds much of her inspiration in historic and quaint Quebec.

Mrs. Fred Meredith's dance at the Windsor proved quite as blithesome as anticipated by the two hundred or more young people who had invitations. The dance, which was for Mrs. Meredith's debutante daughter, Miss Armorel Thomas, was not a whit the less enjoyed for coming in mid-season, and Miss Thomas came out at one of the big subscription balls, so that she has not missed preceding gayeties. The Ladies' Ordinary was the apartment chosen for dancing, and posters announcing the numbers took the place of formal programmes. Mrs. Meredith, who was one of a group of Toronto sisters noted for their good looks, wore a very becoming gown of rose-colored satin, and her pretty daughter was in maize-colored satin, and had some lovely flowers. Miss Wright, of Ottawa, who came down for the ball, was one of the hostess's immediate party. Supper was served in the Green room.

Another very delightful dance was the one given last Friday night by Mrs. D. Lorne McGibbon at her beautiful residence on Ontario avenue, in honor of her cousin, Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, and a New York guest, Miss O'Day. It was a young people's party, with the married people not quite left out, and dancing went on in both the drawing room and the dining room, which were arranged with roses and early spring flowers, chiefly daffodils, in profusion. The bright hostess was gowned in white satin with overdress of fine lace. Miss Nesbitt wore pink chiffon, and Miss O'Day was in white tulle with silver trimmings and garniture of rosebuds.

The Royal Victoria College girls had a jolly skating party and dance on Friday night. The first part of the evening's fun took place on the rink softly illumined with Chinese lanterns, after which there was adjournment to the College for refreshments and dancing in the assembly hall. Miss Hurlbatt the warden, and staff were hostesses.

Dr. J. W. Robertson, who recently resigned as principal of the Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and who is known throughout Canada for his many years' work in the cause of agriculture, is sailing for Europe, and will spend the next year investigating along his chosen lines. Mrs. Robertson accompanies him.

Mrs. M. H. Day, Pine avenue, was "at home" to a large number of her friends one afternoon recently, that they might meet her guest, Mrs. Durant, of Philadelphia (Miss Marjorie Day's *fiance* is Mr. Harrison Durant). Mrs. J. A. Mackay and another bride, Mrs. Douglas Gurd, with Mrs. J. P. Black, poured the tea and dispensed the ices, with the assistance of Mrs. Gavin Milroy, Miss Rosalind Stone and Miss Mary Tooke. A largely attended reception was held by Mrs. M. C. Chenoweth, Western avenue, the hostess, in black satin, with her daughter, Miss Helen Chenoweth, in pink, receiving in an alcove fragrant with red roses, and as the drawing room filled, the guests passed into the dining room, where they were served with tea and "five o'clock" delicacies by Mrs. W. Fisher, Mrs. W. B. Hurd, Mrs. Stanford Ivey, Mrs. Ahern and several girls. Mrs. C. E. Moyse (wife of Dean Moyse, of McGill) was one of several hostesses whose afternoon teas were pleasantly informal and not very large.

H. VINCENT MEREDITH, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

Owing to the death of Sir George Drummond, President of the Bank of Montreal, the vacant position will, in all probability, fall to Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., and it is but natural to presume that the general managership of this great institution will be taken over by Mr. Meredith, who is next in the line of promotion. Mr. Meredith, who comes from an old Ontario family, and who was born in London, Ont., and is a brother of Chief Justice Meredith, joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal in 1867, entering the service at Hamilton, Ont. In 1879 he became accountant at the main office in Montreal, and he has step by step worked his way to his present position.

Mrs. W. Peterson, wife of the principal of McGill University, was the hostess at a delightful musicale recently. Mrs. Henry Joseph entertained at a dinner party of twelve, for Mrs. Gerald Brophy of New York who was visiting Montreal for a few days staying at the Windsor, and for Miss Marguerite Carr-Harris, Mrs. Joseph's guest from Kingston. Mrs. D. C. Macarow entertained some ladies at luncheon on Friday, and Mrs. Fred Southam also had a luncheon party that day at her home on the Belvidere road.

B. E.

News of New Silks Arriving

THE following are new arrivals registered in our Silk Department within the last few days:—

Madame Swiss Messaline.
Duchesse Swiss Messaline.
Madamoiselle Paillette.
Madame Peau de Soie.
Princess Satin de Chine.

The Costumes worn by these notable ladies of quality will interest our feminine readers. They represent the newest shades fashionable in Europe. Seaweed Green, Copper, Wisteria, Russian Blue and Heron. The quality of their ladyships while aristocratic is not indicated by the high and haughty bearing of their figures—50c, 65c, 75c, 85c and $1.00 per yard.

Daily receptions are being held in the Silk Department.

NATURAL SHANTUNGS.

Most fashionable Silk for Spring Dresses, Waists, Wraps, etc., bright, even, hand-loom weaves, in dull Holland or lustrous tussore finishes; presents a smart and stylish appearance; recommended for durability and washing qualities; 35 inches wide. Selling for 55c, 69c, 73c, 83c per yard.

New Dress and Suiting Fabrics Also

Black Broadcloths, now from France, light weights for dresses and Spring suits, 52 inches wide. Per yard, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

New Silk and Wool Bedford Cords, with dainty silk stripe, in all the pretty Spring shades, 44 in. wide, per yard, $1.00.

New French Cashmere de Soie, for evening and reception wear gowns, silk and wool uncrushable fabric, 42 and 44 inches wide. Per yard, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.25.

Shadow Stripe French Poplin, new season's shades, 42 inches wide. Per yard, $5.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

THE nutritive value of much of what we eat depends largely upon its being served hot. Ill-prepared and half-cold meals are ruinous to digestion and repellant to appetite.

With the great convenience and economy of electricity there is no excuse for either. Breakfast, of all meals, must be prepared quickly and made especially appetizing.

As a handy and helpful aid to the busy housewife our

ELECTRIC TOASTER

will be found extremely useful. It is a neat and attractive table convenience finished in nickel steel, and enables one to serve the toast crisp, brown and hot just when it is required. Simple to operate and very economical. One cent for a dozen slices. Price of toaster, $4.50. Come and see it demonstrated and taste the delicious, creamy toast it makes.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED
12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

The King's Sunday.

KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra prefer to spend Sunday at Sandringham rather than anywhere else, but, as a matter of fact, they are seldom able to do so, and it is indeed doubtful if Their Majesties are at Sandringham on more than a dozen Sundays in the year. Sunday at Sandringham is observed by Their Majesties as it is in many country homes, but perhaps the King and Queen spend the Sabbath more in accordance with traditional English ideas than others.

Among the Sunday guests at Sandringham is frequently some well-known cleric who comes to preach at morning service in the quiet, homely little chapel where so many crowned heads and other distinguished persons have worshipped. Their Majesties always make a point of joining their guests at breakfast on Sunday when at Sandringham, which, on ordinary occasions, is served to the Sovereign and his Consort in their private apartments.

A feature of Sunday at Sandringham is the assembly of the whole house party that takes place in the great hall a quarter of an hour before church time. Their Majesties join the gathering and chat to their guests until it is time to set out for church. The King and Queen, with any other members of the Royal family who may be present, lead the way, and are followed by the rest.

After church comes lunch, to which some of the residents near Sandringham are often bidden. It is a most unceremonious meal, and unless the party is a very large one, all sit at one long table, the Queen at the head and His Majesty at the foot. After lunch the Queen takes some of the guests to inspect the doves and other of her pets at Sandringham, whilst the King may go for a stroll round the home farm with a few of his friends, accompanied very often by Mr. Beck, the agent for the Sandringham estate, with whom his Majesty will sometimes take afternoon tea.

The hours between tea and dinner time are usually spent by the Queen in her private drawing room, where she writes letters to the immediate members of the Royal family. One of these is always to Prince Edward.

As far as possible, affairs of State are not allowed to interfere with the calm of Sunday at Sandringham; the dispatches for the King, which are sent down to Sandringham twice a day on Sunday, are read by a secretary, but they are not dealt with or brought under the King's notice unless they are of an especially urgent character. Sometimes, however, a King's messenger arrives with a special dispatch requiring immediate attention, and then, for perhaps half an hour or so, His Majesty has to devote himself to affairs of State.

When the Court is at Buckingham Palace the normal course of affairs is quite altered on Sundays. The members of the household rise an hour later on Sunday, and the number of ladies-in-waiting on the Queen and the equerries in attendance on His Majesty is reduced usually by one-half. The non-resident members of the household, except on special occasions, such as when some foreign Royal guest is being entertained by Their Majesties, do not as a rule attend at Court on Sunday.

Divine service is held at 11.30 a.m. in the private chapel, which the King and Queen always attend. The chapel is not open to the public, but members of the household are allowed to bring their friends to services on certain occasions. A very strict rule is that the whole congregation must be in their seats five minutes before the service begins, and this regulation is scrupulously observed by Their Majesties themselves.

After service the Royal party, which frequently includes the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children if they are in London, takes a walk in the Palace grounds before luncheon, after which the Queen generally goes to Marlborough House, where she constantly dines on Sundays.

Both the King and Queen dislike anything being done on Sunday that entails extra work on the servants of the establishment at which they may be guests, says M.A.P., and in this connection a story is told of a mild reproof administered by the King to a certain peer with whom Their Majesties stayed for the week-end last year.

Shortly before church time, three powerful motor-cars came round to the hall door to convey the party to church, which was by road about a mile from the peer's residence. By taking a short cut through the park the distance was lessened by more than half. When the King discovered this fact he determined to walk to church. "I really thought," said his Majesty to his host, "when I saw these motor-cars that we were going to a church in the next county." Needless to say, the motor-cars were promptly sent back to the garage.

A Child's Devotion.

THE little daughters of the Czar are devoted to their parents, but the third child, Marie, makes an idol of her father. It is said of her that as a tiny child she would escape from her nursery whenever she could and go and look for him, and if she saw him at a distance, would call to him to wait for her until she could toddle to him. When the little Grand Duchess was six years old her father was seriously ill and her grief was most unusual. For hours she would lie on the floor and listen for his footstep, the nurses being obliged to lock the doors for fear she would manage to reach his rooms. At last her mother took her to the Czar's room, and her rapture at seeing him was extraordinary. The Empress was wearing a miniature of the Czar set in jewels, and this her little daughter seized, covering the picture with kisses. The Empress was much impressed with the child's outburst, and during the rest of the Czar's illness the little Grand Duchess was allowed to have the portrait which she fondled most of the day and carefully took to bed with her at night.

Baroness Uchida, wife of the new Japanese Ambassador to the United States, is a graduate of Bryn Mawr.

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What is Being Worn.

AT this time of year it is quite impossible to tell what is and what is not fashionable, for the designs of winter have not yet given place to those of spring, and the big dressmakers are about the only people who can hazard a guess as to what will prevail later on. Just now one may wear almost anything in reason with the certain belief that no one will criticize it, as no one will be in a position to do so, all being alike in the dark as to what fashion will reign supreme once cloaks are laid aside.

A very pretty gown which is a charming modification of the "fish-wife" model, was recently designed in a dull green crepe of heavy weight. There is something suggestive of both the princess and the Russian coat in the dress which is really a combination of ideas taken from several distinct modes. The upper part of the gown is in jumper effect and close fitting, the skirt being attached half way between the waist line and the knee, the line of the join being marked by the deep stitched hem of the jumper. The skirt is tucked all around the upper part for a depth of a foot or so, except where two single box pleats appear at either side of the front producing a panel effect. The jumper has a chemisette of tucked white net inset with lace, and the sleeves are tucked on the upper part as far as the turned back edges of the cap sleeves, the under sleeves being slightly full and caught in at the wrist with a cuff of embroidery. Bands of the same embroidery extend from the rows of stitching at the hem of the jumper in front, across the shoulders, and end at the hem in the back. Between the two bands the jumper is closely tucked for a depth of twelve inches or so. The belt, which is of a dull shade of green velvet, is threaded under the bands of embroidery and fastened with a big green and silver enamelled buckle.

A DRAPED GOWN.

This prettily draped princess gown is carried out in a soft shade of green silk and soft woollen goods, the gown itself being of the latter. The drapery is entirely new in style and is very becoming to a slight figure. The smart hat is of green beaver trimmed with plumes of the same tone.

A charming little princess gown is carried out in cream silk tucked in groups in long lines extending from the tight fitting lace bolero to the hem of the skirt. Between these lines of tucks fine Valenciennes lace is arranged in scroll design and also in deep bands, the effect being extremely girlish and pretty. The bolero-like effect in which the lace is arranged on the waist extends in circular form over the shoulders above which appear rows of fine stitching and lace medallions, the work being very carefully done by hand. The sleeves are a little more than elbow length, and have medallions of lace insertion.

A very smart dress for restaurant wear is carried out in black satin and lace, a combination that is always effective when well used. This particular design has a suggestion of the Russian about it and is exceedingly pretty. The close-fitting trailing skirt is of the satin which hangs in soft folds and is finished about four inches from the hem with a band of black Chantilly lace about three inches wide. The distinction of the design lies in the upper part of the model which is of black Chantilly lace, carried out in a modified tunic effect. The lace, closely fitting over a black satin foundation, forms the bodice which is cut out in graceful lines at the neck, the collarless chemisette being of closely tucked white tulle outlined with narrow black insertion. The tunic effect is suggested by the lace which forms a panel in front starting at the bust line and hanging to the foot of the front of the tunic which ends half way to the knees. The tunic gradually slopes towards the back until it almost lies on the train. The edge of the tunic, save where the panel appears, is edged with a deeply scalloped lace edging, which is also used to form the cap-like sleeves which reach to the elbow. Under the lace sleeves are others of white tulle which end half way between the elbow and the wrist. A narrow band of the lace similar to that outlining the chemisette forms the belt and ends at each side of the panel. For wear with this gown a large black tulle hat has been designed, the crown being entirely of purple pansies in wonderful shades of the flowers, a big bow of the tulle adding a finishing touch.

The Newest Summer Fabrics.

THE most charming new materials are shown for summer wear, these being produced thus early in the season for the benefit of the women who are going south. In many of these fabrics floral designs play a conspicuous part and some of them suggest the Dolly Varden fashions of long ago. All sorts of goods are shown ranging from dainty crepes and pretty printings to the sheerest of muslins and the heaviest of linens. Among the summer goods displayed one may find charming silks, voiles, dimities and ginghams.

There are many new linens and almost all are equally fascinating. Some of the imported weaves are bound to be popular, including the Dutch and Italian which are woven on hand looms. Another attractive form in which linen comes is in the fine French handkerchief weave which is to be had in the most beautiful tones. Tussore weave linen which strongly suggests silk, is also bound to be a favorite while linen etamine, diagonal French linen and striped and mercerized linen suiting are bewildering in their variety.

IN RUSSIAN EFFECT.

Made in Russian style in a manner that strongly suggests the tunic, this gown of black crepe is particularly effective because of its long, graceful lines. The chemisette and undersleeves are of white lace, the only trimming being the jet ornaments which fasten the gown.

A material that is very pretty is known as poplin brilliant and is half silk and half wool. Other materials include a variety of piques, striped and latticed dimities, and much figured light-weight cotton materials.

Materials for gowns for formal occasions have not been overlooked and just as generous provision has been made for frocks for wear in the evening as in the morning. One of the most popular is a fine Brussels net, referred to usually as "tulle" which is being used a good deal for smart afternoon and evening dresses for wear in the south. Many of these nets are figured with the Paquin dot, a spot which in size is about that of a small coin or a large pea, the dots being close together. One may also have allover printed French nets in exquisite floral designs, the favorite flower being roses which are shown in a wealth of coloring on white grounds. Some of these nets or tulles have fancy borders, the Persian being a first favorite although some have floral designs to match the pattern of the material.

The new pecheur nets are lovely, many of them have a double ring of white and color interlaced on a very light, open mesh in single threads of the color forming a double cross bar. These come in many shades and are very charming for evening wear.

A certain popularity is promised for foulard silks and the standard combination of navy blue and white is to be had in many pretty effects as well as other colors. Voile still holds its own, and the bordered effects are very attractive. In all the materials so far shown in anticipation of summer there is a marked degree of novelty and the charm of the hot-weather gown promises to be greater than ever.

VOGUE.

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New Spring Materials

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Foulards are certainly to the fore this season, and in anticipation of many orders our buyer secured a large range of the many pretty designs. The new Shantungs, Pongees and diagonal Tussores, in the new cord and crepe effects, are also very popular, as well as the new serge twills and diagonals.

Do not fail to see all these new materials.

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These up-to-date and practical buttons should be on all your wash wear, because they won't come off in the laundry. Perfectly flat, easy to iron over. No shanks to rust or loosen, no sawinghole edges to cut the threads, nothing to break or tear. Sewed directly through the middle, they are as firm as a part of the garment itself, an ornament and a convenience.

LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE Buttons are hand-made, in the dainty designs shown here, wrought in perfectly pure white threads of cotton, mercerized or silk. Beautiful and distinct in design, strong in make, faultless in finish, these buttons are a tasteful trimming and most serviceable fastening for lingerie, corset covers, pillow cases, lace yokes, girdles, guimpes, wash skirts, babies' wardrobe, the children's dresses (will not scratch furniture). The even thinness of LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE requires only a narrow buttonhole which the rounded edge of the button can never fray nor wear ragged. Therefore, *shirt-waists*, provided with these new idea fasteners, will positively stay buttoned.

LINDNER'S LITTLE LACE come in 15 sizes (10 to 50), to meet the nicest requirements. According to size, they cost from 12c to 25c in pure white (only) cotton, 20c to $1 in white or fast color mercerized, 30c to $2 in silk, per dozen.

THE MERCERIZED grade is the newest, most perfect, highest class wash button made. Warranted fast colors. Comes in all the delicate spring shades, pink, sky, lavender, pongee, tan, linen, etc., also all the new *special shades* set by fashion for 1910.

Our up-to-the-minute novelty, THE MERCERIZED in *two-tone* effects, are marvels of beauty. The first lady who saw them made and matched a dress to them, so great was her admiration. The two-tones come in snowwhite and pink, snowwhite and sky, lavender, etc. No prettier or more useful fastener and ornament can be imagined for mercerized, linen, or cotton tub dresses. Even on very sheer goods, dimities, batistes, etc., these fine hand-made lace buttons are in their rightful place.

SEND TO-DAY FOR A TRIAL DOZEN (shirt waist size), enclosing 12c for pure white cotton, 25c for mercerized (white, one or two colored), or 30c for silk. We will enclose samples of other pretty wash button patterns we make (some in linen, also an indestructible, very low priced button at 6c the dozen for plain underwear) with circulars showing all sizes, and 15 new designs in soutache, jet, crochet buttons, etc. Write which interests you.

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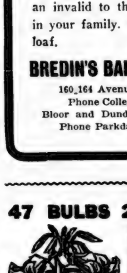

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JAN. 29, 1910.

"THE tumult and the shouting dies" is a very appropriate motto for this week's London letter, which is written almost at the close of the most exciting election, and the one fraught with the most serious consequences, in many years. As to whose defeat is foreshadowed by "the captains and the kings depart," to quote the "Recessional" still further, is a bit doubtful. This is really a victory to both sides and to neither. The results of yesterday's pollings are not yet published, but it is expected that the new House of Commons will be represented by 279 Unionists, 269 Radicals, 40 Socialists, 72 Nationalists, and 10 Independent Nationalists. This makes the coalition majority about 112 or thereabouts. There are still seven members to be elected; one in England, two in Ireland, and four in Scotland, but the result is practically decided without waiting to hear from these belated ones. They say that in Orkney and Shetland canvassing is practically useless. The simple God-fearing people respect a conscience regardless of which political party the especial conscience belongs to.

In a sense this election is a victory for tariff Reform, for the simple reason that that was the chief war-cry of the Unionists, and upon that they have increased their vote by 568,652. The Liberals, on the other hand, had several war-cries. They ignored unemployment and foreign competition, but raised the cry of "Down with the Lords," "Tax the Land," "Horseflesh and Black Bread," and the high cost of living in protected countries, without regard to the better wages. The Premier's promise of Home Rule for Ireland was another attraction. The result is a triumph, literally, for the Liberals; *i.e.*, for the combination of Liberals, Socialists, Nationalists, and Independent Nationalists, but it means that Mr. Asquith is entirely dependent upon the goodwill of the Irish, and this is a broken reed upon which a whole Government must lean. It looks as if the unfortunate Premier were in for a most unhappy period. He must conciliate the Nationalists, keep the Socialists on his side, and parry the attacks of a large body of very united Unionists. It is a bad blow also to the Government that so many of the Cabinet were defeated. Colonel Seely, Under-Secretary, Colonial Office; Sir Henry Norman, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. F. D. Acland, Mr. R. K. Causton, Paymaster-General, and Mr. J. A. Pease, Chief Liberal Whip, all went down on the battlefield, and in the present state of affairs it seems unlikely that Liberal members just elected will resign their seats in order to give these gentlemen a chance of winning them and re-entering the Government. The defeat of Mr. Pease is a matter of real regret to both parties, for he was popular with the Unionists as well as with his own people.

There will be very many changes, therefore, in the new Government. Mr. Herbert Gladstone leaves for South Africa, and his position as Home Secretary will be vacant. It is said that Mr. John Burns, who is another Liberal popular with all parties, would like to have the position. There is also talk of Mr. Reginald McKenna being removed from the Admiralty and given the place of Paymaster-General, succeeding Mr. Causton, and it is further stated that Mr. Winston Churchill is casting sheep's-eyes at Ireland, and would like the position of Chief Secretary now held by Mr. Birrell. In this connection it is interesting to recall that his grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at one time, when both he and the Duchess were well-liked by the people, and that his own father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was his father's secretary, and always deeply interested in that most "distressful country."

Meantime the general feeling appears to be that there will be another general election within the next year or eighteen months. Neither party is really in power, when there are so many conflicting elements, and in one sense the country is as badly off as before the election.

* * *

THE King and Queen go in state to open the new Parliament, which will be the third Parliament of King Edward VII., on February 21. This is always a most beautiful sight, whether you are among the elect with a ticket for the Royal Gallery, through which the Royal procession passes, or whether you are a sight-seer standing in Whitehall to watch the grand sight from the pavement. All the

King Edward VII's State Coach, used for Opening of Parliament.

peers and other high dignitaries drive in their state coaches, and the King and Queen, looking like people in a fairy story, drive in the great coach, only used for state occasions, drawn by eight cream-colored ponies (on'y used by the Royal family, and shot when they are too old for work), with postillions in gay dress, and accompanied by the Yeomen of the Guard.

* * *

THE excitement over the election has been something most interesting to experience. People of all classes have united in the demonstrations, and with it all there has been a most amazing lack of disorderly conduct. In some parts of the country there have been instances of ruffianism, but taking into account the enormous number of people interested, and the intense feeling on both sides, the conduct of the masses has been admirable. The announcing of the election results have been the feature at all the music-halls. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has been dancing at the Palace, for that home for boys of which you heard in Canada some time ago, but her debut was eclipsed by the showing on a screen of the election results.

At every performance the house went wild—this applies to all the "halls"—and if anyone still believes that old fable about the impassivity of the English, and their lack of expression when moved, those persons should have been at the Alhambra, the Empire, or the Palace, in the evening, and watched the men and women in the stalls as well as in the pit and gallery, rise to their feet, wave handkerchiefs and hats, and shout for their party.

At the Alhambra the other night the results were very appropriately "put on" between the two parts of that lovely ballet, "Our Flag," in which all parts of the Empire are represented by graceful girls. In this Canada plays a very prominent part, for not only are there a great many dancers to represent Canada, but charming "Miss Canada" dances and coquettes with John Bull and Jonathan, ending by throwing herself into the arms of the former, which appears to please the audience. The great massing of the colonies and oversea Dominions around Britannia is a magnificent sight, and no one coming over to this side just now should miss it.

* * *

TALKING of the election reminds one to mention the part the suffragists have played. Outside every polling place in London, ladies stood on election days asking the voters to sign a petition in favor of women's suffrage.

"Some of them gave such funny reasons against," said one brave little woman, who had stood with her knees knocking together with stage fright, for four hours in a slummy neighborhood, pleading with voters to help the cause.

"I asked one old man who looked rather cross, and he said: 'No, Miss, I won't, and that's flat! Just you ladies get two pockets in your frocks, and cut a few inches off your skirts, and then I'll think about it. I won't while you dress like you do now.' My friend and protector, the big policeman, was greatly amused. 'Well, Miss,' he said (as it happens I am the mother of a family, but no matter), 'I never heard a queerer reason against ladies voting than that. I'll wager his missus wears her skirts dragging all over the place.' "

A small item connected with the election may interest you. The underground ran extra trains at night in order that those enthusiasts who wished to hear the returns could get home comfortably. In the fortnight since elections began the companies interested have taken in £2,000 from those trains alone.

Talk about England not being enterprising! At one big hotel every guest in the place was supplied with the election returns within five minutes of their being known. Special arrangements were made for the results to be sent to the hotel on the telephone, a corps of clerks waited to copy them on slips with the aid of carbon paper; a small army of bell-boys waited to snatch them, and then each boy flew off to the rooms to which he had been assigned and disposed of his slips to the waiting guests.

At the office of the Primrose League on Victoria street the results were posted in the windows as fast as they came in, and there have been crowds each day watching out in the street, and cheering as each fresh one appeared.

It is rather an object lesson in Imperialism that "Fighting Joe Martin" and Mr. Donald MacMaster, both Canadians, although on opposite sides, were elected in England by good majorities; at least Mr. MacMaster received an enormous majority of 4,613, against a Liberal majority in that constituency, Chortsey, Surrey, in 1906.

* * *

TO-MORROW is the anniversary of the death of King Charles, and to-day there are many wreaths at the base of his statue in Trafalgar Square.

M. E. MacL. M.

Princess Juliana's Name.

THE selection of Juliana as the name of the heiress to the throne of the Netherlands was certainly a wise one, as it is associated with that excellent princess who was Juliana of Stolberg, wife of William the Rich, and mother of William the Silent. Her life was spent during the days of the Spanish wars when the country was ravaged by the armies under the command of the Duke of Alva. Mother of fifteen children, she lost four of her sons on the battlefield. Noted for her bravery and devotion to her country, she was also a good wife and a splendid manager. William the Silent was an adoring son, grim soldier though he was, and his last thoughts and words were of his mother. One of his daughters married the Elector Palatine, and became mother of Frederick of Bohemia, who married Elizabeth Stuart, Princess Royal of England. From her, the Royal family of England is descended.

Colored Women's Rights Movement.

SINCE Susan went to cook in town
She vows Ah try to hold her down;
She buzzes 'roun' 'bout wimmin's rights
En den she stays out late et nights;
En when Ah hint det home's her place
She frowns en says right to mah face:
"Man, yo' know Ah'm organizin'!"
Ah clah, det gal she act surprisin'.

She organize de Suffrage Club
Det says we men shud cook de grub;
She organize sum uddeh bosh
En hints det man shud lahn to wash;
She organize de Freedom Lodge,
En all good husban's hes to dodge
De pans en brooms det cum deh way
Ef dey but hes a word to say.

So Ah stay home wid de Jims en de Ginnies,
En all de res' obe de p'ckaninnies,
En cook de meals en set de table
En scrub de pans out when Ah'm able;
Sweep de flo' en wash de dishes,
While Sam peeps in
Wit a ten inch grin;
His wife she wash en Sam he fishes.

—Victor A. Hermann.

Will you try A loaf of
WESTON'S
Real Home Made Bread

This is not Bread of ordinary make. It is superior quality made from the heart of the best wheat grown. It is nutritious and sweet and good.

5 Cents Small Loaf

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One of the nicest things you could possibly send her for St. Valentine's would be a basket or hamper of fresh, sweet-smelling violets—those dainty, gentle harbingers of Spring. We put them up in appropriate designed baskets, tied with violet ribbons or rich silk cord and tassels to match.

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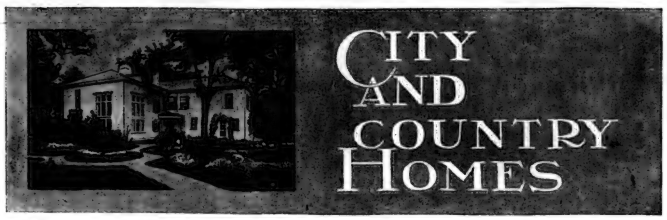

An Interesting Clinker Brick House.

THE residence of Mr. Wm. F. Sparling, a Toronto architect, a number of pictures of which appear in the "City and Country Homes" department this week, is a study in clinker brick. Some people—even people who are not at all narrow in the views on house-building—do not care for clinker brick walls, and especially the very rough and "warty." But it must be admitted by the most unappreciative of this sort of wall construction, that in the case of Mr. Sparling's house a most pleasing effect has beeen attained. In fact it would be difficult to imagine a house better suited to the site. And, of course, the site suggested the use of clinker brick. But the owner and architect went to the extreme of getting the roughest ones he could find. As a rule the smoothest of these bricks are used for facing a wall, with occasional rough ones perhaps introduced for the sake of variety. But Mr. Sparling used only the rough knobs for the outside face. And for the sake of contrast a strip of roughcast was plastered on the brick a little above the floor-line of the second story. The effect produced, together with the cottage roof and the excellent arrangement of the windows, gives the house the appearance of having grown up naturally amid its surroundings. Care was also taken in selecting the brick for their colors. Those used take on in summer, and especially in damp weather, dark greenish brown shades, and in the winter lighter brown and straw tones. It may be added for the benefit of the uninitiated that clinker brick are not specially made. As that excellent monthly Journal, Construction, recently explained, in burning the kiln for stock brick, the bricks next to the fire fuse and run out of shape, forming in the shape of clinkers.

The lot on which this house is built is on the edge of a wood, and as will be seen from the photograph of the exterior, it contains a considerable number of forest trees. The walks and piazza are done in red tile, and this with a mottled green roof, completes the attractive, rustic picture.

The interior arrangement is excellent, the plan being very compact. On one side of the house are the living room, the dining room, and a large verandah at the rear. On the other are a reception room, hall, kitchen and pantry. The floors throughout are of plain-cut oak, being prefered by the owner to quarter-cut oak, which he considers is more suitable for furniture. And black ash has been preferred to oak for the trim. Upstairs there are four bed rooms. The bathroom is tiled and has a marble shower.

RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. F. SPARLING, GLEN ROAD, TORONTO.
A very attractive clinker brick house which harmonizes charm ingly with its rustic surroundings.

Decorating the Nursery.

DURING the last few years a great change, as everybody knows, has come over domestic architecture, and an altogether new idea as to home furnishing is abroad. The living room has become the main feature of the home, but the wise home-maker carries the idea of livableness into all the other rooms of his house as well. And much care is taken to make the nursery quaintly attractive. May Lewis, writing in The House Beautiful on nursery decoration, says:

It was my privilege, not long ago, to be shown the decorative frieze that was being painted in a new house on the walls of the room to be used by the children of the family. The walls were first tinted a soft cream color in a washable preparation from the floor to within about four feet of the ceiling—with the same tint applied for a foot from the ceiling down; and the intervening space, which was a yard in width, had as a ground color a pale shade of light green—hardly more than a hint of color; for this space was the frieze—and thereon was depicted many of the characters of Mother Goose fame in the perfect abandon of rollicking fun for which that whimsical old dame's brain-children were noted.

The fairy who was wielding the wand of transformation (in the form of the paint brush) was a young woman artist of unusual ability along the line of creating veritable "valleys of delight" for children—and just as my hostess ushered me into the room, she was putting the finishing touches to an exceedingly life-like cow, in the very act of taking her memorable jump over the moon: while nearby sat the cat industriously plying the bow of a fat viol—which so pleased the "little dog" that one involuntarily listened for the canine chuckle that was portrayed on his grinning countenance. Then came the three "wise men of Gotham" rocking recklessly on a painted sea in their frail bowl: but the unhappy ending

LIVING ROOM, RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. F. SPARLING.
The odd fireplace in this room is not built of stone, but of clinker brick. The hood is of copper. The furniture was made for the room.

ANALYSIS OF
St. Lawrence Sugar
THE STANDARD OF PURITY

Laboratory of Provincial Government Analyst.

MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1909.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co's EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analyzed same and find them uniformly to contain 99-99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc. LL.D.
Provincial Government Analyst.

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BIRTHS.

WIMPERLY—At the Western Hospital, Toronto, on February 9, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wimperly, a son.

A Novel Strike.

A NEW kind of striker has arisen in Europe. If ballet-dancers, choristers, or scene-shifters apply for an increase of pay and meet with a refusal, they say nothing as to the action they will take, but wait until the middle of a performance, and then refuse to go on the stage. There has been a variant of this method of striking at the Royal Opera at Budapest. The choristers had been promised an increase of salary, but owing to a Ministerial crisis which prevented the passing of the Budget, the promise could not be kept. The choristers, however, took no account of the Ministerial crisis. "Tannhauser" was being performed, and the first act passed off without incident. The second act began, and the choristers re-appeared; but they simply moved their lips and gesticulated. Not a sound escaped them. The performance of Wagner's fine opera degenerated into a farce, which was not to the liking of the audience. The auditors not only withheld their sympathy from the strikers, but indulged in booing. The recalcitrant choristers were confounded, and beat a hasty retreat.

In addition to being an artist of more than ordinary merit, Princess Patricia of Connaught is also an extremely able caricaturist, and has done a large number of sketches of various members of the Royal Family at one time and another, some of them being very amusing.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

ENTRANCE HALL OF MR. WM. F. SPARLING'S RESIDENCE.
The photograph gives a glimpse into the reception room, as well as showing the stairway and vestibule entrance.

of their voyage was omitted out of regard for the feelings of the small daughter of the house—since she could never witness the mishap, of anyone, without shedding tears of sympathy. The aforesaid venturesome Gothamites had for neighbors, the pig family—including the one that went to market, the one that dined on roast beef, the home-abiding piglet and his runaway brother, the latter depicted as lustily squealing: "Wee, wee, wee, wee, I can't find my way home!" while to balance these flighty animals there appeared the fat "man of Bombay"—built on such generous lines of rotundity as to require quite a wide wall space: and who, with the bird "called a snipe" that impertinently "flew away with his pipe" formed a most comical and interesting picture.

Then came all the other funny little creatures made famous by Mother Goose—the mouse running up a very realistic "grandfather's clock" the seesawing bout of "Margery Daw" Handy Spandy, with his affected "hop, hop, hop," the well-known "dapple-grey pony" Polly Flinders, warming her "pretty little toes" and "Daffy-down-dilly in her yellow petticoat and green gown" besides several other figures dear to the hearts of children throughout the world. Each group had its own explanatory verse.

DINING ROOM, RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. F SPARLING.
The panels of the walls are covered with green oatmeal paper. Above the plate rail there is a frieze of burnt orange, with the ceiling in yellow. The woodwork is of black ash.

Now while these beautifully executed pictures made a real gallery of the room, unfortunately there are but few persons owning the fat pocketbook that such decorations call for—therefore the majority of us must look about for a less expensive scheme of wall adornment for the pleasure of our little ones; but even decorations of but little or no cost—outside of their application to the nursery walls—need be no less acceptable to the small inmates of the room, since there are few families but what have ample material for such a frieze right at hand in the covers of the magazines that have been read and cast aside.

To-day, there is hardly a magazine publisher but considers it not only an aid to his own financial success, but a deserved tribute to his many subscribers, to make the cover of his publication as attractive as possible: and these covers with their charming designs—which are often the work of artists of high repute—furnish the best possible material for the purpose under consideration.

For very young children, the border should not be placed as high as for older ones—not much above the height of a chair-rail—and any woman of ordinary skill with scissors and paste brush, can do the work with no more fatigue than is experienced after the accomplishment of many of the household duties occurring in the daily routine. A pale cream, light greenish-gray, or the very palest shade of tan, all make a very desirable colored background for these brightly tinted pictures.

If a rabbeted molding is placed at the top and bottom edge of the frieze, the pictures need not be pasted on the wall, but can be slipped into the groove made by rabbeting thus affording an opportunity for a frequent change of pictures; and the same idea can be carried out in the form of panels on the walls—about four of these panels being enough for a sixteen-foot-long side wall.

To get the best effect, apply rabbeted moulding from the baseboard up as high as desired—two strips for each panel with the rabbeted (or grooved) edges facing each other, and as far apart as the pictures are wide; then leave a plain background for twenty-seven inches—then two more strips of molding and so on around the room regulating the space of plain wall between the panels according to the size of the room. The pictures can be slipped inside molding as in the frieze, but must be held together by little clips or fasteners, to prevent slipping down, one over another. The pictures used can also be varied to suit the tastes of the different children, and for the boy whose fancy turns to things nautical—a panel should be devoted to illustrations dealing with this subject, using pictures of all sorts so that this form of decoration can be as useful as it is interesting.

Household Hints.

An outdoor stove, either for home or camping use, can be quickly and conveniently made with an old barrel and a little cement or even with wet clay (says George E. Walsh, in American Homes and Gardens). Put the barrel on the ground and cover it with wet cement, except for one end, and a place through which a piece of stove-pipe is inserted. Give the cement two days in which to harden, and then fill the barrel with kindlings and start a fire. The barrel will burn up, and leave a stout shell of cement as a good stove for future use. Campers sometimes employ this method by burying the barrel in a clay bank, and using the clay for the stove. If the clay is of the right consistency, it will bake hard and make a perfect stove.

* * *

A waterproof canvas for covering articles placed outdoors is a fine thing to have around. Ordinary canvas coverings are far from being waterproof. When the rain has had time to soak in them, they will leak steadily. If such a canvas, old or new, light or heavy, is treated with paraffine and gasolene, it will be rendered absolutely waterproof. Melt paraffine in a kettle until near the boiling point. Then mix twice the quantity of gasolene with it, taking it away from the stove, of course, before adding the gasolene, and after a good stirring apply vigorously with a paint brush. When nearly dry, run over the canvas with a warm iron, so that the paraffine will soak into the fibers of the cloth. Such a treated canvas will not be sticky or oily, and only slightly stiffer and heavier than the untreated. It is so waterproof that it can be laid in water without absorbing any of it. Boat covers of ordinary canvas or sailcloth are treated in this way for general use in rainy weather.

* * *

A use for old newspapers not well known is to use them for filling cracks, crevices and openings in old floors or around the base of a room otherwise quite airtight. Take some newspapers and tear them up into small pieces, and boil them in water until reduced to a pulp. When thus softened, add a little white glue that has been previously melted. Stir thoroughly, and then permit the mixture to cool. While still soft and pliable, fill floor cracks and holes with the paper pulp, and as it dries and hardens, smooth off evenly. When the paper pulp has dried and hardened, it will take paint and stain well. A floor can thus be tightened up, and when painted and stained it will appear a hundred per cent. better. Where the wall base does not join evenly with the floor, fill in the cracks with the same material. This will make cold and draughty floors comfortable.

BEDROOM, RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. F. SPARLING.
Note the harmony between the white furniture and the wall treatment.

The Golden Rule On The Car

The people of Toronto would have a swifter and more comfortable street car service if they co-operated a little more to secure it. After the Toronto Railway Company has given the best service that the City Council will allow it to give, there remains something more to be done, and it must be done by the passengers.

For instance, it very frequently happens that some passengers remain standing in a car because other passengers are occupying twice as much space as they are entitled to.

It is the duty of the conductors to see that as many people as possible are provided with seats, and to do so with courtesy. However, a little thoughtfulness on the part of passengers would make the discharge of this duty a very simple matter.

Another instance of disregard for the rights of others is seen in the dilatory manner in which some people board a car. They approach, mount the steps, and walk toward a seat with an impressive deliberation that is suitable only for a State funeral. It might occur to them that other passengers are in a hurry.

Men who stand smoking on the back platform, grouped round the door in such a manner as to oblige other passengers, especially ladies, to force their way through them, are guilty of a breach of good manners they would not think of committing anywhere but on a street car.

Again, if passengers as they approach their stopping places would move toward the front door so that they can leave the car with as little delay as possible after it stops, they would make matters more pleasant for the rest of the people in the car.

Passengers who are thus inconvenienced can get very little assistance from the conductor of the car. No matter how slow a passenger may be in getting on or off, the conductor must not give the signal to start until the operation has been concluded. So that as long as an inconsiderate minority disregards the rights of others in these little details, the Toronto Railway Company cannot give the service it is trying to give. The citizens of Toronto as a whole have a reputation for courtesy; and travel in a street car, especially in the busy part of the day, will offer plenty of opportunity for its exercise.

THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY

Curiosity is a morbid interest in what's not worth knowing.

* * *

Life is full of bitter disappointments—such as realizing one's ambitions.

* * *

Respectability so often means lack of opportunity.

* * *

The more a man praises the simple life the less anxious he is to live it.

* * *

Where a woman's concerned there's nothing so uncertain as a certainty.

* * *

Never judge your neighbor—for appearances are deceitful and facts are usually wrong.

* * *

Though he is certainly not rare, the self-made man is usually underdone.

* * *

A rose by any other name—might be cheaper.

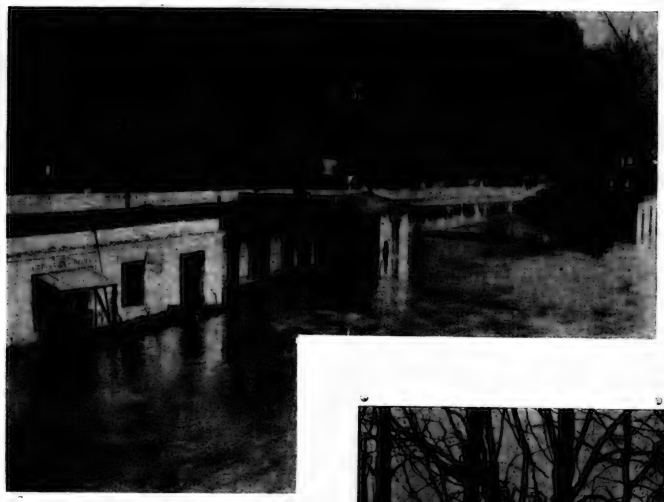
* * *

The pitcher that goes too often to the well has at least seen something of the world before the crash comes.

C. C. M.

Paris and Her Floods

PARIS, which is just recovering from the effects of the recent flood, has had many similar catastrophes in her history. Since 1732 the Seine has risen with disastrous result on forty-six different occasions. Prior to that date five big inundations are recorded, that which took place in 1658 being the most serious up to the present one, the river rising 28.9 feet.



On the Quai in front of the Louvre, the cellars of which were flooded. The photograph also shows in the foreground, the Custom House, which was vacated during the flood.

The thought of Paris with her Quais under water, her buildings threatened, and her streets impassable, conjures up a picture that seems almost impossible to one who has known her only in her smiling aspect, with her avenues gay with the hum of voices, and her river serene and smiling under a sunny sky. She has so long stood for the bright and the beautiful, that to think of her grey and sullen with water swept streets, and undermining buildings requires a real stretch of the imagination. One is accustomed to think of Paris causing her own calamities, not of having them caused for her.

The history of Paris, however, shows that many inundations have damaged it since the city developed from the little settlement on the Ile de la Cite where Notre Dame was consecrated in 1182. The wonderful cathedral has been washed by many floods since it was founded in 1162 on the site of a church erected in the fourth century. In 1793 the building was converted into a temple of reason, the orgies that took place within its walls causing it to be closed the next year, but in 1795 it was restored to the use for which it was built. Since then it has seen many floods. The Louvre, the basement of which has suffered in the present flood, is the home of many of the greatest art treasures in France. The first building erected on its site was put up in the time of Philip Augustus in the twelfth century. The present building was not begun until Francis I. came to the throne in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

In 1732 daily readings of the flow of the Seine at Paris were begun, and since that time forty-five floods have been recorded, the present inundation bringing the number up to forty-six. Since 1732 only six instances have been recorded of floods due to a single fall of rain causing a rise in the Seine at Paris of more than thirteen feet. Of these, three resulted from a sudden break up of the ice. Of late years the attempt has been made to protect Paris by the raising of the Quais along the banks of the Seine and by placing the outlets of the big sewers beyond the city, as well as by raising embankments in low-lying districts. The discharging capacity of the river has also been increased by improving its channel and by other means.

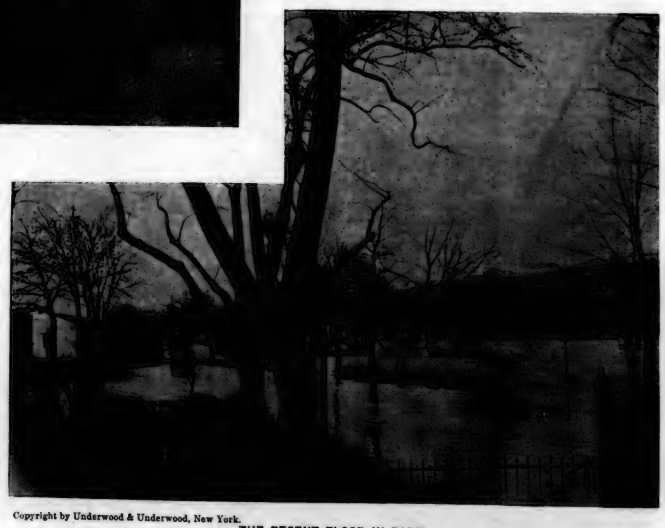
The big flood of 1658 was the result of the breaking up of the ice after a five weeks' frost, and that of 1740 was caused by heavy rains and the accumulation of melted snow. Of the five exceptional floods which took place at Paris between 1649 and 1732 the following list has been given: In February, 1649; January, 1651; February, 1658; April, 1690, and March, 1711. That of 1658, alone, was higher than the flood of 1740, reaching the height of 28.9 feet, being by nearly three feet the highest flood on record at Paris until the present time. The four others previous to 1732, though lower than the flood of 1740, all exceeded 24.37, feet, the record of 1802.

Only two unusually high floods threatened Paris between 1850 and 1910. They were in March, 1876, and in January, 1883, reaching 21.33 feet and 19.69 feet, respectively, though the floods of December, 1872, and 1882, were only a little lower, as they rose to 19.19 and 19.16 feet. These last two floods were the first of unusual height to which the system of predictions and warnings was thoroughly and successfully applied.

Predictions of the probable height of floods are based on a system devised for use for the protection of Paris. Announcements are generally made three days in advance, and a corrected prediction is issued twenty-four hours later. The heights predicted are usually somewhat in excess of the actual rise recorded, owing to the natural anxiety not to give too low an estimate of the danger. But remarkable coincidences have occurred. The prediction on March 15, 1876, for the following day was 21.33 feet and it was exactly verified on the 16th. At Paris the exact maximum of the flood of January, 1883, was predicted on the evening before..

In the course of the last half century many millions of dollars worth of property have been saved by the heeding of these official warnings.

The submerged Quai in front of the Louvre, in which the height of the flood can be gauged by comparison with the lamp post.



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THE RECENT FLOOD IN PARIS.

These photographs give a distinct idea of the devastation worked by the flood which recently alarmed Parisians and which resulted in so much destruction of property. The lowest photograph gives a view of the Seine near the Pont Neuf when the river was rapidly rising.

Some Women Dramatists.

THE list of women playwrights is a long and constantly increasing one, and includes many who are able to hold their own with some of the dramatists of the other sex who have big successes to their credit. In England there are a number of writers of plays who are perhaps better known for their family connections than for their writing, but who have nevertheless done work which must be considered seriously.

Among the most prominent socially of women dramatists is the Duchess of Sutherland, whose play, "The Conqueror," was produced in London four years ago. Another titled playwright is Lady Stradbroke, who wrote "The Hat Shop," while Lady Galway is responsible for "My Lady's Garden," which was produced quite recently, and also "His Wedded Wife." Lady Galway has a small theatre at her home, Serlby Hall, and there she also produced another of her plays, "King Harry's Revel."

One of the best known women who have had plays produced in England is Mrs. Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and the mother of Mr. Winston Churchill. Her play, "His Borrowed Plumes," was produced in London last year, and it is said she wrote it in a single week. It contained much brilliant dialogue, and only narrowly escaped being a decided success. Another woman of high social position who has turned her time and attention to play writing is the Countess of Cromartie, sister of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the traveller and expert swimmer and dancer. Lady Cromartie, who is a very accomplished woman, succeeded in writing a stirring play, "The Finding of the Sword." Lady Troubridge, who is well-known as a novelist, has had her plays well received, "Mrs. Oakleigh," when produced at the New Theatre, London, being a decided success.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has long been interested in questions dealing with labor problems, and the production of her drama, "Warp and Woof," made a decided impression, the play dealing with the hardships which girls employed by a fashionable dressmaker must undergo if rich patrons of the establishment demand work done in a great hurry. In November last Mrs. Lyttelton's "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, by a company of prominent amateurs and raised a large amount for the charity in aid of which it was given.

That most popular of plays, "When Knights were Bold," was written by Harriet Jay, who is the widow of Robert Buchanan, the dramatist. Miss Jay, who created many of the heroines in her husband's plays, writes under the name of Charles Marlow. Elizabeth Robins, who, in private life is Mrs. Joseph Pennell, wife of the well-known draughtsman and writer, has more than one successful stage production to her credit.

Baroness Orczy, who wrote "The Scarlet Pimpernel," usually collaborates with her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, in the writing of plays. It is their custom in writing a play to rehearse the scenes before committing them to paper. One day they were thus experimenting with a violent quarrel between a man and woman, ending in attempted murder, when suddenly as they came to the climax there was a thundering knock on the door of their London flat. On opening it they found an agitated policeman, who there and then wanted to arrest Mr. Barstow on the charge of attempting to murder his wife. It was a hot day. They had left the window wide open, and a crowd had gathered.

Other women playwrights whose work is more familiar in England than in America are Mrs. Frances Blundell, who writes under the pen name of M. E. Frances; Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, who is responsible for that very pretty play, "Peter's Mother"; and Mrs. Egerton Castle, who writes in collaboration with her husband; as well as Miss Cecily Hamilton, who wrote "Diana of Dobson's"; and Miss "Clo" Graves.

Among women playwrights who are equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Madeleine Lucette Ryley, while a large number of women playwrights are constantly turning out successful plays in America.

"Votes for Women."

MME. NORDICA has become a member of the Equal Franchise League which has Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay as its president. The famous opera singer believes in suffragette methods when used as a means to an end. Other women prominent in musical circles who are devoted to the cause include Mme. Lipkowska, the Russian prima donna, Mme. Gardner, and Mme. Bonci, wife of the Italian tenor.

In the theatrical world the advocates of women's suffrage include Forbes Robertson and his sister-in-law, Maxine Elliott, Minnie Maddern Fiske, wife of Harrison Grey Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Amelia Bingham, Dorothy Donnelly, Henrietta Crossman, Alice Fisher, Mary Shaw, and many others.

A very long list has been compiled of educators in favor of granting the vote to women, the list including representative men in nearly every big educational institution in the United States. Not long ago Prof. Frances Squire Potter resigned from the University of Minnesota, where she filled the English chair, in order to go to New York and engage actively in the work of the national organization.

William Dean Howells certainly sums up one side of the suffrage question when he says: "There is no other hope for men but in the civic help of women. Everything in the movement to give women the suffrage appeals to my reverence and sense of justice."

How They Helped.

MONTREAL women went where glory waited them last week, namely, to the polls, where they made their influence felt in no uncertain way on the side of civic reform. If the vexed question of "Votes for Women" were left to the decision of Montreal men, there is little doubt that—at the present moment, anyhow—the majority would say in effect, "By all means!" On election day and for a good while before, not a word was heard of the unwomanliness of voting or wanting to vote, but press, pulpit, and Citizens' Association candidates were all urgent on the duty of every woman voter—that is to say, widows and spinsters taxpayers—to make use of her franchise. And make use of it she did. A professional man, a member of the Volunteer Electoral League, made actual count, and ascertained that in one ward eighty per cent. of the women so qualified voted. The proportion was smaller in most of the other wards, but altogether the women made a splendid showing, received thanks and encomiums from the victors, from the Mayor down, and, incidentally, effectually disposed of the argument that women wouldn't use the vote if they had it—particularly when a moral issue was at stake. The big turnout was in large measure due to good organization in which the Local Council of Women took the lead. For days prior to the election, volunteers from the Council, the Women's Club, and the W.C.T.U., canvassed from house to house, in favor of those candidates for Mayor, Board of Control and aldermen pledged to reform, while the St. Jean Baptiste ladies did electioneering among the French voters. On election day, the Council had its committee rooms, and very busy scenes they were. Dr. Grace Ritchie, England, had charge of one; Prof. Carrie M. Derick, of McGill University, and Mrs. H. W. Weller, of the Women's Club, looked after a second; Mrs. Walter E. Lyman, the gentle, "womanly" honorary secretary of the Council, conducted a third committee room with great efficiency, remaining admirably sweet and unruffled throughout the strenuous day; Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Scott, Temperance Union members, had the other two. Mrs. A. D. Durnford, treasurer of the Local Council, was active in the campaign; so were Mrs. N. C. Smillie (wife of Dr. Smillie); Mrs. Wellington Dixon (wife of the High School principal); Miss Roddick (sister of Dr. Roddick); Miss de Bellefeuille Macdonald, Mrs. Henderson (wife of Dr. J. A. Henderson); Mrs. J. G. Savage (convener of the philanthropy section in last summer's International Congress); Mrs. J. H. Liddell, Mrs. Leman (daughter of Senator Beique), and Mrs. Gerin Lajoie (daughter of Sir Alexandre Lacoste), to mention only a very few of the many who devoted time and energy to interesting voters of their sex. Some, including Mrs. James Morgan, gave their carriages on election day for driving voters crippled or ill to the polls. One old lady of seventy-eight voted for the first time in her life.

Metempsychosis.

A CHICKEN lived, a chicken died;
Its drumstick and its wing were fried,
Its feathers by a dealer dried,
And, very shortly after, dyed.

Soul, it had none; admitting that,
How comes it? There, upon her hat,
Its plumes—a mortal chicken's—rise,
A glorious bird of paradise.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who thinks that other women are not sufficiently intelligent to exercise the vote, has been writing letters on behalf of her son, says Votes for Women, instructing the electors of his would-be constituency. He was defeated.

Charles Frohman has announced his intention of opening a theatre on the lower East Side, in New York City, where the poor will be able to see his pieces at very low rates. He expects that successful authors may be induced to forego their royalties in this particular case. His object is to foster public interest in the theatre.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

At last we are having some real-old-fashioned cold weather, and if it were not for the poor people, I'd wish it to last for weeks. The very worst thing about a city is the poor. It seems so horrible to suddenly hear of destitution and misery and despair. I did not sleep well for nights after reading of a poor hard-working Scotchman, who, being disappointed in getting work, went home and hanged himself. Nine children, Annie, and a wife depending on his labors, and he driven from day to day lower and lower, by refusals and false hopes. Oh! the city certainly does wring one's heart, and the sting is sharpest when one could have helped if one had known! Hereafter, I think I shall pray every morning that some needy person may come under my wing every day. I have done what I could in this tragedy, but it haunts me intermittently with a keen pain. Uncle and aunt have gone home, not without many words of gratitude and appreciation, and although they are dear good people, I confess I am very much relieved. I wanted to give aunt a fur coat to match uncle's auto coat, which I got him on the excuse that he might take cold in the car (our cosy Limousine!) but she could have nothing better than an Astrachan jacket, and I'm only glad she didn't happen to see a coon coat, and find it a little less in price! They are wonderfully touchy about taking presents from me; I suppose the old Irish blood's in them! I have joined a Lenten bridge club, and it is to meet here next week The members entertain in turn, and I dare say we shall get along nicely. I haven't grown very fond of bridge, and what I hear and see at the parties isn't always pleasant. Women show their true selves better at a card table than anywhere else. The other day I heard three of them talking about a fourth, a woman of prominence who doesn't seem to be a good player. They didn't say so, but what they did say about her clothes, her manners and her origin made me sure she had trumped her partner's ace, or something of that sort. They gave me an infinitely mean and unpleasant impression of themselves, anyhow! We all played for money that day, a thing I very much dislike, only fortunately I nearly always lose. I shall never forget on one occasion when I was unlucky enough to win, with what a tone of sarcasm my opponent remarked, as she handed me three dollars, "Coals to Newcastle." Since then I've been careful not to win any of her money, and try and avoid being at the same table. Try always, Annie dear, to be a good loser. I think it is one of the signs of a thoroughbred which I am pleased to recognize. I had a small farewell dinner for uncle and aunt last week, and wanted them to attend the concert after, as I had some seats, but they preferred to play crokinole and have my little maid give their favorite records on the pianola, so we left them at home. When I tried to tell them of the little children singing (see the programme I enclose), they only asked if there was no law to prevent small children being kept up till eleven o'clock, two nights running? It was so funny to see them sitting up for us, and nodding with sleep at half-past ten! I'd give a good deal to hear two things, what they say about Toronto and me to the neighbors and what they say to each other. I note what you say about my new friend. We have seen each other very often, but I never go to her unless she telephones, on the excuse that I am afraid of taxing her strength, so you needn't worry. I am glad she is so well known and that one of your school comrades is her cousin. If she is anything like my lady, she'll be worth knowing. I know that my new friend needs a warmer climate, the doctor told me she should not have come back from Florida, and it would be so easy to send her to Bermuda or across the ocean, if only I knew how, but there is something about her that prevents me from offering to do it. Isn't it a pity that one cannot just step in and spend one's money as one would like. With our small household, we don't spend half of my housekeeping allowance, and two or three thousands might just as well be in her pocket. But I know if I suggested it, she would refuse, and probably turn the cold shoulder on me. You are clever enough, Annie, could you suggest a way? I might go myself, and ask her to come for company if I were only sure your father wouldn't suddenly have to return home. The lady I told you about, who said he was such a lovable man, asked me at a bridge last week if I were never afraid of "letting him stay away so long by himself; that is, if he is by himself." I told her that your father was of age, and very competent to look after himself, and that I never had a care on his account. Several of the players shouted with laughter at this, and she seemed very cross. I have kept her at a distance, as your father advised me, but she seems determined to put herself in my way, and asked herself to luncheon the other day, fortunately just after uncle and aunt had left. She said she had so much wanted to see the old people. I'm rather glad she was too late. There is something about this lady that I don't care for. You ask in your last letter, "Don't you ever meet any men?" Of course I do, and some of them are nice and some are very tiresome. At a big dinner, when I see one of the nice ones paired off with a poor relation or a woman the hostess wants to snub, I envy these women, for I generally have men old enough to think more of their dinners than anything else, and while I turn over my food and pretend to eat, the time goes slowly. The other night I had a bit of good luck. The son of the hostess (who is a widow), had to take me in, and we had the gayest time. He is great fun, and told me stories and I told him some, until our end of the table grew quite merry. When you come home, Annie, we'll ask him for dinner, and you'll enjoy his stories and jokes as much as I did. He told his mother that I was very clever, and she told me, but I'm not, only I felt so relieved to have a change from my usual dinner partners, that I probably launched out more than I should! That is called cleverness in society.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

A CANADIAN MUSICIAN.

Miss Eva Gauthier, the well-known French-Canadian singer in whose success Lady Laurier takes so keen an interest, has been winning fresh triumphs abroad. In Holland, where her charming voice was heard at a number of concerts, she was particularly well received, and this month she goes to Denmark, where by special command of the Queen she will sing at Court on February 20th.

A Would-be King.

THERE is, perhaps, no more pathetic story in history than that of the little Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who died so miserably in the Temple after the execution of his parents. Full of horrible details the tale of the young Prince's sojourn in the care of the shoemaker, Simon, and his wife, has afforded many an imagination an excuse for working overtime. The care with which he was secluded in his prison from the outside world and the secrecy with which he was buried at the cemetery of Ste. Marguerite have given rise to many stories of his escape from prison and the substitution in his place of a dumb and dying child.

It is said that as many as thirty claimants at one time or another profited by these stories and pretended to be the unfortunate child who had been titular King of France. Most important among these "false dauphins" were Jean Marie Hervageau, Mathurin Bruneau, Herbert, Augustus Meves, Eleazar Williams and perhaps most plausable of all, Charles William Naundorff. The latter who is said to have been born in Poland in 1775, ten years or so before the birth of the real Dauphin, made a strong bid for the throne, and his descendants still seem to be imbued with the belief that their ancestor had right on his side.

A WOULD-BE KING.

"Prince Jean de Bourbon," his wife, and one of their sons. The inset shows their eldest son, "Henri de Bourbon, Dauphin of France."

Naundorff, in 1810, according to the most generally accepted account, was selling clocks in Berlin, and in 1812 at Spandau, married the daughter of a Heidelberg pipe-maker. In 1824 he became involved in some trouble with the police and was sentenced a little later to three years in the penitentiary.

Finding that France would not accept his story of his royal birth, Naundorff, some years later, left that country and went to England where he played the role of ill-used Royalty, and also, it is said, practised as a spiritualist. In 1843 he again got into difficulties, this time with the English police, and becoming bankrupt left England, going to Holland. He died in Delft in 1845.

Charles William Naundorff left two children, Louis and Marie Antoinette "de Bourbon," who renewed their father's claim to the throne of France. In 1873 Louis summoned the Count de Chambord before a Paris court to show cause why a judgment pronounced many years ago against the elder Naundorff should not be reversed in Louis' favor, but he lost the case.

The present heir of Naundorff is "Prince Jean de Bourbon," who is said to have faith in his claim and to believe that he is really descended from Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette through their son, the Dauphin. "Prince Jean's" wife is "Princess Fanny Marie Madeleine." "Prince Jean" himself is said to bear a marked resemblance to the Bourbons.

Tenney Hall, a community house, has been opened at Smith College. The object of this house is to help the poorer students by reducing their living expenses to the least possible amount. The students are to be housed and fed after the principles of a socialistic community. All expenses will be shared by the occupants of the hall, who will contribute just enough per capita to run the establishment. Each girl or group of girls in turn will be called on to do the housework and cooking so that the cost of servants may be avoided. The entire system will be under the supervision of the president of the college.

Mrs. Eva MacDonald Valesh is at the head of a movement to establish a new trade union among the working women of America. The object of this movement is to get rid of the socialist influence which is alleged to affect the present Woman's Trade Union League.

A PROMINENT BALLOONIST.

One of the most popular of hostesses, the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord manages to steal sufficient time from her social duties to enjoy long hours "in the clouds." Noted for her fearlessness and courage, Mrs. Harbord has taken several long journeys in her favorite balloon, "Minerva," in which not long ago she made a successful trip across the North Sea. The picture shows her about to start on one of these journeys.

A Unique Women's Club.

PHILADELPHIA boasts an "auto" club, the membership of which is limited to enthusiastic women motorists, and although it is only five years since it was established it already is very widely known both in America and Europe. The club, which is called the Moveganta Klabo, has a large number of active members all of whom own and operate their cars, the associate members all being equally keen on matters pertaining to motoring. Not only have the members obtained much practical experience in touring on both sides of the Atlantic, but they have had a hand in the improvement of the roads and the perfecting of the laws which now make Pennsylvania an ideal place for a tour.

The Club has secured for its permanent home the historic Arnold Mansion in Fairmount Park, the members volunteering to restore the house to all its former grandeur and keep it in condition as long as they were allowed to use it for their headquarters. This beautiful Colonial building has been carefully restored, the result being most pleasing to those who are interested in architectural details. The furniture, too, suggests the period when Benedict Arnold was the occupant of the estate now known as Fairmount Park.

The Club members are interested in organizing club runs, the inauguration of movements for the encouragement of good road construction, and the introduction of legislation tending to the safety of motoring as a sport. Many of the members of this first American automobile club for women are interested in civic affairs and their influence has been already felt in the improvement of the roads and the passing of laws having as their object the protection of the sane motorist. The Moveganta Klabo which has as its keynote "sanity in motoring," recently secured an official connection with the Royal Automobile Club of London which will give the members many advantages while travelling abroad.

The Habits of the Stork.

THE stork, to which so many delightful traditions cling, and which has figured in so much fairy lore, is a familiar sight in many parts of northern Europe. The treatment meted out to this most fascinating of birds varies widely in different countries, but for the most part it is cared for and protected.

The customs of the birds are interesting, and are well worth study. In the Baltic provinces and throughout northern Germany and in Denmark, storks are met with everywhere during the summer months. Sometimes one can see them in the fields and on nests upon buildings quite close to the railway. In Denmark, however, they are less numerous since the draining of the morasses was begun. They are still fairly common in Holland and Belgium, but in France, owing to being persecuted and the fact of none of the original race surviving, they are seen only as birds of passage. In Alsace and Lorraine better treatment is rewarded by a certain number remaining during the summer to breed.

In passing through Savoy in April and in the early autumn they meet with heartless persecution, especially on the return toward the South, when the young birds are often much fatigued. They exist generally throughout Turkey, and are fairly common in Greece. They are met with occasionally in central Italy and Sicily, and are plentiful in some parts of Andalusia.

It is believed that on one of their migrations which took place a little after the middle of last century, the white storks experienced some sort of catastrophe, as they returned in greatly reduced numbers, and ever since then they have been considerably less numerous than before. The periods of migration with the storks are very regular. They arrive in central Europe generally between March 19 and 25, and prepare to depart at about the end of August, first congregating in large bands, which break up as the adult individuals come and collect the young together to conduct them southward. It appears that they migrate in large flocks, flying mostly by night.

The males and females, it is supposed, migrate separately, the former undoubtedly arriving about a week before the latter to take charge of the old nest or to settle on a favorable spot for a new one.

Wherever the stork is met with in Europe, excepting in parts where its occurrence is rare, where it meets with the common fate of rarity, it is protected. The peasants generally hold it as sacred, and consider it as a sort of protector or house god to the house on which it nests, and one will sometimes sell a nest to a neighbor to bring him luck, in which case the bird will discover the new situation of its nest and continue to occupy it. Often an old wheel or something else inviting is fixed on a roof to induce a stork to build. The nest itself is constructed of branches and twigs, neatly lined with grass, straw or any other suitable material. It takes up much space, and every year it is added to, so that the peasant upon the roof of whose house it rests is obliged sometimes, when the bird is absent, to remove a portion of it in order to lessen its weight.

Old Friends and New

Idleness.

THERE is no dearer lover of lost hours
Than I.
I can be idler than the idlest flowers;
More idly lie
Than noonday lilies languidly afloat,
And waters pillowed in a windless moat.
And I can be
Stiller than some grey stone
That hath no motion known.
It seems to me
That my still idleness doth make my own
All magic gifts of joy's simplicity.

—Silas Weir Mitchell.

Twilight at Sea.

THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky.
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

—Amelia Coppuck Welby.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood.
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

"Those to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon a grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waist band split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

A Stanza of Freedom.

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

Love's Resurrection Day.

ROUND among the quiet graves,
When the sun was low,
Love went grieving—Love who saves;
Did the sleepers know?

At his touch the flowers awoke,
At his tender call
Birds into sweet singing broke,
And it did befall .

From the blooming, bursting sod
All love's dead arose,
And went flying up to God
By a way Love knows.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Lady Wolseley.

MISS LOUISE ERSKINE in 1867 became the wife of Col. Wolseley, the soldier who is now known to fame as Viscount Wolseley. Noted for her exquisite taste and her artistic instinct, Lady Wolseley was for years regarded as one of the best dressed women in Europe. Her interests have been many and of wide range, but at present she lives a somewhat secluded life with her husband and her only daughter. The latter, by the way, will succeed to her father's title at his death. Lady Wolseley's interests include a fondness for gardening, which she shares with her daughter, Miss Garnet Wolseley, who at her home at Glynde has established a school for women gardeners. Lady Wolseley is an ardent collector, especially of Sheffield plate, antique lace, and old furniture, while one of Miss Wolseley's hobbies is the collecting of book plates.

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Her Novel Position.

AMONG the novel positions held by women is that occupied by Mrs. Zahle, wife of the new Premier of Denmark, who has been employed on the official reporting staff of the Danish Parliament since 1895 as an expert stenographer. She was the first woman who worked there as a shorthand writer and at first is said to have met with great opposition. The upper house was especially opposed to her appointment, which was made at the same time that her husband was elected a member of Parliament for Ringstead, Iceland. She receives the same salary as the men stenographers. When her husband made the opening address for the new Government she sat directly in front of him and took down his speech.

TORONTO SOCIETY

MR. and Mrs. Robins entertained some three hundred and fifty friends at the King Edward on Friday evening of last week, when a dance was given in honor of their daughter, Miss Marguerite Robins, who came out last fall. The host and hostess received in the banquet hall, and Miss Robins added her welcome, the company being mostly her own young friends, many of her contemporaries among the number. A small group of married friends of the hostess kept her company in the ball-room later on, although all the party danced occasionally, the usual preponderance of men, which has made this year's dances so gay and busy, being *en evidence*. Mrs. Robins wore rose satin with some fine lace, and her bouquet was of pink roses; Miss Marguerite was in a deep mauve gown, very prettily draped and fringed, and carried roses, lilies and violets. During the entire evening the comfort and pleasure of her guests was the first thought of this popular girl, and she never relaxed her efforts, introducing, enquiring about dances and seeing that strangers and everyone had the best of attention. Such a responsibility at the end of a busy season was quite an undertaking, and it's safe to believe that the young hostess was a very weary girl next day. But she gave her friends pointers in how to look after their guests, which may be valuable later on. The floor was superlatively good, and the large orchestra fine, and there were just enough dancing for comfort. Supper was served in the banquet hall, a generous and dainty menu being provided, and afterwards the dance went merrily on until after two o'clock. Among those enjoying it was Mrs. Charles and Miss Pratt of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff of Buffalo, who were of Mrs. Robins' house party; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Copland, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadly, Mr. and Mrs. George Gale. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Love, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Crean, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Morrison were a quartette of this season's brides and grooms, the brides all wearing white satin with varying dainty embellishments of lace, silver and pearls. Among the sister-buds of the young hostess were Miss Violet Lee in pink satin, Miss Edna Cromarty in pale blue, Miss Florence Bowes in white satin with over-tunic of white lace, Miss Marjorie Wallace in pale blue satin, Miss Kathleen Caulfield in orchid satin, Miss Marjorie Horrocks in white satin and pearls, Miss Gladys Eastwood in white *point d'esprit* over taffeta and red roses, Miss Florence Peters, white satin and pearls; Miss Maida McLaughlin, white satin and pearls; Miss Violet Edwards, white satin, bouquet of violets and tulle in her coiffure; Miss Gladys McMurrich, pale blue satin; Miss Ellis, white satin; Miss Mabel Haney, pale yellow satin and gold fringe; Miss Phyllis Moffatt, white satin veiled in lace; Miss Mary Walton, white satin; Miss Marjory Haskins, white satin with roses; Miss Maud Weir, yellow satin with gold fringe; Miss Dorothy Massey, pale blue satin; Miss Ruth Massey, white satin veiled in lace and bouquet of pink sweet peas; Miss Evelyn Reid in white satin, with a huge coiffure of soft curls and waves, suiting her petite face. These and a few others are in their first season. Among the other guests were Miss Marguerite Cotton in primrose satin, perhaps the handsomest of all; Miss Lois Duggan in mauve satin, looking lovely; Miss Isabel Clarke in white and rose, Miss Martin, of New Westminster, B.C., in a becoming white gown; Miss Leischman, very stunning in rose satin; Miss Malcolm in yellow satin; Miss Gage in mauve satin; Miss Rita Ellis in white, Miss Massey in turquoise, Miss Snelgrove in mauve satin, Miss Curry in blue and silver, Miss Madeline Walker in pale blue and jet, Miss Julia Hallam, white satin and gold; Miss Olive Mills, white satin; Miss Eve Haney, white satin and lace; Miss Ethel Sheppard, white lace with turquoise blue; Miss Jessie McMurrich, black satin with gold and a touch of rose; Miss McKee, blue satin; Mrs. Fletcher and her sister, Miss Hannan, of New York, wore white gowns; Miss Evelyn Taylor, white satin veiled in gold net; Miss Sloan, pink satin with gold; Miss Grace Macpherson, pale pink; Miss Howe, pink satin. Some of the men at the dance were Hon. W. Campbell, Attorney-General of Manitoba; Mr. Albert Gooderham, Dr. Stewart, Mr. Norman Gooderham, Mr. Alec Gibson, Mr. John Gzowski, Messrs. Trees, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Clifford Brown, Mr. Hart, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Gerald Larkin, Mr. Winfield Sifton, Mr. Boomer, Messrs. Willison, Mr. Chaplin, Dr. Hyland, Mr. Alan Greey, Mr. Fornoret, Mr. Winnett Thompson, Mr. Hugh Barrick, Mr. Ogden, Mr. Howe, Dr. McKilvey, Mr. Rogers, Mr. McLaughlin, Messrs. Moncrieff, Mr. Campbell of Windsor, whose *fiancee*, Miss Leischman, was one of the belles of the dance; Mr. Harold Ball, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Russell, and scores of others.

LORD GALWAY'S DAUGHTER.
One of the many Englishwoman who take a keen interest in politics, the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington Smyth, is also an intrepid traveller, and, accompanied by her maid, is said to have penetrated deeper into China than has any other European woman. Before her marriage Mrs. Skeffington Smyth was the Hon. Violet Monckton, her father being the seventh Viscount Galway. Her husband is Captain G. H. J. Skeffington Smyth, D.S.O.

Among the guests were Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Crawford Brown, Miss Tate, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Bertram Denison, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Clifford Brown, Miss Brouse, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and two or three others.

Mr. J. Grayson Smith returned last week from a visit to Memphis, where he had some motoring, agreeable except for the dust. This sounded very exasperating as we lived through below zero temperature.

Mrs. Denison is spending a week with Lady Bourinot in Ottawa, who gave a bridge for her on Thursday night.

Mrs. Percy Jarvis has left for the West to join her husband, and they will make their home there.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. and Miss Snelgrove received a very happy company of their friends for tea. Mother and daughter welcoming them together in the drawing-room, and looking much more like sisters than the relations they are. Last season when Miss Edith came out, Mrs. Snelgrove was not well enough to entertain for her, but everyone else was only too pleased to have such a charming girl for a guest, and she had a very good winter indeed. On Monday there were dozens of pretty girls at the tea and some of the younger matrons were also invited. The tea table was one of the prettiest yet. A large gold basket was filled with tall jonquils, set in loose array in separate tubes, giving a very natural and airy look, like a bit of a spring garden. Small vases of white and pink sweet peas and lily of the valley were set about the graceful basket and yellow shaded candles lit the fragrant decorations. Several pretty girls matronized by that dainty little matron, Mrs. Gordon Morrison, in a delicate gown of palest pink chiffon with white trimmings, waited on the guests, among them being Miss Madeline Walker in pink figured silk, Miss Webster in pale blue, Miss Grace Macpherson, Miss Clara Flavelle, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Snelgrove, a little sister of the young hostess, and one or two others. Some of the guests were Mrs. Seeley Brush, Miss Brush, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Cleeve Hall, the Misses Trees, Miss Marguerite Cotton, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gale, Miss Davies, Miss Maida McLaughlin, Miss Gladys Rogers, Miss Thomas, Miss Gladys Eastwood, Miss Edna Cromarty, the Misses Edwards, Miss Perry, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Mona Murray, and many others.

Mrs. G. Albert Pringle, formerly Florence Wyndow, will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her residence 220 Wright Avenue, on Wednesday, February 16th, afternoon and evening.

The first of the Trinity Lenten lectures is on at three o'clock this afternoon.

Miss Joyce Macdougall who has been enjoying the January dances and teas, has left for Winnipeg where she has accepted a position as teacher in Havergal College. She left on such short notice as to preclude Good byes.

The baseball at the Armouries on Saturday evening was, in spite of the sudden intense cold, enough of an attraction to bring out a smart and numerous company, who enjoyed seeing the Dragoons win their game. The General and Miss Cotton, Major Elmsley, Captain Young, Captain Boone, Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, and the Messrs. Gooderham, Miss Violet Lee, the Misses Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Morrison, Miss M. Brouse, Miss V. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen, were a few of those present.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Mrs. Machray are expected back from Buffalo this week.

The engagement of Miss Edna Florence Jiffkins and Mr. Robert G. Brown was announced last week.

Mrs. and Miss Phippen of Clover Hill, are leaving shortly for a trip to Southern Europe, sailing from New York.

On Thursday of last week, Mrs. John Cruso gave a small and very jolly tea in honor of Mrs. Rose and Miss Pipes, two handsome sisters from Amherst, who have been spending some time at the Queens. Miss Rutherford of Northfield, poured tea and the table was brightened by a cluster of daffodils in a large silver basket.

Mrs. Edward V. Raynolds has her step-daughter, Miss Elizabeth Raynolds, staying with her at her home in St. George Street. Mrs. Raynolds is bravely bearing up under the terrible shock and sorrow of her husband's sudden decease, and loving sympathy is with her from her legion of friends here and elsewhere.

The school dance at Westbourne last Friday was as usual a very jolly event for the pupils and their friends, and Miss Curlette, assisted by some members of her staff was a most cordial hostess. At Westbourne the traditions of splendid entertaining still cling about the spacious salon, in which one of Toronto's most charming young matrons used to hold court, and the house is admirably planned for a dance. A buffet provided refreshments in the dining room, and was decorated with daffodils and tulips.

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H. C. Tomlin——BAKER

A YARD OF ROSES

is not within everybody's income, but unfortunate, indeed, is the person who cannot afford a few of Dunlop's choice blooms. Not because of the price alone—although that is reasonable enough—but because of their rich and gorgeous beauty, and exquisite perfume. Even two or three blooms would add a bit of delightful color and refinement to your dinner table.

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Dunlop's

She is Deputy Sheriff.

MRS. A. A. COHIMEYER is the only woman deputy sheriff in Illinois. With the assistance of Miss Genevieve Verner, a deputy circuit court clerk, she recently served a writ of injunction issued after midnight. Miss Verner was awakened and called from her home to prepare the papers, and the Sheriff being out of the city his chief deputy, his wife, was sought at a social gathering and she served the papers at one o'clock in the morning. It is also said that Mrs. Cohimeyer didn't wait to change her gown before serving the papers, as if that was a specially commendable thing. Yet the deputy sheriff who owned dress clothes might wear them even when on duty, without upsetting Illinois or getting a medal "for valor." Women who do men's work will never be taken seriously until the tendency to make them into freaks dies out completely.

At the suggestion of a fifteen-year-old Belgian boy, who is a pupil at the McKinley School, St. Paul, a class has been started there for the teaching of good manners. Every member of the school is included and the children are encouraged to ask questions pertaining to good manners and then answer the questions themselves, the other pupils listening carefully and making corrections. The class is held irregularly and without notice.

Lady Gay's Column

TORONTO is indebted to the Massey Hall for a great many musical feasts, for the visits of many delightful artists and a musical advancement of which the magnitude is only realized after careful observation and figuring. It is also indebted to the same ample edifice for innumerable colds, bronchial troubles and even pneumonia. The draughts which career in the galleries and the foyers which blow about downstairs are incomprehensible. Where they come from no one seems to know, but they arrive with fatal exactness on the thinly clad shoulders, bare necks and uncovered heads of the audiences, and if a man person with a bald head or a sensitive throat gets them he knows his finish. Last week at the final concert of the Mendelssohn Choir the people who were late kept the doors open to hear the first part of the Children's Crusade. Imagine the result for the unfortunate people on the ground floor. One gentleman with a black satin muffler about his neck assured the public in general that the whole first part of the magnificent evening had been ruined by the great discomfort he suffered. I put on my fur coat and turned up the collar, and still that chill wind got me about the feet, about the head, and sharp, shooting pains of neuralgia made me most miserable. To-day a lady told me she had caught so many colds in Massey Hall that she had to give up going there. Fancy the deprivation she and others must suffer, in missing the

MISS LOIS DUGGAN.

splendid music. Surely there must be some way of making people comfortable at the concerts which they are all so ready to attend and sure to enjoy. If no one thinks it worth while to protest against being blown upon until they catch grippe or bronchitis the management probably thinks all is lovely.

Lent has put in an early appearance and half of society has given up frivolities and become serious. Lectures, church services, quiet bridge clubs and early spring sewing are on the tapis. Those who cannot fly away to the south or Bermuda or the Mediterranean may stay at home and enjoy winter sports, skating, skiing or tobogganing, not to mention sleighing or iceboating, if they have the price. It is the healthier way of getting through February, and the cold weather is good for us children of the North, better than sudden change to warm localities and the terrible risk of returning in a backward spring, and suffering acutely for the change. Of conrse, you and I would hook it if we could, but not being able, we'll be jolly below zero!

One of the winter things city folks don't know about is the old-fashioned sleighing-party. I wonder if country people still have them, that is, if the old-fashioned weather still blesses them? Forty was a fine number for a party, and two huge sleighs used to be engaged, with straw, clean and yellow, thickly lining the bottom, and buffalo robes to sit on and to tuck up in. The front seat by the driver was the goal of the fresh young man with the horn, and the "twosers" behind alternately laughed at and reviled him and his noise. The drive out was full of song and story; girls were chatty and men were amusing. When the hall or farm house or friends' home was reached where supper and dance were to be enjoyed, there was a great unravelling of beauties and prancing in snowdrifts of men offering to carry one in for a penny, and protests and sometimes the lift without fee or reward save the girl's remark, "My, but you're strong!" as she was borne carefully in and set down in the porch. The flutter and fuss of prinking before a wavy mirror, or a square of looking glass in one's hand, the babble and giggling and rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and the filing out between admiring rows of beaux to the cleared kitchen or livingroom or assembly hall, where the fiddler and piccolo player sat on a precarious table in one corner, while the boxes and bags and baskets and bundles full of good things reposed on a second table in another. The coal-oil lamps bracketed on the walls, the low ceiling, the smell of applies, and sometimes of herbs and bacon, the frost on the window panes and the crackle of the wood fires, the long rows of stovepipe, the wide boards on the floor, with many a knot polished shiny, and big cracks carefully caulked. And what dancing, hearty, agile, perfect in time and unison, boy and girl, man and maid, sometimes frisky old men and women, at whom we shrieked, or some gallant youngster leading out the chaperone. It was wonderful how hungry one got, and how quick the girls were in bundling away the band, and ordering the two tables hauled together and producing white damask from unsuspected parcels, and setting out the platters of great sandwiches of home-made bread and butter and home-cured ham and tender chicken, and the dainty crisp curls of celery, blanched perfectly, and the pickled peaches stuck with cloves, and the hard little green gherkins in vinegar and their larger brothers in sweet pickle, and the cookies sugary and brittle, and the doughnuts sugary and spicy, and the cider mulled or cold, and the coffee hot and creamy. I can taste and smell all those delicious home-made things now, and hear the deprecating remarks of the girls, that maybe the sponge-cake isn't quite as light as usual, but the oven acted queerly, or perhaps the light biscuit would have stood a taste more shortening; they never are your best when you want them to be. And how all these good things disappeared, and how we found philopenas, and told fortunes and sang and had fun! La-la! do any young people have such grand times these days? Then, after supper, the hasty gathering together of things one must take home, and the feeding of the band and the drivers, and the scramble for overshoes and wraps and furs, and ah! cosy hour! The drive home in the nipping air, with some one carefully holding the robe about you until you absolutely dozed off in sweet weariness. No sleighing party was properly finished without an upset, in some huge snowdrift, where no one could possibly be hurt. There would come a swerve and a wild whoop from the men and a squeal from the maids, and over you went, head-first into the exquisite soft whiteness to be hauled out by the feet perhaps, in time to see the chaperone safely imbedded up to her waist with her overshoes wildly waving in the moonlight. No, I am sure they don't do those things now; no chaperone would stand it! But they once did, and moreover there was great manouvering to be the last couple driven home, and if there was a jealous rival in the party, he always stayed in the sleigh, no matter how broad were the hints your "best" gave him to get out. There are bald-headed old chaps, with aldermanic waist measure yet alive who used to be great beaux at sleighing parties, great dancers, and holders of furs about the girls, on cold drives home. Bless us all, could it be nigh on half a century since the first sleighride on which they did all these gallant stunts for

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, FEB. 10, 1910.

HIS Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Dartrey and her daughter, Lady Mary Dawson, the Countess of Harewood, Lord Lascelles, A.D.C., and Major Trotter, A.D.C., returned to the Capital in the middle of the week after having had a most enjoyable trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls.

Luncheons were decidedly the most frequent of the many charming social events of the past week. Mrs. Montizambert's was in special honor of her daughter, Mrs. Russell Hale, of Kingston, who is spending a short time with her parents, and ten guests were invited to meet her. Mrs. R. L. Borden, who is noted for her delightful mid-day gatherings, invited fourteen ladies, most of them sessional visitors, to a well-appointed and dainty repast, her list of guests including Mrs. David and Miss Marjorie MacKeen and their visitor, Miss Eileen Dwyer, of Halifax; Mrs. J. W. Daniel, of St. John, N.B.; Mrs. J. E. Armstrong, of Petrolea; Mrs. and Miss McLean, of St. John, N.B.; Mrs. J. H. Barnard, of Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. John Stanfield, of Truro, N.S.; Miss Goodeve, of Rossland, B.C.; Mrs. H. Allan Bate and Miss Claudia Bate and Mrs. J. F. Kidd. Mrs. H. Allan Bate's luncheon included Madame Lemieux, Mrs. Nesbitt Kirchhoffer, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and her guest, Mrs. Graham Campbell of Toronto, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Fred Carling, Mrs. David MacKeen, Mrs. George H. Perley, Mrs. J. B. Fraser, Mrs. Barrett Dewar and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate.

Lady Taschereau's luncheon at the Country Club was a large one, and the table, which was arranged in the sun-parlor, had a profusion of pale pink carnations arranged in the centre and a bouquet of violets was placed beside each cover. Those present included the Countess of Harewood, Lady Dartrey, Lady Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss, Mrs. George Paley, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Madame Brodeur, Madame Lemieux, Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Francis MacNachten, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Graham Campbell of Toronto, and others numbering thirty-two in all.

The Country Club was the scene of an equally smart event of the kind when Madame Belcourt was the hostess, and her guest of honor was Mrs. B. A. Scott, of Quebec. The table was laid in the sun-parlor and decorated with a wealth of pink carnations. The guests included Lady Davies, Madame Girouard, Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Shehyn of Quebec, Mrs. Cloran of Montreal, Mrs. Eugene Fiset, Lady Bourinot, Mrs. Henri Tache, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Mrs. Ward Hughson, Mrs. Fred Avery, Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mrs. Thos, Ahearn, Mrs. Fred Booth, Mrs. R. H. and Miss Haycock, Mrs. Fred White, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. P. E. Ryan, Mrs. W. W. Cory, Mrs. T. B. Flint, Mrs. Thomas Gibson, and a great many others. A number of the guests remained afterwards and enjoyed a short game of bridge.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr's bright little luncheon was given for the special entertainment of several visitors in town, and her list of young guests included Miss Gale, Miss Ethel Perley and her vistor, Miss Flora Macdonald of Toronto, the Misses Susie and Jessie Cassels and their guest, Miss Julia Cayley of Toronto, Miss Phoebe Wright with Miss Mary Williams of Quebec who is still with her, Miss Claire Oliver, Miss Marjorie MacKeen, Miss Dwyer of Halifax, Miss Vaughan Avery and Miss Bostock of Monte Creek, B.C. Cut glass bowls filled with white roses and ferns made a dainty table decoration. Another luncheon on the same day had Mrs. Martin Griffin as hostess, and her guest of honor was the Countess of Lanesborough. To meet her, twelve of our prominent hostesses were invited.

Some of the young visitors in town just now were guests at Mrs. J. B. Fraser's luncheon at the Country Club. They were Miss Edith Cochrane and Miss Edith Holland of Toronto, Miss Shanley of Montreal, Miss Phyllis Jordan of Boston, Miss Ward of Brockville, and Miss Smith of Pembroke, who with a merry party of Ottawa girls had a very jolly afternoon.

Some exceedingly successful dances have taken place recently. Mrs. George Burn's house dance was most enjoyable in every way, the details being most carefully carried out. The library, dining-room and drawing-room were set apart for the dancers, and the music room and halls were excellently arranged as "sitting out" nooks. The large billiard room upstairs made a perfect supper room, where the decorations of crimson carnations and ribbons and crimson shaded candelabra were much admired. Mrs. Burn was handsomely gowned in violet moire antique with jet trimmings.

Mr. Pat Edwards was the host of a dance at the Hunt Club which combined the pleasures of a driving-party, as to reach the Hunt Club House it is necessary to go by sleighs just now. It proved to be an exceedingly jolly affair, and was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Hamnett P. Hill. This, like so many of the recent festivities, was in honor of the many young visitors in the Capital.

Several well arranged dinners were also on the week's social programme. Among those who chose this mode of entertaining were Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin; Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, who invited sixteen guests to meet their son, Mr. Harold Montizambert, of Vancouver, B. C.; and Mrs. Frank Oliver, whose jolly dinner-dance at the Country Club was given as a farewell to this week's bride, Miss Evelyn Powell.

The hostesses who entertained recently at afternoon bridge parties and teas were Mrs. P. E. Ryan, who gave a bridge of five tables; Miss Daisy MacLachlin, at whose bridge Miss Ethel Aldous, of Winnipeg, and Miss Marjorie Wilson, of Chicago, were the prize winners; Mrs. Darley Bentley, who gave a bright little tea; Mrs. George Pope, who entertained at the tea-hour for her guest, Miss Louise Pope, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Mrs. R. M. Coulter, who was at home to her very large number of friends on two successive afternoons; Mrs. W. W. Cory, at whose bridge on Friday there were fifteen tables of adept players, the prize winners being Mrs. F. F. Congdon, of Dawson, Y.T., Mrs. Farrer, Miss Elsie Silver of Halifax, and Miss Marjorie Coombes of Winnipeg. Miss Morna Bate also entertained at a bridge of nine tables on Friday for her cousin, Miss Ethel Aldous, of Winnipeg.

The second ball which Her Excellency Lady Grey has given this winter took place on Friday evening, and although somewhat smaller than the first, was exceedingly gay and pleasant. Her Excellency, however, was again unable to appear, as she is still indisposed, but, as on a former occasion, Lady Evelyn took her place as chatelaine. She was gowned in pale green satin with silver and crystal bugle trimmings, and wore a beautiful emerald necklace, and carried pink roses. Among the other members of the vice-regal household were Lady Lanesborough, who was in black satin, the sleeves being of a lattice of rhinestones, which were also on the corsage; Lady Harewood, gowned in green velvet and wearing diamond ornaments; Lady Mary Dawson, in white satin; Lady Dartrey, in black satin with silver trimmings; and Lady Eileen Butler in a lovely gown of pale blue satin with tunic bordered with gold embroidery; Lord Lanesborough, Lord Lascelles, Major Trotter, Captain Newton, Mr. Arthur Guise and Mr. and Mrs. George Montague. Beautiful cut flowers and palms and ferns decorated and banked the alcoves of the brilliantly lighted ball-room, and in the drawing-rooms and corridors fragrant flowers were arranged everywhere. The conservatory, softly lighted, made a very delightful sitting-out place. The Racquet Court as usual was utilized for supper. Dancing was kept up with vigor until nearly 3 a.m., although on the cards of invitation the hour of half-past one was specified. His Excellency was present and thoroughly enjoyed the gayety. This was more especially a festivity for the younger set. although quite a large number of the younger married folk were present.

THE CHAPERON.

"What selection is that the orchestra has just finished?" "I don't know. Sounded to me like neuralgia expressed in music."—Tit-Bits.

AN INCIDENT IN THE RECENT IRISH ELECTIONS.
Dennis O'Shaughnessy, of County Tipperary, who refused to vote unless taken in an automobile. He had the auto ride and voted.

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$2.40 and $2.50, for $2.00
$1.75 and $1.85, for $1.50

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Per Yard
$2.75, for $2.25
$2.25, $2.40, and $2.50, for $2.00
$1.65, $1.75, and $1.85, for $1.50

NOTICE.—Advance shipments of new furniture for 1910 have already arrived, and will be ready for inspection on Saturday, the 12th.

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THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XX.

ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS.

ONE fact was quite plain. It was the false Professor who had written to my wife. For aught I knew, the man whom I had followed from Edinburgh to Glasgow might have already been in London, and she might have met him by appointment.

During the morning I took the "forty-eight," and ran over to Regent's Park, passing slowly before both front and back of the house in Sussex Place. The blinds were up, but from the condition of the doorsteps it was plain that the place was tenantless.

From the "London Directory" I obtained the number of Lady Mellor's, in Upper Brook Street, and called. The fat butler told me that Morgan, Miss Greer's maid, had left with her mistress, and as far as he knew was down at Broadstairs with her. Her ladyship was at Bordighera.

I inquired if he knew anything of the other servants at Professor Greer's.

"No nothing," was the man's answer. "At least, nothing except that the Professor went abroad suddenly, and that they were all discharged and given wages in lieu of notice."

"That Italian fellow discharged them, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I never liked him. He's gone abroad with his master, they say, and they've left a caretaker in charge."

"Oh, there is someone there, eh?"

"Yes, a policeman named Murphy and his wife. They used to take care of this house for her ladyship, and Miss Ethelwynn has now given her father's house over to them. They're a very steady pair, and live on the premises."

Surely it was a master-stroke of the girl's to give over to the police the house of tragedy! Why was she concealing the fact of her father's death?

I drove back to Chiswick with that one thought uppermost in my mind.

That afternoon I sat in my own office trying to attend to the details of a business too long neglected, and listening mechanically to Pelham, to Dick Drake, and to others in my employment, who were complaining of the unsatisfactory trials of a new car I had recently purchased.

Professor Greer was dead, and every trace of the crime removed, save for those grim, indisputable relics which I had recovered from the ashes and now held most sacred. But further, my dear wife, whose knowledge of the impostor was so amazing, was also missing.

The one point which, I confess, caused me some qualms, was the reason why, not discovering me, she had not telegraphed to Gwen. That, surely, would be her first thought. If she had missed me, she would surely have let either Gwen or Pelham know.

Hence I could only think that she had either fallen into some fatal trap—and there are many in the byways of certain Continental cities—or else she was forcibly held from communicating with the outer world. If so, by whom? Probably by the Professor's false friend, Kershaw Kirk.

I could not put away from my mind the curious attitude of Hamilton Flynn. Why had he endeavoured to frighten me from going to Scotland Yard? What motive had he in this? In what manner was he assisting his friend, Leonard Langton?

Again, was Langton in ignorance of the Professor's end, or had he knowledge of it, and was it by his persuasion that his beloved was so cleverly feigning ignorance of all the past?

I began to suspect these two men, bosom chums that they were, had some hidden motive for concealing the Professor's death. Yet, after all, the point most amazing was the reason why, in the face of facts now revealed, my mysterious neighbour should have taken such pains to reveal the truth to me.

That evening, after a hasty meal at home with Gwen, I went back to the garage, put on a greasy engineer's suit which I sometimes wore when doing dirty work around the cars, and buttoned over it a frayed tweed coat belonging to one of the men. Then, with a cap on and a pipe in my mouth, I went forth, and made my way on the top of a motor-'bus to the corner of Wimpole Street.

"Then, by Heaven, I'll force you to speak—to tell me where she is!"

If Flynn went out I intended to watch his proceedings, for though I entertained only a vague suspicion of Langton, yet I felt confident that his friend was not acting squarely.

Have you ever been seized with misgivings of a person whom you have no just cause to doubt? Is not such a feeling the result of some unseen evil influence radiating from the person suspected—often quite rightly?

My first impression of this specialist in diseases of the throat and nose was a bad one.

Therefore, I strolled up the long, eminently respectable street, crossing Wigmore Street and Queen Anne Street, until a few doors on the left before coming into Great Marylebone Street, I halted before the house wherein the pair shared chambers.

There were bright lights in their big sitting-room on the first floor, the room wherein Flynn had made those covert threats. It was then half-past eight. They would have dined by that hour, and if they were going out they would certainly very soon make an appearance.

I strolled to the corner of Great Marylebone Street, and idled at the corner, watching. The evening was bright and cold, and many cabs were passing and repassing. I lit my pipe, and sauntered up and down, my eye ever upon the front door of the house wherein the two men lived.

The time hung heavily, as it ever does when one is watching. An hour dragged by, but no one came out. At last, however, a maid ran up the area steps and came in my direction with a letter in her hand ready for posting in the pillar-box near which I was standing.

As she stopped I spoke to her, but at first she hesitated to answer. After slipping five shillings into her hand, however, I induced her to tell me that the doctor had dined alone, and was sitting upstairs. Mr. Langton had, she said, left London early in the afternoon, but she was unaware of where he had gone.

"Tell me," I asked the girl, "do they ever have a visitor named Kirk?"

"Kirk!" she echoed. "Oh, yes, I recollect, 'e used to often call, but of late 'e 'asn't been." And she described my mysterious neighbour exactly.

"When did he last call?" I asked.

"Oh, I should say it 'ud be quite a month ago. 'E always used to arsk for the doctor."

"Never for Mr. Langton?"

"Not to my knowledge. Indeed, one afternoon when 'e called I told 'im that the doctor was out, but that Mr. Langton was at 'ome; but 'e told me that 'e wished to see the doctor an' nobody else."

"How long has Doctor Flynn lived there?" I inquired.

"About nine months."

"Does he have many callers?"

"No; they all go round to 'is consulting room in 'Arley Street, I believe.

"All except Kirk."

"Yes, Mr. Kirk used to call at all hours, and they used to sit together arf through the night sometimes—after Mr. Langton 'ad gone to bed. 'E's never up very late, 'e ain't."

And then, after a few more questions, I allowed the cockney girl to return to the house, first, however, impressing upon her the need for secrecy, and adding another five shillings to that I had already given her.

Half an hour later I saw the front door open, and Flynn, in dark overcoat and hard felt hat, ran down the steps and turned towards Oxford Street.

Soon I was at his heels. He presently turned into Wigmore Street, crossed Cavendish Square, and continued through Mortimer Street into Wells Street, quite unconscious of being followed. He walked with an air of preoccupation, twice stopping to light his cigarette.

Now that he was under my observation I did not intend that he should escape me. Besides, there was nothing suspicious about me, for I was merely a plain motor-mechanic, such as is seen about the London streets in dozens at all hours.

Continuing down Wardour Street he came into Coventry Street, where he ascended the carpeted stairs to a saloon well known to a certain class of the habitues of the West End. In my mechanic's clothes I knew that the uniformed janitor at the bottom of the stairs would direct me to the public bar, therefore I was compelled to remain outside and await the doctor's exit.

The place was evidently crowded, as it usually is, for it is one of the recognised nocturnal rendezvous in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

I crossed the road and stood near the entrance to the Motor Club, of which I was a member. Many men I knew passed and repassed within its swing doors, but none recognised me. Therefore I was quite satisfied that, with my dirty face, Doctor Flynn would not easily identify me.

At last he came forth, and alone.

I saw by his hesitation on the kerb that he was disappointed. Someone he had expected had not turned up, and he was now undecided in which direction to walk.

It was then about half-past ten, the quietest hour of the evening in that neighbourhood, yet the illuminated signs lent an air of gaiety to that scene so typical of London as the middle-class know it.

Having lit a cigarette the doctor strolled down the Haymarket, and turning up Charles Street, passed the "Junior," crossed St. James's Square, where he entered the "Sports," made inquiry for someone, but found the person was not in. Then, continuing his way—while I walked at a respectable distance behind—he turned into Duke Street, where at a door about half-way up he paused and tugged at a bell.

I took careful note of that door, one with a semi-circular fanlight above and a painted number, and then turned quickly on my heel, to avoid passing him as he stood in my way upon the pavement.

He was admitted and the door was closed. Then I passed the house, and saw that it was a good-sized one, probably let in sets of chambers, as are many of the houses in that vicinity.

I walked on to Jermyn Street and stood at the corner, lighting my pipe. A white-faced man passed—a wretched, decrepit old fellow whose hollow cough told its own tale, and who offered me matches. I bought a box, and began to chat with him. All loafers are fond of a gossip, and I did this in order not to appear to the watchful constable, who was trying the locked doors of shops in the vicinity, that I was loitering. A well-dressed man may linger as long as he likes, but one who appears as a mechanic, or as a shabby idler, is very soon moved on unless he, in turn, is a "nark," or police-informer.

The old man related to me a pitiable story of misfortune which might or might not be true, but it served to while away the time, while I, on my part, kept an ever-watchful vigilance upon the door just down the street.

I must have been there nearly an hour, for the traffic at the end of the street in Piccadilly had awakened, and every moment the lights of hansoms and taxis were flitting past. The theatres were just over, and the pleasure-seekers were already westward bound.

At length, just as I had grown inexpressibly weary, the door I was watching re-opened, and from it emerged Flynn, accompanied by a man in evening dress with a white muffler around his neck and wearing a crush-hat—a man whom, in an instant, I recognised as Leonard Langton.

He blew a whistle for a taxi; but, seeing their intention was to drive away, I spend along into Piccadilly, and, finding one, gave the man swift instructions to wait until they entered a conveyance, and then to follow them.

The driver, noticing my clothes, looked askance at me, but I added:

"They owe me some money for work done on a car, and I mean to see where they go."

There is a clannishness about motor-men, therefore the instant I had told my story he declared himself ready to assist me.

And as I sat back in the cab Langton and his friend, who had now gained Piccadilly, passed in search of a cab.

In a few moments they found one, and soon we had turned the corner of St. James's Street, and were running down to Pall Mall, where we turned to the left, and after a sharp drive swung into the station yard at Charing Cross.

Here the pair alighted, and, watching, I saw them stroll upon the arrival platform where, according to the chalked figures on the board, the boat-train from the Continent, already over an hour late, was now expected.

The usual crowd was waiting there, friends of passengers, porters, Customs officers, and the women agents of the various female rescue societies—an expectant crowd which, year in, year out, never differs.

The pair halted in earnest conversation about half-way along the platform, while I strolled slowly at some distance away, with my eyes upon them.

Flynn was arguing something, emphasising his words with his hands, while Langton stood by listening in silence.

Then there was the sudden movement of the porters who had noticed some signal fall, and looking towards the dark bridge I saw the headlight of the engine slowly approaching.

The doctor raised his finger to his friend, an action expressive of an injunction of silence.

Whom were they expecting to arrive?

With bated breath I stood motionless, watching in eager wonder.

From the arrival, whoever it might be, these men intended to preserve some secret.

CHAPTER XXI.

I MAKE A BOLD MOVE.

For a moment I lost the two men in the excited crowd of alighting passengers, but when I gained another sight of them, my heart stood still.

Talking with the pair was a well set-up, alert man whose back was turned to me—a man in a soft grey felt hat and heavy travelling coat with beaver collar. Both men were speaking quickly, eagerly, telling the new-comer something of an urgent nature, being hustled at the same time by the bustling passengers eager to claim their luggage from the Customs barriers, and get away.

I moved a little distance along, recognising in the man just returned from the Continent the grey, thin, sinister face of Kershaw Kirk.

My first impulse was to rush forward and demand of him the truth; indeed, to charge him with a secret crime, and to insist on knowing the whereabouts of my beloved Mabel. But it struck me at that instant that the two men who had met him had agreed between themselves upon a course of secrecy, and that they were therefore misleading him. Had not Ethelwynn already told me of Langton's suspicion of this man, who was to me and mine such a mystery?

Therefore I held back for the moment, awaiting my opportunity.

Standing beyond the barrier where the baggage was being sorted, ready for the Customs examinations, I watched the trio from my unseen point of vantage. I doubt that either would have recognised me in those greasy mechanic's clothes of mine.

Within myself I felt a sense of complete satisfaction. Kirk had returned to England, and was therefore now within the jurisdiction of the law, however much he might pretend to be immune from its penalties.

What Flynn was saying evidently caused him to hesitate. He was thoughtful for a single moment, but next second shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of disregard.

A taxi drew up close to where I stood, and I engaged him, telling him to wait. To my satisfaction I saw it was the same driver who had brought me along from Piccadilly.

Then, as I watched, I saw something which caused me to reflect. A porter, quickly recognising Kirk, took from him his baggage ticket and foraged out a big, battered kit-bag which had been placed upon the bench ready for the argus eye of his Majesty's Customs. The porter uttered a word to the revenue officer and pointed to the bag, whereupon the officer chalked it without opening it.

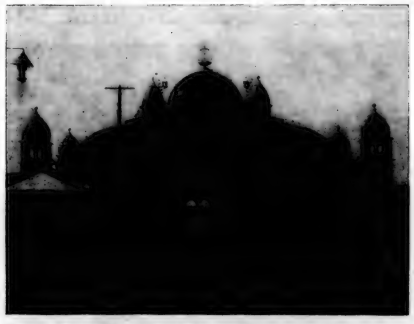
Kirk's name, it seemed, was as a *laisser-passer* at Charing Cross. Who was this man that his belongings should be exempt from Customs' examination?

He looked much travel-worn, yet presented the same active, alert figure that I had seen passing and repassing before my house. No longer shabby or down-at-heel, however, he had, on the contrary, looked beaming and prosperous until those two men had imparted the information which had, in an instant, caused his brow to cloud, and he became serious and pensive.

The old brown kit-bag bearing many hotel labels was placed upon a taxi, which the three men entered and drove away, I following close upon them.

Half-way up St. James's Street they pulled up at Boodle's, where all three entered. Which of the three, I wondered, was a member of that most exclusive and old-fashioned institution?

They remained there nearly half an hour, when Kirk emerged, and, bidding good night to his friends at the kerb, re-entered the taxi and drove to Whitehall Court, that large block of flats which overlooks the embankment close to Northumberland Avenue. Here the liveried porter saluted him respectfully and carried



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his bag to the lift, up which a few minutes later he disappeared.

In my mechanic's attire I was now placed at a great disadvantage. Any inquiry I might make of the gorgeous attendant would, I knew, only arouse suspicion, but a thought instantly occurred to me. The friendly driver of my taxi, believing that I, a motor man, had been swindled, might perhaps help me. We had pulled up at the corner where, in a few brief sentences, I now explained to him that I was anxious to know whether Kirk resided there in his own name.

"I'll inquire for you, mate, if you like," declared the taxi-driver cheerily. "You just wait here."

And while I mounted guard over the cab, the red-moustached driver went along to the entrance to the flats. I saw him in conversation with the lift man, and when presently he returned he said:

"The gentleman just gone in is Mr. Seymour, who lives on the third floor. He's abroad very often, it seems, and is only just back. He's lived there a couple of years."

Now I recollected that Kirk, when we had sat together that first night in Bedford Park, had told me that he possessed another home, and I had now run him to earth.

Whitehall Court is an expensive place of residence. Apartments there seemed far beyond his income as he appeared when he passed my house, shabby, broken-down, and often hungry-looking.

I gave my friend the taxi-man half a crown beyond his legal fare and dismissed him, afterwards walking as far as the entrance to the National Liberal Club, trying to decide how next to act.

To face the fellow boldly and unflinchingly was, I recognised, the only way in which to gain the knowledge I sought. Yet in the garb of a mechanic, was I not much handicapped? Nevertheless, I walked back, and, finding the hall porter, gave my name as Flynn, and asked to see Mr. Seymour upon important business.

After a wait of nearly ten minutes a man in uniform came and ushered me up in the lift to the third floor, where, after having traversed a long, thickly-carpeted corridor, he opened a door and allowed me to pass across the small well-furnished hall of the flat into a sitting-room, where I found myself again face to face with my mysterious neighbour.

He started at sight of me, but so perfect an actor was he that in a second he had recovered himself, and inquired with affected friendliness:

"Why, my dear Holford, why in the name of Fate did you send up your name as Flynn?"

"Because I wished to see you, Mr. Kirk," was my hard response, for we were now alone together in that cosy, sumptuously-furnished sitting-room, through the windows of which I could see the dark flowing Thames and the row of gleaming lights on the Surrey shore beyond. "I knew," I added, "that if I had sent up my own name I should not be received."

"Why?" he asked, opening his eyes widely. "I don't follow you. Surely you have acted as a good friend to me, therefore why shouldn't I receive you? I've only this very moment returned from abroad. Who told you I was back again?"

"No one. I obtained the knowledge for myself," I said, "and I have come here, Mr. Kirk, for several reasons, the chief being to ask you a simple and pointed question: Who killed Professor Greer?"

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, looking straight at me with unwavering gaze, a slight change, however, showing in his thin, grey countenance, "that is the very problem that I myself am trying to solve—but in vain."

"An impostor is passing himself off as Greer," I declared.

"Is he?" asked Kirk quietly. "I was not aware of that."

"Not aware of it!" I cried in angry dismay. "Do you actually deny, then, that you are acquainted with this man who has taken the personality and honours of Professor Greer upon himself in order to preserve the secret of the unfortunate scientist's death?"

"I deny being aware of any person attempting to pass himself off as Greer," was my mysterious neighbour's bold and unflinching reply.

Had I not sent that telegram from Broadstairs and signed it Kirk, and had not its receipt caused the false Professor quickly to change his quarters? Kirk's reply staggered me.

"Look here," I exclaimed again, raising my voice in anger at this open denial of what I knew to be the truth, "on the night of your escape from Sussex Place, the house was searched, and I found evidences of all traces of the crime having been effaced in the furnace of the laboratory."

"I know," was his simple response. "I was quite well aware of that. I hope, however, Holford, that you have kept your promise and kept a still tongue."

"To a certain extent, yes."

"You told Langton nothing, I trust?" he asked anxiously.

"Why are you in such mortal fear of Langton?" I demanded hotly, halting before him as he stood on the hearthrug coolly surveying me, with his back to the fire.

"My dear fellow," he answered, "pray calm yourself. Have a drink, and let's discuss this matter amicably from a purely business-like standpoint. Surely when I invoked your aid I did not commit a grave error of judgment? You have been judicious throughout, I hope? You have not forgotten the great issues which I explained depended upon your silence?"

"My silence you shall command no longer, Mr. Kirk!" I cried, suddenly interrupting him. "I've been silent far too long."

"Ah!" he remarked, still unruffled. "I see. Well, your attitude is quite justifiable, my dear sir—quite. You have lost your wife, I understand."

"Yes," I said, advancing towards him a couple of paces in a manner which I now believe must have appeared threatening. "And you know more about the trap into which my poor wife has been led than anybody else. That is why I'm here to-night—to compel you to speak—you crafty old cur!"

"My dear Holford, why—what's the matter?" he asked, even then quite unperturbed. "Now if I did not know you so well I might easily be annoyed, but I'm not. No doubt the loss of Mrs. Holford has seriously upset you." And the fellow actually smiled at this.

I grew furious. The mysterious man's eyes gleamed with a triumphant light, and his pale lips parted, revealing his pointed teeth.

"You make pretence of ignorance!" I cried. "You think that I believe you when you say you know nothing of where she is, but——"

"I assure you, Holford, that these suspicions of myself are entirely groundless. I have no knowledge whatever of the lady. I have seen her once or twice at her dining-room window, it is true."

"And yet I've been out to Florence, to the Grand Bretagne, where I was informed that you had been in her company!" was my hasty reply.

"I can't help what cock-and-bull story you've been told by an Italian hotel-keeper. They are notorious for their untruths, as you would discover if you travelled as much up and down Italy as I do," he said with an evil grin. "I can only tell you, once and for all, that I have no knowledge whatever of your wife's present whereabouts."

"Then who has?"

"How can I tell, my dear sir? You ask me a riddle. On my arrival at Charing Cross an hour ago one of my friends who met me told me of Mrs. Holford's sudden journey abroad and her disappearance into space. The story set me wondering as to the motive of the plot—for plot it undoubtedly must be. Mrs. Holford and yourself, I am told, are devoted to each other. There is no reason for her leaving you, is there?"

"Understand this, Kirk," I said. "I've been fooled quite long enough. As my wife has been enticed away, and is held aloof in some unknown place, I give you full and ample warning of my intention. It is to go straight to the police, and while invoking their aid to try and find her, at the same time to tell them the whole story of the affair at Sussex Place, just as I know it."

The man half turned from me and bit his thin under-lip. His grey furrowed countenance had become even more grey and more determined, while in his eyes I saw an evil glitter.

"Ah! You've been trying to seek solution of the mystery for yourself. I know all about that!" He laughed hollowly. "But, as you are aware of only half the tangled skein of mysterious facts, it is hardly likely that you'll succeed, do you think? Did I not tell you to remain silent and inactive? Instead of that, you've been chattering and trying to act the part of amateur detective. It was fatal. Because of that—and for that reason alone—the misfortune has been placed upon you."

"What misfortune?"

"The loss of your wife. It has occupied your mind in another way, just as it was intended by your enemies it should do."

"And yours is the master mind, Mr. Kirk, which has planned this subtle revenge," I exclaimed, my eager hands clenched in frantic desperation. "Because I disobeyed your extraordinary injunctions Mabel has been taken from me. You may as well admit the whole truth now at once."

"I admit nothing," he answered, drawing himself up defiantly.

"Then, by Heaven, I'll force you to speak—to tell me where she is!" I shouted, as a raised my hands with a sudden movement. And then, before he could ward me off, my fingers closed upon his hard, bony throat.

I was desperate. Nay, in the presence of that sphinx-like, taciturn adventurer whom I now knew to be my enemy, I was mad.

Yes, mad, or surely I would never have dared to lay hands upon him.

(To be continued.)

THE EVENING PAPER
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The News—Toronto's Acknowledged Home Paper

The Future Woman.

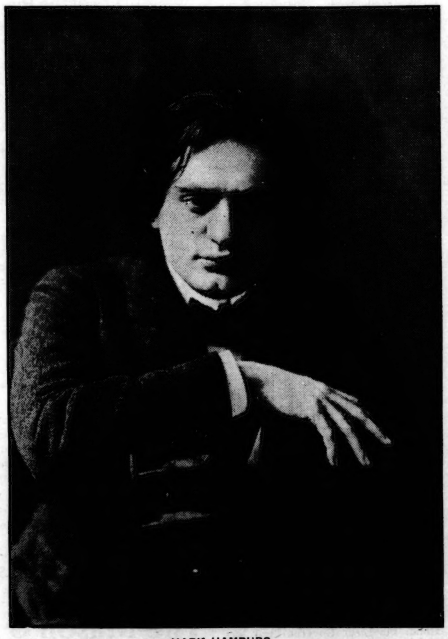
HENRY ARTHUR JONES has been bewailing the fact that the Agnes and Dora types of woman are disappearing. It is interesting to find that men still exist who like those types—men who would not have gone with a laugh to the gallows for the joy of throttling Agnes or at least appeared at Bow Street on a charge of throwing the lamp at Dora. Saints are usually adored in proportion to the time that has elapsed since their death. It takes us some centuries to recover from the exertion of burning or beheading them. If Agnes could only die we might feel more kindly to her well meaning, priggish soul. As it is Mr. Jones weeps alone over her thinning descendants. And as to Dora, did not Dickens himself know that she must die early? His Flora is unforgivable, just as Dora grown to Flora would have been unbearable.

These two types are becoming increasingly rare. In their places we have women who think and feel. Instead of the women of Dickens we are coming to have the women of Meredith. Dickens was an artist; he painted what he saw. Meredith was a seer; he described what was to be. His large souled women, with their capability, their charm, are coming to pass under our eyes. Carinthia Jane, in her time a surprise, or even, as Mr. Swiveller would have said, a staggerer to every one, now gives way to ladies who call the Alps "hills" and are only content when they are perched on a Himalayan peak where no one has ever been before. Carinthia Jane's stride is almost a toddle now.

Is any one really very sorry that Amelia Sedley has closed her tearful eyes and Diana has opened her clear ones? The women who used to be escorted from station to station when crossing London on their travels now use unknown Central Africa as a playground. They are one terms of perfect sportsmanship with hippopotami and tigers and wild boars and all other beasts who are worth hunting, because they can be admirable hunters.

Mr. Jones also counted the Jane Austen women among the vanishing types. Evidently Mr. Jones never leaves London or he would know that there is not a country town in the land but bristles with Jane Austen women. With a good many exceptions, says London Truth, one would not be sorry to see them go. They are kindly, but small—deadly small.

The woman of the future is not of this type. She is far too busy to be womanish, but she will never grow out of being feminine. She is shedding her smallness. Like the genii in the Arabian Nights, now the cork has been removed, she is darkening the whole sky like a pillar of smoke; but presently the smoke will settle into "a figure of gigantic size." She will be the Meredith woman softened by reality, as Galatea softened into life. She will not glide about with uplifted finger like Agnes, nor drive tired men to distraction with her prattle, like Dora, nor weep eternally when George is unkind, like Amelia. No, when she feels hysterical she will go and sit on a Himalaya till she is cooler, and when her husband annoys her out of her usual placidity, sticking a few pigs in Texas or India will soon put her straight. And with it all, she will wear her frills as well as ever. Why should not a woman know how to be a pal as well as how to do her hair? Blessings on the woman of the future; she is going to be perfectly delightful.



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THE wandering peddler stopped at the Southern cabin, and opened his pack.

"Mammy, let me show you some self-raising umbrellas," he began.

"No use, man; no use," interrupted the old colored woman, as she busied herself about the pot of clothes. "Cyant use nuffiin' lak dat."

"How about self-raising window shades?"

"No good heah, kase deh ain't no windows wuth talkin' about."

"Self-raising buckwheat?"

"No good to me—we eat cohn pone. But, mister!"

"Well, mammy?"

"If yo'll tell me how to tuhn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self-raising pickaninnies, Ah'll be yo' friend foh life, dat Ah will, sah."—Chicago Daily News.

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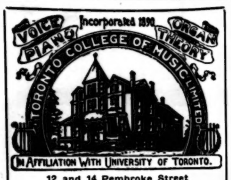
Ella—Bella married an octogenarian. Stella—I don't think that a girl ought to change her religion for a man.—Chicago Daily News.



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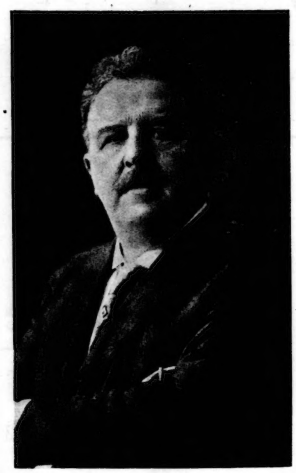
MUSIC

THE one topic of conversation in musical circles this week has been the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. The two Thursday concerts, which came too late for review in last week's issue, brought to a conclusion a series of performances of unsurpassed excellence in the history of musical America.

This week the great choir has been rehearsing with undiminished vigor, and next week the Buffalo and Cleveland performances take place.

An audience of record-breaking proportions for an afternoon concert attended the matinee on Thursday, the chief attractions being the performance by the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Mr. Frederick Stock's Symphony in C minor under the composer's direction, and the playing of the Liszt E flat concerto for pianoforte by the Germano-Italian virtuoso, Ferrucio Busoni.



Victor Herbert, composer of operettas.

After the performance by the orchestra of an "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare, by Paul Scheinpflug—a composition overflowing with a spirit of joyous merriment—the new symphonic work by Mr. Stock received its second public performance, the first having taken place a week or two previously in the home city of the Thomas Orchestra—Chicago.

It may be said at the outset that Mr. Stock's first creative essay in this highest form of absolute music is big in every sense of the term. In its material proportions the work is big, the performance occupying the space of some fifty minutes; the four movements of the work are built individually in accordance with the biggest plan for single movements known in the architecture of music, the sonata or modern binary form; the thought underlying music, as revealed in the programmatic details supplied by the composer, is one of a noble bigness, for it deals with human life, its sorrows and joys, its trials, its struggles and its victories; and lastly, the expression of that thought in the spiritual essence of the music is bigly done, the composer standing revealed to us as a master who thinks in large terms, the terms of poetry and philosophy, a music-maker whose natural temperament enables him to transcend mere academic craftsmanship.

A work of such calibre must be heard more than once before one can grasp the details of its significance and beauty, but even at first hearing it creates a strong and striking impression upon the mind.

The first movement plunges one with very little warning into an atmosphere of stress and struggle. One feels that a tragedy of souls is being enacted in which sorrow, despair and resistance against fate play a large part. A climax of almost grim intensity closes the movement, and the Scherzo takes its place. Here a lighter mood bespeaks our attention; the composer directs our thoughts to the joyous side of existence, and many a touch of deft and sparkling humor graces the movement. The third portion of the work, the *Andante*, while retaining cheerfulness of the *Scherzo* colors it over with a hue of tenderness that is most grateful. It may be said that this third movement makes the readiest appeal to the listener, alike by the yearning beauty of its themes and the clarity of its harmonies. Mr. Stock has nowhere adhered to hackneyed progressions in his harmonious coloring, and it is his free and modern tonality which makes the work a hard one to grasp at first acquaintance. The last movement is distinguished by a motto which "has become the motive of life of the German nation," in the words of the composer, himself a Teuton. The motto is *Vorwarts! Aufwarts!*—Forward! Upward. The composer treats this motto in its broadest, most ideal and universal sense; and the result is a *Finale* of inspiring spirit, culminating in a climax of tremendous power.

Mr. Stock was forced to respond to insistent recalls at the conclusion of this important work, after which came the Liszt concerto with Signor Busoni at the piano. The great virtuoso, while very finely equipped as a technician, does not impress one as to his poetic qualities. His tone is beautiful with an icy beauty, and a coldness seems to pervade all he does. His first encore, the Chopin Polonaise in A flat, was delivered with brilliant technical ease, and a correctness that was uncannily perfect; but the rendering possessed none of the heroic spirit and temperamental abandon such as Sauer threw into it when here last season. The second encore, the well-known Campanella of Liszt, was another brilliant exhibition of virtuosity, but nothing more.

The concert concluded with a very fine orchestral rendering of "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from Wagner's "Die Gotterdammerung."

The evening concert on Thursday was a repetition of that of the preceding evening—the performance of the "Children's Crusade," in which the participants again covered themselves with glory, singing and playing with a delightful abandon which argued a perfect mastery of the work in hand.

* * *

Dr. Ludwig Wullner is at last to reveal the nature of his art to Torontonians. He comes to Massey Hall on Friday evening next, Feb. 18. The following appreciation of this eminent German vocalist is culled from a United States paper:

"Dr. Ludwig Wullner is called a lieder singer, an exponent of classic songs. His art entitles him to more than such terms. He may well be called the great character artist of the classic concert stage. He not only sings his songs, he lives them. His personality, his vivid powers of interpretation, are such as to bring to the imagination of each listener a picture of that which to him the song typifies. No greater tribute could be paid to a pyric artist. When to these qualities is added the technique of singing in its highest development, the result is an artistic ideal whose counterpart it would be difficult to find in modern musical art.

"Dr. Wullner has found in Coenraad v. Bos a happy co-worker in his artistic endeavors. This pianist displays none of the superficial characteristics of the average "virtuoso" accompanist. The blending of the art of the singer and player is perfect, and makes of each song a music-drama in which the voice, the orchestra and the stage picture unite in giving reality to that which but a moment before was merely musical dross in the hands of the artist.

* * *

A recital of exceptional merit was given by a large class of piano pupils at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening. The following pupils, whose playing reflected credit on their teachers, Miss Gertrude V. and Miss Muiriel M. Anderson, took part: Edna Fenwick, Marjory Hunter, Johnny Hunter, Dorothy Peel, Sydney Crawford, Will Crawford, Sadie O'Donnell, Eleda Ramsay, Jean Bateman, Reta Davison, Gwendolyn Taylor, Chrissie Cross, Muriel Lomax, Edyth Woods, Norma Sievert, Merle Copp, Marguerite Waddell, Lynton Crocker, Viola Gleeson, Grace Griffiths, Louisa Westman, Trevor Clarke, May Mann, Alleyne Clarke, Vera Waugh. The pupils were assisted by Minnie Willinsky, soprano, pupil of J. D. Richardson, whose singing was well received, and by Grace E. Macartney, pupil of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, who gave two readings in a pleasing manner.

* * *

A song recital will be given in the Conservatory Hall next Thursday, 17th inst., by Mme. Edith Grey-Burnand, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Gibson, the Hon. J. J. Foy, Monsieur Bouchereux (French Consul), Lady Whitney, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Magann. Mme. Grey-Burnand, who comes from England with excellent credentials, will sing an attractive programme, including numbers by Saint Saens, Tschaikowsky, Moszkowski and others. Miss Mona Bates, who is well known in local musical circles as a gifted pianist, will assist.

* * *

On Tuesday evening the Brahms trio gave a very enjoyable concert in the Conservatory Music Hall. This group of players, consisting of Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson, violinist; Mr. George Bruce, 'cellist, and Mr. Richard Tattersall, pianist, gave a good account of themselves in an exacting programme, the chief number of which was Goetz's Trio in G minor, which has much vigor and melodic grace in the first movement, thoughtful and serious coloring in the Andante, a quaint humor in the Scherzo, and some fine thematic work in the last movement. Mr. Bruce and Mr. Tattersall played the Sonata in A of Beethoven for 'cello and piano, and this was delivered with fine phrasing and clean execution. One might wish for more resonance of tone in the 'cello part. Mr. Bruce is very unassuming, but a little more assertiveness in his style would add to the excellence of the ensemble. Miss Hope Morgan was the assisting vocalist. She is most successful in florid songs, which she sings with an archness and grace that is very delightful.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Welsman will give a very fine programme at their fourth concert for this season on Monday evening next. The overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," Grieg's "Elegiac Melody for Strings," and Massenet's "Scenes Alsaciennes" will comprise the programme. Then there will be the incomparable Fritz Kreisler, who needs no introduction as a genius of the violin. A large and interested audience is assured.

The orchestra gave a very good account of themselves at the Elgar Choir concerts in Hamilton last week, as will be seen from the following press extracts:

HAMILTON HERALD.

"The orchestra's work at the Elgar Choir concert would compare favorably with that of orchestras which have a continental reputation."

HAMILTON TIMES.

The Elgar Choir with its second concert last night ended its sixth season in a veritable blaze of musical glory. The choir was fortunate in having the assistance of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, for that organization did its work in a most con-

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Prices, $1.50, $1, 75c.
Subscriptions for tickets received by Phone North 1198.

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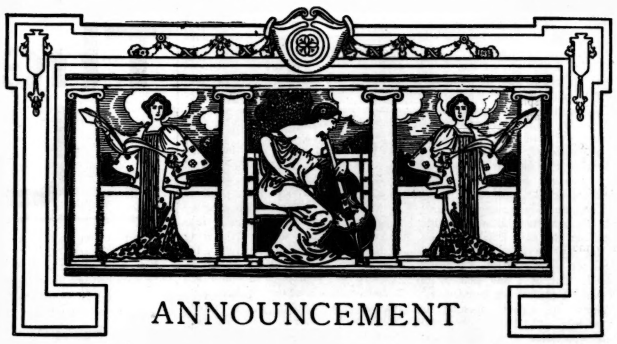

ANNOUNCEMENT

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Representatives of the Aeolian Company, New York, manufacturers of the Pianola, the Weber, Steck, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos, desire to announce a New Musical Instrument

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By mutual arrangement between the houses of Steinway & Sons and The Aeolian Company, the famous Steinway Piano will hereafter be obtainable with the Pianola built into it. This new instrument will be known as the Steinway Pianola Piano.

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Similarly, in the field of Piano-players, the Pianola, ever since its introduction, has held a position of unquestioned leadership.

Therefore, the union of these instruments is properly regarded as one of the most significant developments that the musical industry has ever known.

By selecting the Pianola as the one Piano-player worthy of being united with the Steinway Piano, this distinguished firm of piano manufacturers once more justifies the confidence reposed in it by the musical world.

In a Player-piano, the Player is fundamental. It is a serious mistake to select an instrument of this type solely on the reputation of the piano alone. No matter how high the standing of a piano, no matter how excellent its tone, the moment it becomes inseparably united with an inferior Player, the value of the instrument as a whole is depreciated.

The Messrs. Steinway fully appreciated these facts, and they accordingly made a most careful and thorough investigation of the comparative merits of the various Piano-players now before the public, including those of European as well as those of American manufacture.

Their conclusion was that the Pianola, and the Pianola alone, should be used in combination with their pianos. The decision was based not only on the higher order of musical and artistic effects for which the Pianola is celebrated, but also on its constructional superiority and the better grade of workmanship and material that it represents.

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Music Notes

...ious manner and greatly assist-...d the Elgars. In its programme ...mbers the orchestra revealed itself ... artistic organization. Its con-...r, Frank S. Welsman, can well ...l proud of his associates, and To-...to, too, should feel pride in the ...ession of the orchestra. It al-...y stands on a level with some of ...best travelling orchestras, and ...ut really started on its career. ...Welsman's orchestra, with its ...thetic strings and rich vibrant ...l and brass sections, gave finish-...performances of the special num-...and were most enthusiastically ...ed. Their welcome to Hamil-...as hearty and sincere.

HAMILTON SPECTATOR.

Hamilton people who had not heard this organization were quite

MR. A. L. E. DAVIES.
who trained the 250 boys and girls who assisted the Mendelssohn Choir in rendering "The Children's Crusade" last week, thereby rendering valuable assistance to Dr. Vogt in making this a notable musical achievement.

unprepared for the treat presented. Under the leadership of Frank S. Welsman the orchestra has advanced so rapidly that it already measures well up to the standard of some of the big organizations across the line. Mr. Welsman is a thorough artist, sincere and conscientious, and it was easy to see that the possibilities of his orchestra are great. In the Oberon overture the love quality of the strings was a pure delight and the precision and splendid finish of the whole performance was most enjoyable. There were presistent demands for encores to both selections, which Mr. Welsman graciously gave.

HAMILTON HERALD.

Another noteworthy feature of the concert should also be mentioned. It was the first appearance in this city of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frank S. Welsman, and it may earnestly be hoped that it was the first of a series of appearances of which the second may be soon. The people of Hamilton are justly proud of their choir, and in dividing their applause equally between the orchestra and choir they indicated in an unmistakable manner their hearty appreciation of its work. The bringing together of two such art-forces could not but have resulted in a success, and Mr. Carey and Mr. Welsman might well consider the advisability of uniting their forces in the future and in making the union of a permanent nature. The Mass (Requiem) is richly scored for orchestra, and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra played it in an artistic and convincing manner. It gave a refined performance of their orchestral numbers, particularly of the overture. Mr. Welsman vested this with charming fancy, and his fine orchestra responded to his every wish with great fidelity.

* * *

Before the beginning of the last concert of the Mendelssohn Choir last week, the young lads and lassies of the children's choir surprised Dr. Vogt by presenting him with an address expressing their great appreciation of his work in their behalf. The naive suggestion that, if their work failed to measure up to Dr. Vogt's ideal this year, another trial be given them next year, was, so Dr. Vogt stated with very evident sincerity, the most delightful and touching episode in connection with the season's concerts and the preparations leading up to them. The address, which was signed by all the children, read as follows:—

"Dear Dr. Vogt,—The members of the Children's Choir desire to express to you their thanks for your untiring efforts on our behalf in the preparation of our work for this year's concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. Notwithstanding the heavy tax imposed upon you in the interests of the Adult Choir, your cheerful strenuosity on our behalf calls forth our warmest praise. We must not forget the good work also accomplished by your very able and efficient assistant, Mr. Davies, in preparatory work prior to your assuming the baton. We know that the experiment of introducing the Children's Choir into your concerts has caused you many an anxious thought by day and a great many bad dreams at night, and we are glad, on your account that the 'Children's Crusade' is nothing but a remembrance, but, we hope, a pleasant one. Do not be discouraged, but try us again next year, when we hope to cover you with glory. In the Adult Chorus many of the fair ones are married ladies, and their happy husbands might object to their expressing their love for you, but the lassies of the Children's Choir deliberately, unhesitatingly, but blushingly, admit that we all are in love with you."

Toronto, February the third, one thousand nine hundred and ten.

* * *

The following report of a concert in Paris, France, comes from Miss Edith Cockburn Kerr, a newspaper woman of that capital. It will be remembered that Miss Margaret Vereker gave a recital in Toronto last spring.

"Now that the entente cordiale is firmly established, and that there is such a large colony of English, Canadians and Americans in Paris, it is no unusual thing to find an entertainment given by English-speaking people greatly appreciated by Parisians. This was certainly the case at a charming concert given quite lately, in the Salle Gaveau, by Mesdemoiselles Mavis Wingfield, Vereker and Ethel Daugherty. The programme was most attractive, and from several musical critics present I heard compliments of a high order. Especially noticed was Miss Mavis Wingfield's rich voice of unusual compass which has been admirably trained; every note, and every word, rang out clear as a bell. Her rendering of Gounod's famous air from the Reine de Saba was magnificent, and the pathetic feeling she gave to Kathleen Mavourneen showed how highly the old favorite was appreciated in a foreign land. Miss Wingfield was accompanied by the well-known composer, M. Eugene Brancour, in three of his most charming songs, and she then gave a new song, "Oh! My Garden Full of Roses," in a delightful manner. Miss Vereker was at her ease in some fine German songs, but her contralto voice was also shown to advantage in an Irish melody, and Tosti's well known Serenata. Miss Daugherty, the pianiste, came in for her due share of applause; her execution is good and careful, but her playing somewhat lacking in sympathy; as she is young, this essential quality will no doubt be developed later. We are all hoping to hear more of Miss Mavis Wingfield, as it seems she has chosen the City of Light for her home for the time being, and is ready to accept engagements to sing at entertainments, and also to give lessons."

ARPEGGIO.

"BURNS FOR BATTERSEA."
Mr. John Burns is returned for Battersea with a majority of 555.

The Apollo School of Music is to be congratulated upon its success, the demands for its special training, necessitated the opening of a new branch, 125 Hallam street, corner Dovercourt road. Mrs. D. Maconachie Smith, head of the kindergarten music department, and Miss Rena Blake, accomplished piano teacher.

MAKING A SENSATION IN NEW YORK.
Raymond Duncan, his wife Penelope, and his four-year-old son, Menalkus, who have lately figured in New York despatches. The police thought the Greek costume endangered the life of the child. Mr. Duncan, who is a native of California, has lived for a number of years in Greece, where he married. He is now in the United States, lecturing on the subject of "Hellenic Music." He declares that the ancient Greek form of dress is far more hygienic than the ordinary attire to which we are accustomed, and therefore he has adopted the former.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, FEB. 10, 1910.

MRS. Oliver, of Regina, spent a few days with Mrs. St. Clair Balfour, Duke street, this week.

The causerie of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society will be held at the residence of Mrs. John S. Hendrie this week, when Mr. J. P. Downey will give an address.

A large and successful "At Home" was given on Monday afternoon by Mrs. Shaw, Queen street south, who was assisted by her daughters in looking after the guests. The tea table in the dining room was decorated with lovely spring flowers and old silver candelabra with shaded lights. Some of the guests were Mrs. Dumoulin, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Helen Grantham, Miss Snider, Mrs. James Rogers, Miss Britton (Gananoque), Mrs. Domville, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. English, Mrs. George Bristol, Mrs. Bidwell Way, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Murton, Mrs. G. C. Thomson, Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Miss Mary Payne, Mrs. S. F. Lazier, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Mrs. Herbert Griffin, Mrs. Leather, Mrs. H. Greening and Miss V. Crerar.

Mrs. E. H. Ambrose gave another buffet luncheon this week, when her guests included Mrs. R. H. Labatt, Mrs. Olmsted, Mrs. James Gillard, Mrs. H. H. Champ, Mrs. R. L. Innes, Mrs. Denholm Burns, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Frank Glassco, Mrs. John Eastwood, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. J. L. Sharkey, Miss Ethel Ambrose and Miss Crerar.

Mrs. A. E. Wickens, "Restholm," entertained at the tea hour on Thursday, when the spacious rooms were thronged. Mrs. Wickens was becomingly gowned in deep rose satin charmeuse with corsage bouquet of violets, and was assisted by Mrs. Keys, of Syracuse, who wore a clover-green rajah gown with lilies of the valley. The table in the dining room was arranged with daffodils and hyacinths. Mrs. J. Orr Callaghan and Miss Wickens presided, assisted by Miss Conrad, Miss Belle Hooper, Miss Beatrice Hooper, Miss Blatherwick, Miss Clare Sutherland and Miss Jean McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood entertained at dinner on Friday evening at "Elmwood."

Miss Violet Crerar gave a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Gladys Ardagh, of Barrie.

Mrs. James J. Mackay (nee Birge) received to-day for the first time since her wedding in her handsome residence, which has been recently finished, on Aberdeen avenue.

The annual dinner of the Dickens Fellowship was held on Monday evening at the Conservatory of Music and proved a most enjoyable affair.

A great many Hamilton people attended the concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto last week, including Mrs. George F. Glassco, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Carey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Greening, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Wanzer, Miss Wanzer, Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett, Miss Mary Glassco, Mr. Alan Glassco, Miss Phylis Hendrie, Miss Gartshore, Dr. and Mrs. Heurner Mullin, Dr. and Miss Cummings, Messrs. H. Alexander, George Gates, H. Gates, Harlo Lewis, Gordon Southam and C. P. Garratt.

Miss Mary Haslett, who has been the guest of Miss Fellowes, Toronto, has returned home.

Miss Spohn, of Penetang, who has been a much feted visitor in town, returned home this week.

Mrs. H. B. Wilton, Bay street, gave a most enjoyable tea on Friday afternoon.

A number of young people were entertained at a tea given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. H. N. Kittson for her guests, Miss Moore (Peterboro) and Miss Irene Rutter (Toronto). Miss Reba Kittson assisted in receiving in a becoming rose chiffon gown. Mrs. Arthur Rowe and Mrs. Mark Holton were in charge of the tea room, assisted by Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Miss Pauline Grant, Miss Mamie Moodie, Miss Murille Cartwright, Miss Alma Van Allen and Miss Beckett. Some of those present were Miss Marjorie Bristol, Miss Shaw, Miss Elsie Forbes, Miss Constance Turnbull, Miss Shaw, Miss Ethel Calder, Miss Grace Weir, Miss Dorothy Wilgress, Miss Jeanette Grantham, Miss Agnes Powis, Miss Agnes Climie, Miss Beatrice Marshall, Miss Secord, the Misses Lewis, Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Alice Harvey, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Miss Daisy Rosseaux, Miss Dalley, Miss Melbourne and Miss Kate Sutherland.

Mrs. J. Albert Dickson and Mrs. Orr Hastings, of Toronto, have gone to Clifton Springs for a month.

A very enjoyable luncheon was given by Mrs. John S. Hendrie for her niece, Miss Phylis Henderson, of London, and Miss Marjorie Hendrie, of Detroit. Covers were laid for twelve, the guests including Mrs. W. Hendrie, Miss Constance Turnbull, Miss Lily Bristol, Miss Marjorie Bristol, Miss Hoodless, Miss Mona Murray and Miss Phylis Hendrie.

KATRINE.

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Noticeable are the rougher effects, serges, homespuns, basket weaves, etc., while the colorings most evident are soft gray effects from fawn shading to rich tan colors, odd shades known by such odd names as æroplane, bleriot, etc.

Altogether it's a display which adds immeasurably to the established prestige of the Store as a style centre.

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